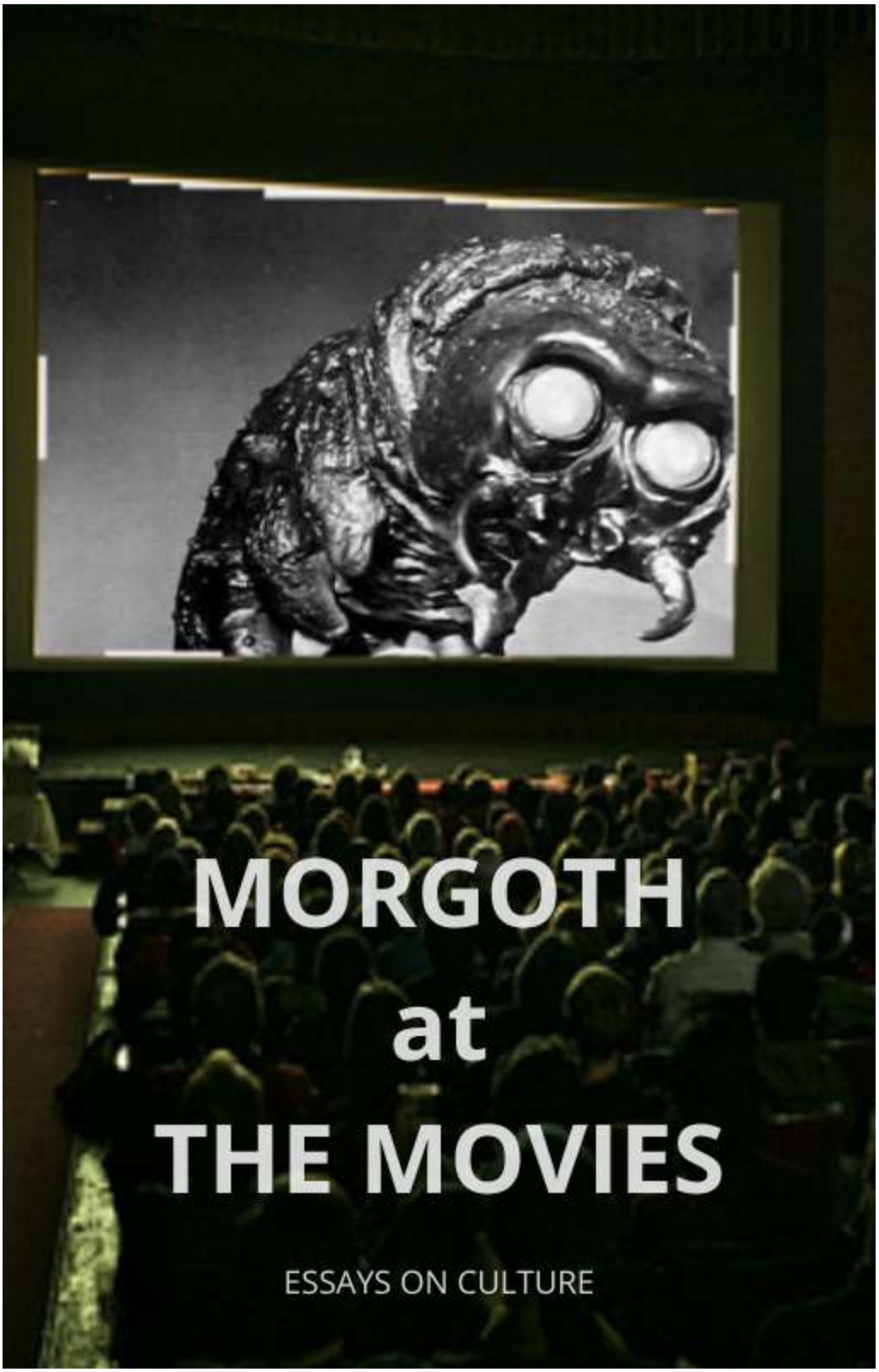
MORGOTH
at
THE MOVIES
ESSAYS ON CULTURE

Morgoth at the Movies

Essays on Culture

by

Morgoth

of

Morgoth's Review

Table of Contents

A Note from the Editor

PART I

MOVIES

Spartacus: Marxism and Rome

Nothing Is Written…

Once Upon a Time in The West: Men out of Time

Fiddler on the Roof: A Very Jewish Movie

The Alien as Third World Immigrant

Trading Places

Gremlins: Diversity Comes to Christmas

Chuck Norris and Civic Nationalism

Dances With Wolves: Nationalist Masterpiece?

Left-Wing Virtual Reality

The (((Usual Suspects)))

Starship Troopers: Neocons in Outer Space

Killing Private Kraut: Hollywood's 'Good War'

Life's a Beach: A Liberal Paradise Lost

Hostel, Torture Porn, and Jewish Hollywood's Anxiety

V for Vendetta: Reality Inverted

Mel Gibson's Apocalypto

John Rambo and the Eternal White Woman

Captain America vs Alex Jones' New World Order Conspiracy

Tinker Tailor Soldier Why?

From Nazi to SJW: The Evolution of Maya the Bee

The Maleficent Matriarchy

An Empire of Their Own: JJ Abrams

Star Wars Episode VII: Long Live the Dark Side

Mad Max Fury Road: A Very White Dystopia

Roger Moore and Black Bond

The Hateful Eight

Batman vs Superman: The Longest War

Skellig Michael and Civilisation

The Post: Hollywood Rescues the Fourth Estate

How the Crappy New Star Wars Films Should Have Been Made…

Pacific Rim 2 and the Global Man

PART II

MUSIC

The ‘Black Beethoven’ Scam

Cohen’s New World Order

Taylor Swift and How Feminism Is a Psyop against White People

Radiohead in the Age of White Genocide

What Does Adele’s Popularity Say about Modern White Women?

A Stormzy in a Teacup

PART III

TELEVISION

White People: MTV Documentary Breakdown

Introducing Top Queer

The Last Whites of the East End

The BBC Grooming Drama ‘Three Girls’: Catharsis for the Liberal Left

Star Trek Diversity: We Are the Klingons Now!

The Buddha and the Borg

Welcome to the Colosseum: Britain’s Got Talent

Game of Thrones: Are We the White Walkers?

PART IV

INTERNET DOCUMENTARIES

Hopkins' Homeland

PART V

ADVERTISEMENTS

Anti-White Advertising: Sky Movies

Easy Jet Breaks the Cycle of Life

Britain's Top Stores Are Dreaming of an Anti-White Christmas

PART VI

RADIO

Essex Girls: A Minority Group the BBC Can Hate

PART VII

BOOKS

Thus Spake the Untermensch!

The Age of the European Eloi

Kafka’s Revenge

Viktor Orbán and the Dune Strategy

Escaping into Fantasy and Science Fiction? Not for Long

Damascus and the Damned

PART VIII

PUBLIC MONUMENTS

Memorials to Brutalism

Lord Nelson and the Bailey

PART IX

SPORT

Diversity Fail: Racial Segregation within the England Team

Black Power Tennis: Sharapova vs Williams

Big Brother's Rugby World Cup Propaganda

An Ode to Laura Trott

Cucks United

PART X

VIDEO GAMES

R-Type Final and the War against Degeneracy

The Quest for European Identity

A Note from the Editor

Welcome to *Morgoth at the Movies*. This e-book collects Morgoth's writings on popular culture.

Although we chose the title because movie analyses predominate (and because we couldn't resist the alliteration), in fact this volume has *all* of Morgoth's writings on *all* cultural genres: not just movies, but also music, television, video games, advertisements, literature, and sport.

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Enjoy the book.

George Elwit

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Spring 2020

Part I

Movies

Spartacus: Marxism and Rome

May 2015

SPARTACUS
KIRK DOUGLAS · LAURENCE OLIVIER · JEAN SIMMONS · CHARLES LAUGHTON
PETER USTINOV · JOHN GAVIN and TONY CURTIS as Antoninus

During a recent holiday weekend I finally had the chance to revisit a classic swords-and-sandals epic. I knew Spartacus (1960) was ‘a bit left wing’, and I was also aware that Spartacus as a historical figure was an icon of Marxist revolutionaries the world over. However, on further investigation, I became fascinated by the movie, both its background and what was happening on screen.

To be brief, during the 1950's conservative white Americans began a belated, and ultimately doomed attempt to regain control of the movie industry which they now recognized as being in the hands of Marxists, the vast majority of whom were Jewish. Spartacus was a reaction from those 'subversive elements', while at the same time containing more of the Marxist themes and subversive ideas which had angered white conservatives to begin with. Jewish actor Kirk Douglas was the driving force behind Spartacus, eventually settling on Jewish director Stanley Kubrick to direct, David Lean having turned it down, and Jewish director Anthony Mann not being able to handle the vast scale of the film.

The plot of Spartacus is well known. Set in the Roman Empire, Spartacus tells the story of slaves and gladiators rebelling against the Roman tyranny and seeking either to escape Italy completely or destroy Rome itself.

Within Rome we discover tensions are at an all-time high, with the patrician class and plebeians vying for power. One side is represented by a brilliant Olivier playing Crassus, who is what we would think of as a radical traditionalist, and Gracchus, equally well-played by Charles Laughton, who represents the liberalistic plebeians, or ‘the mob’.

The film opens with a monologue which concludes: ‘There under whip and chain and sun he [Spartacus] lived out his youth and his young manhood, dreaming the death of slavery 2,000 years before it finally would die.’

In actual fact just several decades before Spartacus was made, Judeo-Marxists had created and were operating the largest system of human bondage and slavery ever seen by mankind, the gulag in the USSR. But the critique only ever emanates from one direction and has only one target: Western Civilization and the people who built it. In this case it is Rome, but it could just as easily have been the Russian Empire, Germany, Europe in general, or modern day America. The method is also consistent: the marginalized and the ‘oppressed’ being led by Jewish people into rebellion and war against the European.

In Spartacus, the rebellion begins when Crassus demands the Gladiator school force two men into a death match. Spartacus and a negro are chosen.

The Negro defeats Spartacus but rather than kill him decides to sacrifice himself for the ‘brotherhood of man’ and directs his trident toward Crassus. Crassus stays put and swiftly dispatches the negro with his knife. Crassus is no coward, no pampered aristocrat.

The negro represents the plight of blacks in America at the dawn of the civil rights movement, which was, of course, Jewish-led. Spartacus’ slave army is multi-ethnic in make-up. And so we begin to see where and what the message is: Kirk Douglas and Tony Curtis, both Jews, heading the oppressed masses into

violence against the European system. Crassus is the conservative, the patriarch, the fascist; he revers Rome precisely because of its power and glory and despises the mob of Gracchus as weak and corrupt.

It's interesting to note that Gracchus, like present day Liberals, views the potential of a 'tyranny' under Crassus as worse than the destruction of Rome at the hands of the slave army. 'I'll take a little corruption over the tyranny of Crassus any day of the week', he says. Gracchus also mocks Crassus's love of Rome: 'Most of us see Rome as a kindly old mother, Crassus is intent on marrying the old girl, to put it politely'. But what Gracchus does not recognize but Crassus does, is that the brotherhood of man ideal poses an existential threat to everything Rome stands for. What we are witnessing is a clash of what Nietzsche called 'master-slave morality':

> ...the Jews achieved that miracle of inversion of values thanks to which life on earth has for a couple millennia acquired a new and dangerous fascination--their prophets fused 'rich', 'godless', 'evil', 'violent', 'sensual' into one and were the first to coin the word 'world' as a term of infamy. It is this inversion of values (with which is involved the employment of the word for 'poor' as a synonym for

‘holy’ and ‘friend’) that the significance of the Jewish people resides: with them there begins the slave revolt in morals.

The end result of the slave morality is only more slaves struggling under a Jewish yoke, the Jew having replaced the European master. The master morality allows an upward mobility if the individual is up to the task. Thus, an inegalitarian morality will, over time, drag the whole civilization ever upwards, while the slave morality will drive the civilization downwards, under Jewish domination. Rome was built by masters.

Crassus - not an SJW!

The people who created Spartacus seem to have understood this to a degree, which is why Crassus stands in for any other gentile, with scant regard for a moral code which turns his people and society into a mass of debased slaves. The Hollywood mind-benders take these things very seriously, while the muddled liberals are correctly seen as dead wood waiting to be cleared away, by both sides.

As Spartacus and his increasingly large and imposing army rampage their way across the very heart of the Roman Empire, Gracchus and the mob in the Senate send in regional garrisons and regiments of Roman soldiers; they are easily defeated. The camera hangs lovingly on the tattered masses of the downtrodden and poor as they march onward. Their goal is to pay pirates who are also hostile to Rome to take them all across the sea and away from Rome. Gracchus, meanwhile, has actively assisted Spartacus, knowing that the longer the slave army remain in Italy the more likely a Crassus takeover will be.

However, Crassus has paid off the pirates, and now Spartacus's army is trapped in Italy. And more, Crassus has finally been given the full command of Rome and its legions as the mob and senate panic. Now with full power and command Crassus sends two full war legions in a pincer movement against Spartacus. This time, the slave army is smashed and its leaders rounded up. What follows is one of the most famous scenes in all of Hollywood history. The survivors are asked to point out and name Spartacus and, in a resounding act of Marxist 'solidarity' all of the men stand up and proclaim 'I'm Spartacus!' which was a nod to the Marxist sympathies of many Jewish Hollywood moguls under investigation:

> The hearings, where witnesses were demanded to 'name names' of supposed communist sympathizers, closely resembles the climactic scene when the slaves, asked by Crassus to give up

> their leader by pointing him out from the multitude, each stand up to proclaim, ‘I am Spartacus’.

That is to say, second generation Jewish immigrants were caught subverting the mass media and cultural life of another people, and when challenged they did not return to Europe or change their attitude. Instead they adopted the stance of martyrs suffering persecution. Chutzpah indeed.

The reaction of the Romans to this selfless act is to have every last one of them crucified. But nevertheless, Crassus understands that this new slave morality is a danger. He singles out both Antoninus and Spartacus ‘in order to test this new found brotherhood’. They will fight to the death and the winner will be crucified. They do indeed fight, but out of love for what they belong to, which is a universalist ideal, not out of self-preservation. As Crassus acknowledges, this is the real danger. Spartacus is crucified, a Bolshevik Jesus, a martyr to an as yet not fully formed world-changing morality; but it will be, one day. It is also worth mentioning again that the two men who had just fought to save one another from a fate worse than death were both Jewish. Thus Crassus had made Jews fight each other, surely the ultimate of all taboos. As a reaction to Tony Curtis’s

death, Spartacus hisses what now seems to be a deeply sinister threat, ‘but he’ll be back, and he’ll be millions!’

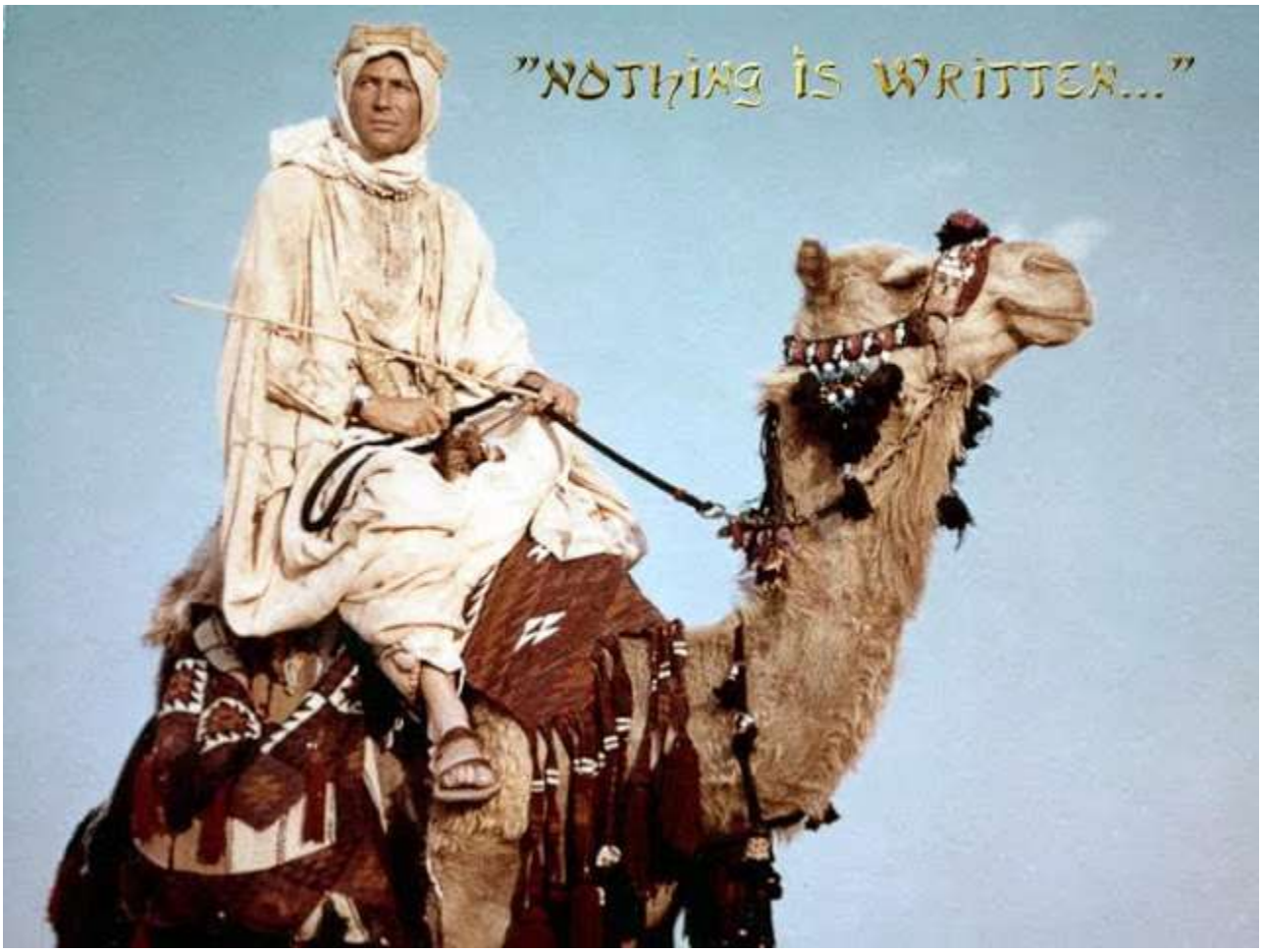
And if those millions are not around, then presumably they can be imported, and if the host society isn’t happy about it then words can be invented to scare them into silence.

Spartacus is brilliant propaganda, and it’s a damn fine movie, well-acted and written. It is intelligent and thoughtful and skillfully checkmates the audience. Compared to the dross we get today, which sends out the same message but in a moronic and insultingly lowbrow fashion, Spartacus is a masterpiece.

The fact that our ancient enemy is no longer as skillful or smart in their string-pulling might just mean the return of a Crassus, one day…

Nothing Is Written…

June 2016



As we bask in the aftermath of the seismic decision of the British public to leave the European Union, the shockwave is still being felt by everyone, not just the general public, or the British political class which is in a state of collapse, or the pampered goons

sitting in Brussels, but perhaps most of all it is we nationalists who are still trying to wrap our heads around it all.

The simple fact is the globalists are never supposed to lose anything, and that mindset had infected nationalists as much as the globalists themselves. The trajectory of western civilization seemed always to point to a furthering of the liberal internationalist agenda, and with each passing year their plans came closer to fruition than the creation of a world in which we wanted to live. Nothing encapsulated this triumphalism—or despondency, depending on how look at it—more than the phrase ‘on the wrong side of history’. There was always another Zionist plot, another Jewish think tank, another gentile traitor, whatever the situation or the issue our side had become inured to losing…before the fight had even begun.

And then Brexit happened.

Thinking all of this over these last few days brought to mind one of my favourite films of all time, David Lean’s masterful Lawrence of Arabia (1962), and the often used phrase within that film, ‘nothing is written’. Lawrence, both the man in real life and in the film, was a classic ‘warrior-poet’ and had something of a

Nietzschean ‘will to power’ ethos. When we are first introduced to lieutenant Lawrence in his barracks he’s performing a trick with a matchstick. He holds it between his fingers and lets the flame lap against his finger tips and tries to withstand the pain. When asked how he performs this ‘trick’ by another soldier he replies, ‘the trick, William Potter, is not minding that it hurts!’

Lawrence is constantly trying to overcome the limitations imposed on him by his own body and will. The question then becomes one of, what will such a mentality be capable of when the matchstick is swapped for war and the desert.

The task given to Lawrence by his superiors is to tie down, disrupt, destroy, and generally wreak havoc upon the Turkish

forces operating in the Arabian desert by using Arab fighting men granted to him by King Feisel. After some rumination Lawrence decides that the best course of action is to march 300 miles across the most scorching desert sands on earth and attack the Turk garrison at the port of Akaba; the Turk guns are facing the sea because, quite understandably, they'd deemed it incomprehensible that an attack from the desert could happen.

The Turks weren't alone: Lawrence's Arab cohort are astonished that anyone could be so foolish as to propose an eight week march through the Nefud. The simpleminded and superstitious Arabs proclaim Lawrence to be a blasphemer, it would be against Allah, they say, to which Lawrence replies with, 'nothing is written, except what is written in here', tapping the side of his head. Still the Arabs remain reluctant, it's suicide, it's never been done before. Lawrence points across the desert: 'Akaba is that way, it's only a matter of going!'

The point Lawrence is making here is that the man of superior will, an 'over-man', is not dictated to by superstitions or trends, or his surroundings; such things are trivialities which breed weakness and must be overcome. When the small army sets off across the Nefud desert, one of the Arab peasants gets lost. His

fellow Arabs decide to simply leave him for dead because it was Allah's will. Lawrence once again confounds his men by going back into the desert for a prolonged period to find the man. Not for humanitarian reasons alone; Lawrence later shoots him for thievery and murder. Lawrence saves him because, as one of his awestruck comrades quips, 'truly, for some men nothing is written unless they write it.'

Nothing is preordained, nobody is on the right or wrong side of history, history belongs to whomever has the superior will to make it do their bidding. It was not written that Britain would leave the EU globalist plantation, and it isn't written that we shall forever be dominated by a Jewish-owned media and political and banking class. It isn't written that white people will become minorities and eventually go extinct.

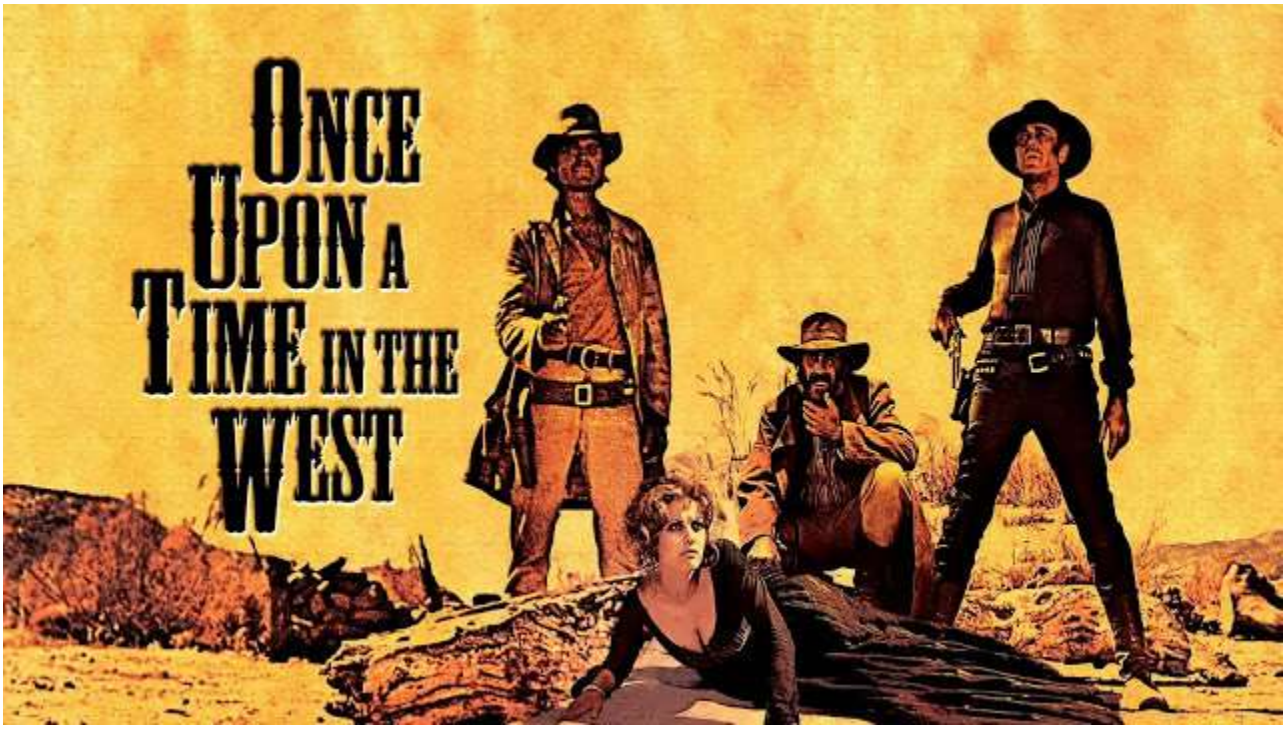
In *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* Lawrence wrote:

> All men dream: but not equally. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake in the day to find that it was vanity: but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dreams with open eyes, to make it possible. This I did.

And so shall we, leaving the EU was a wonderful victory, but it is just holding a burning matchstick compared to what we must and shall do, as we write our own history…

Once Upon a Time in The West: Men out of Time

September 2017



Once Upon a Time in the West (1968) is one of the greatest films ever made. Ever since I first watched it decades ago I've found it strangely hypnotic, ethereal, puzzling but compelling—and also daunting: Once Upon a Time weighs in at a mammoth two hours and fifty minutes long. However, it wasn't until a recent rewatching that it all clicked into place and the true nature of this spectacular piece of filmmaking was revealed.

Sergio Leone's film is usually thought of as a 'Spaghetti Western', though it was actually filmed in Spain and America's Monument Valley. Within modern pop culture it's considered iconic, mainly because of Ennio Morricone's score, the cinematography, and the famously slow opening scene of three men waiting for Charles Bronson at a train station in the desert, who are promptly shot upon Bronson's arrival. Like Leone's The Good, The Bad and The Ugly, and Once Upon a Time in America, Once Upon a Time in the West is very short on rat-tat-tat dialogue and very long on tension and atmosphere; the written script for this grandiose 'epic' was supposedly just fifteen pages long.

The plot of Once Upon a Time in the West is similarly straightforward. Sadistic killer Frank (Henry Fonda) murders a family on behalf of a railway baron (Morton) who wants their land. Unknown to Frank and Morton the now-dead landowner was recently married and his new widow, Jill (Claudia Cardinale), arrives to claim ownership. Meanwhile a nameless man seeking revenge against Frank (Bronson) arrives to assist Jill, as does

Cheyenne, a local bandit played by Jason Robards, who was framed by Frank for the killing of the family.

That’s the plot; the story is something far more poignant and timeless. The beating heart of Once Upon a Time in the West tells the story of three ‘alpha’ males, tough, weathered, and brutal, who are all coming to realize that their world, the Old West, is dying; it and they are being absorbed by civilization and money, capitalism, and progress. They’re like coyotes watching the construction of a freeway through the prairie.

The world of Frank, Cheyenne, and Harmonica (Bronson) is a world in which only the most ruthless and courageous will survive; the advent of money and business and ‘law and order’ subverts this. The primary agents of progress in the film are Jill (female) and Morton, who’s riddled with TB and can hardly walk. Frank mocks his boss as a weakling but at the same time acknowledges while sitting behind Morton’s desk that it (the desk) is more powerful than a gun. Morton later proves the point by paying Frank’s own men to turn on him.

Frank: Cisgender White Male

Progress, modernity, and especially money, are ways by which men can be emasculated by women and cripples. Indeed, even the Frontier itself will no longer be the realm of the hardiest: Morton's motivation is to construct a railway across the West for the purpose of enjoying the warm waters of California's coastline, until then a journey thereto only the hardiest would survive.

This is essentially a deconstruction of the John Wayne/John Ford (and Henry Fonda) Western where the taming of the West and the unruly men who dwell there was seen as a moral imperative. Leone is far more ambiguous. Is the serpentine allure of money more noble than an ethos of kill or be killed? Is the life of wage slave drudgery a higher form of Being than to live as a lonesome Samurai-style warrior wandering the wilderness?

One must be cautious, however. Leone does not romanticize the Old West. All three men are bullies, they are ruthless, and they do kill, frequently. Yet between themselves they do have a code of honour, but it is one which can only be shared by the brave and the tough.

When Frank's men attempt to kill him, Bronson's character assists Frank in killing his own men, but only because Bronson wants, *needs*, to kill Frank himself, to avenge his brother. Allowing other men to kill Frank 'wouldn't be the same'. Morton, the bankers, and oligarchs have no such honour, as Frank discusses with Bronson before their final confrontation:

Frank: Morton once told me I could never be like him, now I understand why. Wouldn't have bothered him knowing you were around somewhere alive.

Bronson (Harmonica): So you found out you're not a businessman after all?

Frank: Just a man.

Bronson: An ancient race, other Morton's will be along and they'll kill it off!

Both men understand that they differ from the businessman and the politician, if somebody crosses you you kill him, if somebody seeks revenge against you you confront them. The new men of finance and law, of 'civilization', manipulate and corrupt other men into doing their bidding while sitting behind desks. Both Frank and Harmonica hold such men in contempt.

As the two enemies speak, the new man, the mass-man, swarms all around them, preparing the way for the railway which will carry the bureaucrat, the politician, the stockbroker, the lawman. Viewed from this perspective one can see just how subversive to the Western genre Once Upon a Time in the West is: not just Henry Fonda eschewing his 'good-guy' persona to play a cruel killer, but because the very values Wayne, Fonda and Ford held up as the defining traits of the West—hard work, thrift, and

capitalism—were always destined to become the McBurger-munching cubicle dwellers of today. A commodity to be traded by the ‘other Mortons’.

Bronson’s character appreciates the march of progress, but he also understands that it’s a world to which he can never belong. The penultimate scene captures perfectly the pathos of the passing of an age, with typically sparse dialogue set to Morricone’s deeply emotive score.

It’s often said that great movies of the past would never be made today. Once Upon a Time in the West absolutely falls into that category: the bureaucrats, the Mortons, would hold a board

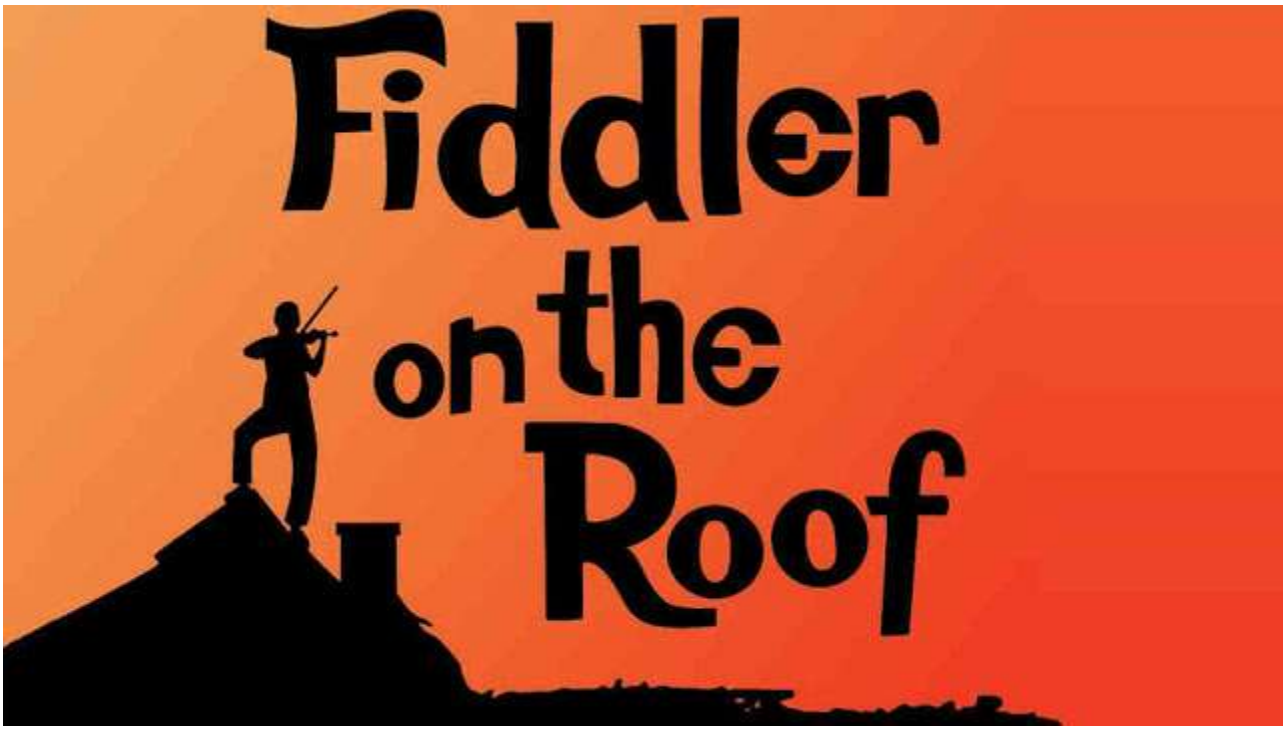
meeting and either hack it to pieces or simply toss the script into the trash. Like the men whose story it tells, late modernity has no place for such films. The mass-man of the modern West expects, and gets, this:

Have the Mortons and the money masters ‘killed off’ the ‘ancient race of men’? Or will they, like Harmonica, return?

Someday…perhaps, someday…..

Fiddler on the Roof: A Very Jewish Movie

August 2016



I recently stumbled across Fiddler on the Roof (1971) and decided to watch it. I was aware that there was a particularly Jewish musical by that name but I'd always avoided it because I dislike musicals. Today, however, an entirely Jewish musical set in Russia shortly before the Russian Revolution has much to offer to the dissident nationalist mind.

The history of the Jews in Russia, the Pale of the Settlement, the animosity toward the Russian aristocracy, and the rise of revolutionary Marxism is a vast area of exploration and an article such as this could easily spiral out of control, so for the sake of brevity I'll try and keep this within the context of the Fiddler on the Roof movie. For more background readers might want to check out 'Solzhenitsyn's Forbidden Book', which deals with the Jewish involvement with Bolshevism, and the Occidental Observer's series on the Pale of the Settlement.

So, Fiddler on the Roof, then, is the Hollywood version of the hugely popular Broadway musical which was itself based on the books of Sholem Aleichem. We can dispense with ((parentheses)) and pointing out who is and is not Jewish here: the entire production, writers, actors, studios, history, and source material is Jewish. Fiddler on the Roof is quite possibly the most Jewish production ever made (!).

The drama is set in the fictional town of Anatevka in 1905. Anatevka might not be an actual place but it is supposed to be within the Pale of Settlement inside the Russian Empire.

Anatevka is a rural backwater which is majority Jewish. The Jews of Anatevka are humble farmers, tailors, butchers, and salt of the earth types working the land. Our main character, Tevye, played by Chaim Topol, is a milkman with five daughters. The drama in Fiddler on the Roof centres around Tevye's attempts to find suitable husbands for his daughters, in accordance with Jewish traditions.

The name 'Fiddler on the Roof' is metaphorical: the Jewish diaspora in Russia *are* the Fiddler on the Roof and like the Fiddler, their existence is rather parlous; they could fall off or be 'pushed' off at any minute. The movie opens with Tevye explaining that what prevents the Jews from falling and losing themselves is their dedication to their own traditions. He then bursts out in song about it.

Personally I found Tevye to be a bit of a shady character. He speaks in nods and winks to the audience and regularly berates God, he comes over as shifty and untrustworthy—and he's

supposed to be the moral heart of the film, which is rather problematic.

A face you can trust

After the initial introduction Tevye guides us through the village, introducing us to the Jews toiling and sweating, sowing crops and working hard as he delivers milk, seemingly for free. One group of men stand huddled together in heated discussion over a newspaper. We then learn that the Jews in a nearby village have been expelled by the Tsar. No explanation is provided for why this happened, but in the previous scene the local rabbi stated that

they would be blessed if the Tsar would stay well away from the Jews.

That's a strange statement given that they live in Russia, but stranger still is that as the men are discussing the Jewish eviction they are approached by a young Jewish man, Perchik, who berates them for doing 'nothing but talk'. It turns out the young man is a Marxist revolutionary who's studying at Kiev. He tells the Orthodox Jewish yokels that 'great changes are coming to Russia' and explains to Tevye that 'soon enough, the wealth of the rich will belong to us'. Tevye reacts to this by offering Perchik a job tutoring his daughters.

Having invited a revolutionary Marxist into his home as a tutor for his daughters, Tevye then belts out another song, the most famous song in the Fiddler of the Roof canon, 'If I were a rich man'.

The central plot of Fiddler on the Roof then comes into play, choosing husbands for Tevye's three oldest daughters. The Orthodox tradition was to arrange marriages via a matchmaker. In

Fiddler an old crone called Yente performs that role. Teyve's eldest daughter, Tzeitel, who looks like a young Barbara Streisand, is set to be married to an elderly but wealthy butcher. However, Tzeitel is actually in love with a young poverty-stricken tailor. After more songs and kvetching Tevye gives in and allows Tzeitel to marry the tailor, his problem now is how to explain this to his wife, Golda.

The shifty Tevye then tells his wife an elaborate lie. He pretends to have a dream in which Yente's long dead grandmother visits him to warn of death, pain, and misery if Tzeitel does not marry the tailor. With his wife suitably tricked Tevye gives the audience a sly wink and giggles himself off to sleep.

Fiddler on the Roof features a local policeman who's not Jewish but Russian. In the movie the policeman is rather sympathetic to the Jews; however, in Sholem Aleichem's book he was not. In the movie he is summoned to St Petersburg and ordered to carry out a pogrom against the Jews; he only does so reluctantly. In the books he did so with far more enthusiasm. Once again, no explanation is given as to why the Russian government would

order the Jews to be persecuted, but at any rate a gang show up at Tzeitel's wedding celebrations and trash the party for no reason.

Meanwhile, Tevye's second daughter, Hodel, has fallen in love with Marxist revolutionary Perchik. The drama here is not that Perchik wants to violently overthrow the Russian state, but that he hasn't asked Tevye's permission to marry Hodel. Perchik himself wooed Hodel by way of Marx as romantic poet, explaining that marriage was nothing more than a 'socio-economic partnership'.

Unfortunately, before the happy couple are married, Perchik is arrested by the Tsar's men for attempting a coup. His punishment is to be sent to Siberia. Hodel decides to meet him there and promises Teyve they'll get married as soon as they can. Tevye explains that there'll probably be a few imprisoned rabbis in Siberia to marry them. *Yes, Tevye, I'm sure there will be…*

The beautiful Tzeitel and her husband

Tzeitel and Hodel may well have caused Tevye stress and heartache, but ultimately Tevye was able to come to terms with a slight bending of traditional Jewish values. With his third daughter, Chava, Tevye's patience run out. Chava has committed the most grievous offence of all: she's fallen in love with a gentile, an ethnic Russian! This Tevye cannot accept. In an interesting monologue Tevye once again addresses the audience. Chava is making him choose between his people and his daughter. The problem is, if it

became the norm for Jews to ‘marry out’ then they would disappear. Tevye explains that he would ‘have to bend so far I would break’.

The Chava story-line is easily the most engrossing of the three centred around Tevye’s daughters, and it raises an important question about Fiddler on the Roof, it being an extraordinarily Jewish production: namely, who was this film being made for? The overwhelming majority of people who watch Fiddler will be non-Jewish, and so if Tevye rejects his daughter, is that not signalling a Jewish rejection of the gentiles who are watching? On the other hand if Tevye accepts his daughter’s marriage, is that not signalling to Jews that, in the end, love conquers in-group loyalty?

Whatever the answer to that is, Tevye declares his daughter dead and casts her out of the family, despite her begging and beseaching him to accept her marriage.

Having disowned his daughter for falling love with a non-Jew, things are about to get worse again for Tevye. The Tzar’s men

arrive with an order telling the Jews they have three days to leave Anatevka or they'll be forced out by the army. As usual, no reason is given and we're simply expected to believe that the Russian government hates the Jews without cause. But did they?

So did the Russian government have a legitimate reason to be worried about the Jewish community in Anatevka? the answer would have to be a resounding *YES!*

Anatevka is a village where a Marxist revolutionary can wander about and openly brag that he's plotting to destroy the Russian government and then share out the entire wealth of the Russian aristocracy. Tevye is quite happy to allow his own daughter to marry Perchik while at the same time disowning another daughter for wanting to marry a Russian. From the perspective of the Tsar, the Jewish community in Anatevka were a hostile out-group plotting to destroy him and his country! Strip away the songs and smiles, and the Jews of Anatevka are the 1905 Russian equivalent of Muslims in Malmo or Bradford today.

Fiddler on the Roof ends with the Jews packing up and preparing to wander the earth once again. Some are heading to the ‘Promised Land’. The majority, including Teyve’s family, are heading to America, where, no doubt, they would continue to live as simple country folk tilling the land and keeping to themselves, respecting the traditions and politics of that great land…and Perchik will be meeting them there…

The Alien as Third World Immigrant

June 2015

It is often said of Ridley Scott's films that they are visually appealing but intellectually dull, and I agree with this claim. If Scott meant anything deeper than a pretty standard monster-in-space haunted-horror flick, then it is the repetition of themes regarding sex, birth, penetration, and pregnancy: the head of the Alien is phallic, the ship AI is called 'mother', the alien impregnates a man, the crew are 'born' at the start, etc etc. Nevertheless, seen from a strictly racialist perspective, Alien (1979) has far more to offer.

There is only one non-white in the crew but for the sake of this piece it doesn't really matter: the alien itself is the non-white immigrant and its invasive nature within a confined living space.

The reason the crew venture onto the Alien planet is because, being open-hearted, they feel compelled to respond to a distress signal emanating from the planet's surface. Soon after landing they discover a large structure containing eggs. One of the eggs hatches and a parasitic spider-type creature attaches itself to one of the crew named Kane. This is where parallels, which I have no doubt would mortify Ridley Scott, begin to appear.

Firstly, and leaving aside the feminist trope of having a female lead, Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) quite correctly refuses to allow an obviously alien menace aboard the ship. However, against her express wishes the rather cold and aloof Ash opens up the hatch

and the parasite, attached to Kane's face, enters the living space and sanctuary of the crew.

As it happens the unfortunate Kane has been used as the human embodiment of an NHS maternity ward. The alien parasite swiftly bursts through his chest cavity and escapes into the main ship. At first this illegal immigrant is small, about the size of a rat. It is interesting to note that the alien is entirely parasitic in nature, even its life cycle is dependent upon other life forms. The alien, like a Somalian or Afghani in Europe, does absolutely nothing but destroy and kill.

Alien

To begin with, Ripley is the only crew member who seems to view this bizarre state of affairs with much alarm, for the main the crew come across as idiots and liberals. But the alien is growing at an exponential rate and even the annoyingly dopey staff begin to sound the alarm when their mates start turning up dead.

The cold and distant Ash who let the creature in expresses his admiration for the monster. It is ‘pure’ and unsullied with morality and pretensions. Ash, it is revealed, is actually a robot, and furthermore, he has been programmed by a mysterious and seemingly all-powerful multinational called Yutani. In an all-too familiar example of elite betrayal, Yutani wanted the Alien on the ship. Even the distress signal was a scam: accessing the ship’s computer system reveals that this horror show wasn’t incompetence or a malfunction, it was intentional. The crew were ‘expendable’; the alien immigrant was the real prize. Ash was the robot liberal they programmed to make sure their lucrative prize was given sanctuary on the ship.

Ridley Scott may not have intended his film to be viewed through such a racialist prism. However, there are only so many possible variations on a theme of introducing a hostile alien entity into the confined living space of another group. This holds true whether

we are talking about Pakistanis being introduced into England or the rat and stoat into New Zealand. It can result in:

1. The destruction or flight of the native group.

2. The rejection and/or destruction of the invader.

3. The hybridization of the two groups.

What Scott certainly did intend was to layer his film with sexual undertones and here again parallels can be seen. The rather shy and mouse-like crew member Lambert is cornered by the alien, and instead of using the protruding-jaw-through-skull technique which the alien deploys against the men, this time its harpoon-like tail edges between Lambert's legs, the implication being that the alien is going to rape Lambert.

Space Rotherham

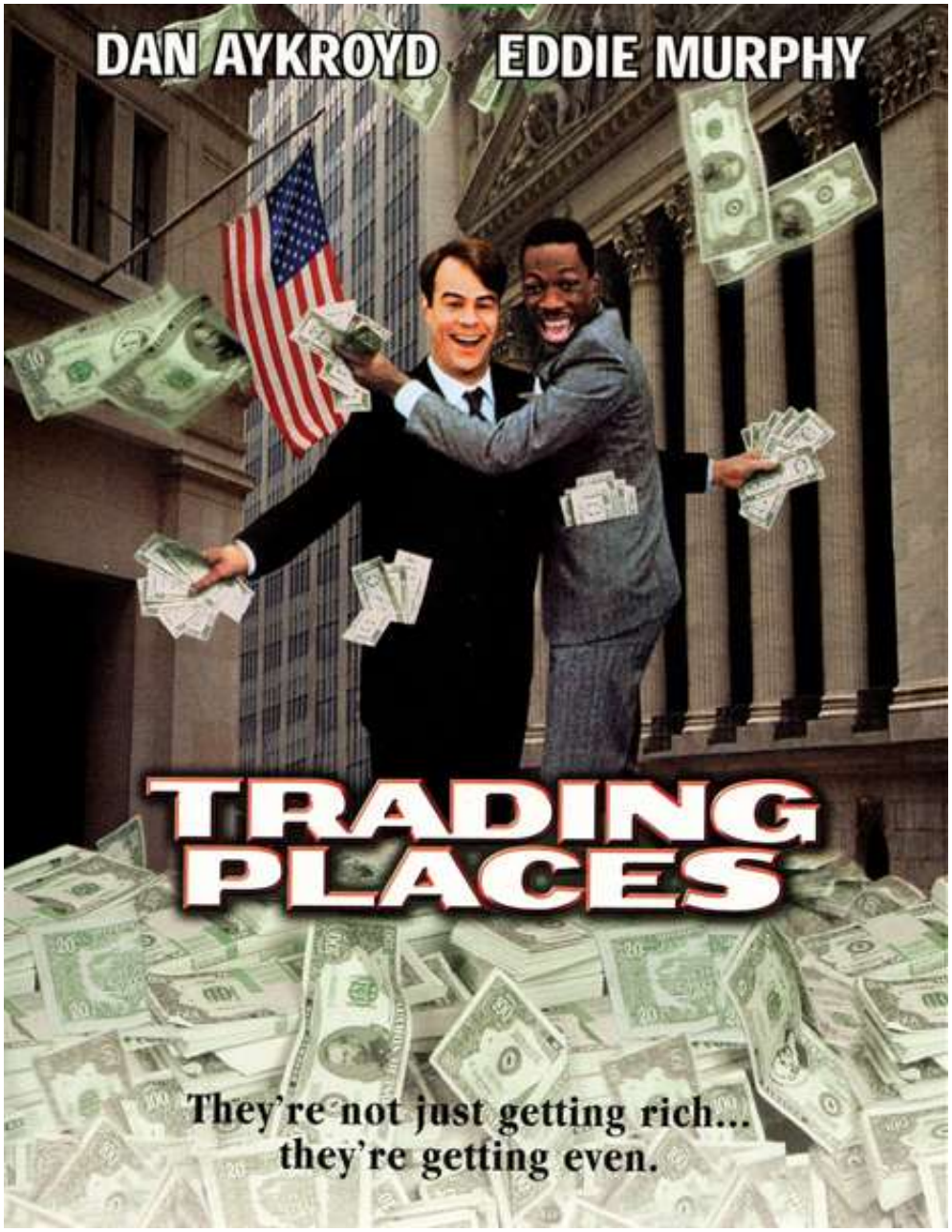
Eventually, and as the sole survivor, Ripley makes the same decision that millions of other whites have made in response to ‘enrichment’—by fleeing. White-flighting into the emergency shuttle, Ripley plans to launch herself into space and self-destruct the ship with the alien on board. The ship does explode and Ripley does escape to the leafy shires of the shuttle but, of course, the alien menace has stowed itself away and now the living space is drastically reduced. In a clever display of audience manipulation, and returning to his themes of sex, Scott has Ripley wearing extraordinarily scanty underwear which is obviously several sizes to small, thereby ratcheting up still further the motif of being vulnerable to rape by an outsider.

But in the end this is Hollywood, and the evil multinational and the alien WMD they covet are defeated.

The tagline to Alien was ‘in space nobody can hear you scream’. That holds equally true if you’re a 14-year-old white girl in alien-infested parts of Europe.

Trading Places

December 2017



I recently spent a pleasant couple of hours watching an old (1983) Christmas-themed film called Trading Places starring Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy and directed by John Landis (yep, he's Jewish). What I found interesting about Trading Places is that it's essentially two films rolled into one, or rather, there are two different levels, perspectives, from which to view the movie. The first is as the film was intended to be seen, a very witty and, by today's standards, politically incorrect film with likable characters and a tight plot. The second way of viewing Trading Places is as a Jewish cannonball being fired upon White Anglo-Saxon Protestant America and their cultural mores, traditions, and centres of power.

So the plot revolves around a pair of geriatric stock exchange giants, the Duke Brothers, Randolph and Mortimer, who have a disagreement over the nature vs nurture argument.

What is it exactly which differentiates hotshot WASP and rising star of commodities trading Winthorpe (Dan Aykroyd) and common 'street negro' Billy Ray Valentine (Eddie Murphy)?

Could the ridiculously pompous and pampered Winthorpe survive in Valentine's world; would his superior 'breeding' save him? could Valentine survive in the world of high culture and the entirely white and upper-class New York stock exchange scene?

The Dukes concoct a scheme in which Winthorpe is fired, arrested, disgraced, and bankrupted, and Valentine wafted into Winthorpe's world of extreme white privilege. Amazingly, the uppermost strata of New York is seemingly completely without any Jewish people; indeed, WASP America as depicted here

looks more like it would have in the 1930's rather than the mid-80's.

Having landed himself in the heart of the white Protestant power structure, Billy Ray soon discovers that he can use his street smarts to swiftly understand the game being played on the stock exchange and becomes a rising star. Winthorpe, however, finds that he's utterly incapable of surviving without his privilege and is taken care of by a prostitute (Jamie Lee Curtis).

So superficially what we have here is a smart movie exploring the ideals of a meritocratic society, and indeed upper class white society seems to be happy enough having Billy Ray within their ranks as long he continues to make them money. Given that the power of WASP America has drastically diminished over the last half-century this is a rather damning commentary of their naivete. If greed was the dominant ethos of upper class white America, overriding ethnic bonds, then it's no surprise that we were outmatched by more motivated groups, especially Jews.

But this interesting avenue is cleverly closed off by Landis. The Duke brothers, in earshot of Billy Ray, decide that they've had enough of their experiment and wish to return Winthorpe to the fold and cast Billy Ray back into the gutter, with Randolph exclaiming, 'We can't allow a nigger to work for Duke & Duke!' The meritocracy will have to wait, what matters in the end is maintaining the racist white power structure.

'Here's your Father Christmas, Goy!'

Winthorpe's character arc is of course the opposite of Billy Ray's, except Winthorpe can't cope without his unearned luxury and becomes utterly reliant on marginal groups he previously despised.

The spoiled fop Winthorpe must be made to understand and feel empathy for 'The Other', the street blacks, the prostitutes, his butler whom he treated so badly. He must atone for his whiteness, for his easy existence and wealth, his 'privilege'.

As Billy Ray and Winthorpe discover they've both been played by the Duke brothers they form what amounts to a coalition of the oppressed. In one scene Winthorpe blacks up and pretends to be a Jamaican, he's then joined by his former butler (Denholm Elliot) who's dressed up as a catholic Irish priest, Billy Ray as an African prince, and Jamie Lee Curtis as a parody of a Swedish girl. All that's missing is a Jew but that's fine, they were making the movie.

To Jews and to a lesser extent Catholics, WASP America was a closed shop. They didn't get invited to the country clubs and the swanky dinners, and oh boy, did the Jews hold a grudge about it. So what we're seeing in Trading Places is the coalition of outsiders and the oppressed forming itself to attack the WASP centre. This is a particularly Jewish vision, or rather, it's been their primary pursuit in American politics for the last 70 years.

Like Winthorpe, the role of the white man is to attain a new moral stance within society by joining the coalition of the oppressed, the outsider, and search for ways to break down the power and influence of his own group: here lies his path to salvation, his

absolution from the guilt of being a White Anglo Saxon Protestant with a ‘Euro-centric’ and conservative world view. The prostitute who disgusts him becomes his lover, the black thief becomes his friend, his own kind become his enemies; only through this self-abasement can a true meritocracy be ushered in for all and equality of opportunity be reached.

It’s interesting to contrast Trading Places with the hyper-moralizing PC nuttiness of today’s Hollywood. Trading Places works, it does not insult your intelligence, it’s funny and well-written and therefore much more effective. The manner in which blacks are depicted in Trading Places would have today’s left howling with outrage; they’re frequently called ‘negroes’ and portrayed as dangerous ghetto criminals. But this only serves to strengthen the message of the film because the audience do not feel as if they’re being preached at.

There is of course a rather cruel irony in analyzing such a movie from an obscure blog, fully in the knowledge that no mass media outlet would ever write about the movie as I have here. It’s almost like we, white people, are now on the outside looking in to the

centres of power, that we have become the ghetto black or Jew barred from the country club, that we have, in effect, Traded Places with them…

Gremlins: Diversity Comes to Christmas

December 2014

The 1984 smash hit Gremlins is what many people perceive to be part of a sustained attack on Christmas by the Tribe who run Hollywood. I had this in mind as I watched the film for the first time in years over this Christmas.

The movie begins in a suburban utopia. It is the kind of town traditionalists dream of creating: pretty much entirely white, conservative, homely, and serene. A couple of oddballs pepper the populace, such as the grumpy old hag Mrs Deagle, and Mr Futterman. Futterman is obsessed with ‘foreigners’, and even believes, before they actually arrive, that foreigners are responsible for Gremlins destroying American technology.

Our hero is the rather dusky-looking Billy Peltzer. Billy is a nicer-than-nice downtrodden type who has to support his family, because his father is a delusional dreamer who invents weird gadgets which always break down in amusing ways. Billy has a crush on local girl Kate, who works in a bar. And Judge Reinhold appears as a Waspish prick scheming his way up the ladder at the bank where Billy works. The overzealous traditionalist may object to these stereotypes, but they don't change the fact that the place where Gremlins is set is a very likable one—and that, in fact, is a crucial plot point for both director Joe Dante and producer Steven Spielberg: it hurts us when this place is trashed.

Billy's dad picks up the 'Mogwai' in Chinatown, whose contrast with the fresh-aired and light-hearted Americana is stark. Chinatown is mysterious and unfathomable; it belongs to a distant, alien, and deeper culture, one which the white man can't comprehend in his crass materialism and dead-eyed consumerism. (Mogwai is Cantonese for 'monster.') After some brief warnings, the Mogwai is sold to the fat white man selling his technological junk which sprays gloop in his face. The warnings of course, go completely unheeded.

According to the Wikipedia entry on Gremlins, African-Americans and leftists were angry about Gremlins, whimpering:

> In *Ceramic Uncles & Celluloid Mammies*, Patricia Turner writes that the gremlins 'reflect negative African-American stereotypes' in their dress and behavior. They are shown 'devouring fried chicken with their hands', listening to black music, breakdancing, and wearing sunglasses after dark and newsboy caps, a style common among African American males in the 1980s.

It could be that the eternal offence-takers have a point here: after the small town idyll is established, then what does it need if not some diversity to liven things up? It's interesting that the two characters who suffer the most, besides the token black scientist, are Deagle and Futterman, the Wasp and the racist, respectively. This is worth exploring a little. Yes, the insane left actually believe

in the multicultural project, and will defend its lunacy no matter what. But it is quite possible that watching an all-white town become engulfed in rape and looting gives some members of the tribe a hearty satisfaction; when the news reports on the Gremlin rampage it is referred to as a ‘riot’! It is a Grem-out.

Gremlins also has an additional mode of attack beyond actual feral aliens attacking small-town America. Namely, the ethical and moral view of Christmas itself is under attack. The girl who plays Billy’s love interest, Kate, is herself Jewish, and in a disturbing monologue explains that Christmas alienates people. Billy farcically asks if she is ‘Hindu’, but it turns out her dad tried climbing down the chimney, slipped, and broke his neck, rotting inside the family home for days.

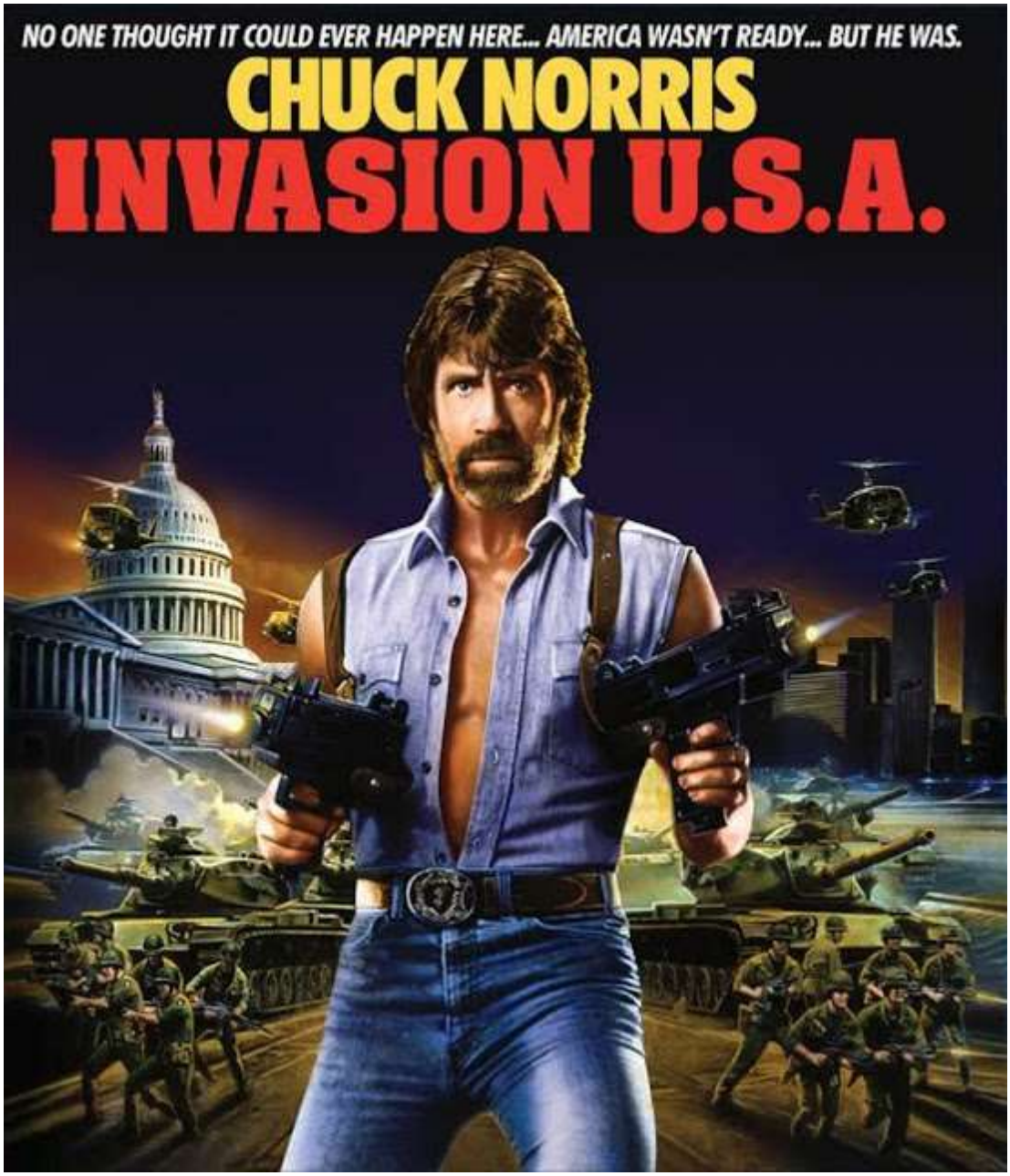
Gremlins is thus a pincer movement against small-town America. One side of the pincer is the introduction of violent and barbaric savages. The other is the undermining of the festive season as exclusionary, as not being open to universal humanity. It is saying, *understand us, the out-group, or we, the out-group, will send the true forces of darkness upon you.*

The movie ends with Mr Wing, the mysterious and deep Chinaman, giving a lecture on how Western civilization isn’t ready. We don’t listen, we watch TV, and we are superficial zombies.

Perhaps he is right, but for all the wrong reasons.

Chuck Norris and Civic Nationalism

July 2017



I recently spent a pleasant few hours watching a rather trashy 80's Chuck Norris shoot-'em-up called Invasion USA (1985). Invasion USA is a long-forgotten addition to a dead genre. The 80's action film, which launched Stallone and Schwarzenegger into stardom, was in large part a reflection of a newfound confidence of America after the doom and self-doubt of the 70's, Vietnam, and the fag-end hangover of the hippy era.

Reagan's America spawned a multitude of quasi-fascistic heroes out for revenge: somebody would pay for the humiliation of the 70's and more often than not it would be the left, Commies, or anyone who undermined the American dream. Rambo II is a perfect example: the soulless bureaucrats had sold 'our boys' out in 'Nam' and now it was time for them to pay.

Invasion USA is a neat little entry into this curious era of American pop culture. The title is something of a misnomer. America is indeed invaded, and the invaders are indeed Commie scum. But there's only a few hundred of them, and they don't really invade, they just land on a rather pretty beach in Florida. However, the Commies have a plan to bring America down from within, a plan

which, in the 80's, would have seemed rather far-fetched, but not so far-fetched today…

The communist guerrillas know full well that an armed attack on America would be a futile suicide mission, so their plan involves collapsing America from within by imploding its own values system. There are vague allusions to making Americans 'choke on their misguided ideals', but what this actually entails isn't revealed until the commie scumbags drive into a middle class white suburb and begin firing rockets directly into the houses, incinerating whole families. This atrocity is then followed by the commies dressing up as cops and gunning down Hispanics and blacks.

Unfortunately, most of Invasion USA's modest budget seems to have been blown on Chuck's jeep and bollock-crushingly tight jeans, but through reporters and the radio we're informed that the various ethnic groups are turning on each other, and the commies still continue to stoke up the tensions; in another off-camera scene they massacre a kindergarten full of children.

The communist's aim is to force the American government to institute martial law, restrict freedom of movement, and essentially balkanize America. If America is held together by a set of defining civic ideals, if that is its reason for being, then to abolish those ideals would be tantamount to abolishing America itself. Chuck Norris is essentially a civic nationalist with two uzis and his counter-strategy is to kill the commies before America falls to authoritarianism.

Invasion USA was produced by Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus (yes, they're Jewish) and both they and the antagonists of the movie seem to have understood the basic truth of the communist master plan to destroy America. The multi-racial state is a fatally flawed concept that carries within it the seeds of its own demise.

Chuck Norris, then, joins the ever growing list of highly capable white men who fight for a fatally flawed idea: Clint Eastwood either as real-life patriot or Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry, Batman as the saviour of a city which doesn't deserve to be saved, and more recently, Donald Trump.

The white man as civic nationalist is something of a tragic archetype: he deeply believes in a set of high-sounding ideals, but those ideals are crushed by the lived reality of what those ideals produce, and so, like Chuck in his jeep, the white man has to deploy all of his bravery, his organisational excellence and technical expertise to save a bad idea from itself.

From the perspective of classic liberals, libertarians and cuckservatives today, the cultural Marxist, Social Justice left are doing what the commies of Invasion USA wanted to do, albeit with fewer bazookas. The civic nationalist idealists understand that the left's demonization of whites and their non-white fetishism drastically increases the strain on the nation as an abstract set of principles.

At the same time they see the rise of the 'white-lash' as an understandable but incorrect response to our cosy middle-class white suburb being firebombed.

Like Chuck Norris, the classic liberals and civic nationalists hurtle from one blazing inferno to the next, trying to hold the creaking edifice up for a little longer. The response of the ethno-nationalist has, in effect, become one of *'why bother?'* to which the idealist returns *'you're just collectivist scum like the left, playing identity politics!'* and then they shoot off to try and convince a moderate Muslim on the need to reform their religion so it too is more amenable to their principles.

But indeed, why bother?

Why bother trying to convince whites they'll be fine as a minority as long as the constitution and rule of law remain intact?

Why bother trying to convince yourself that a Somalian is interested in Kant's *Metaphysics of Morals*?

Why bother conceding that race and black IQ is real but insisting it will not have consequences for the wider society?

Why bother becoming a Koranic scholar in a futile attempt to engage in an Islamic reformation?

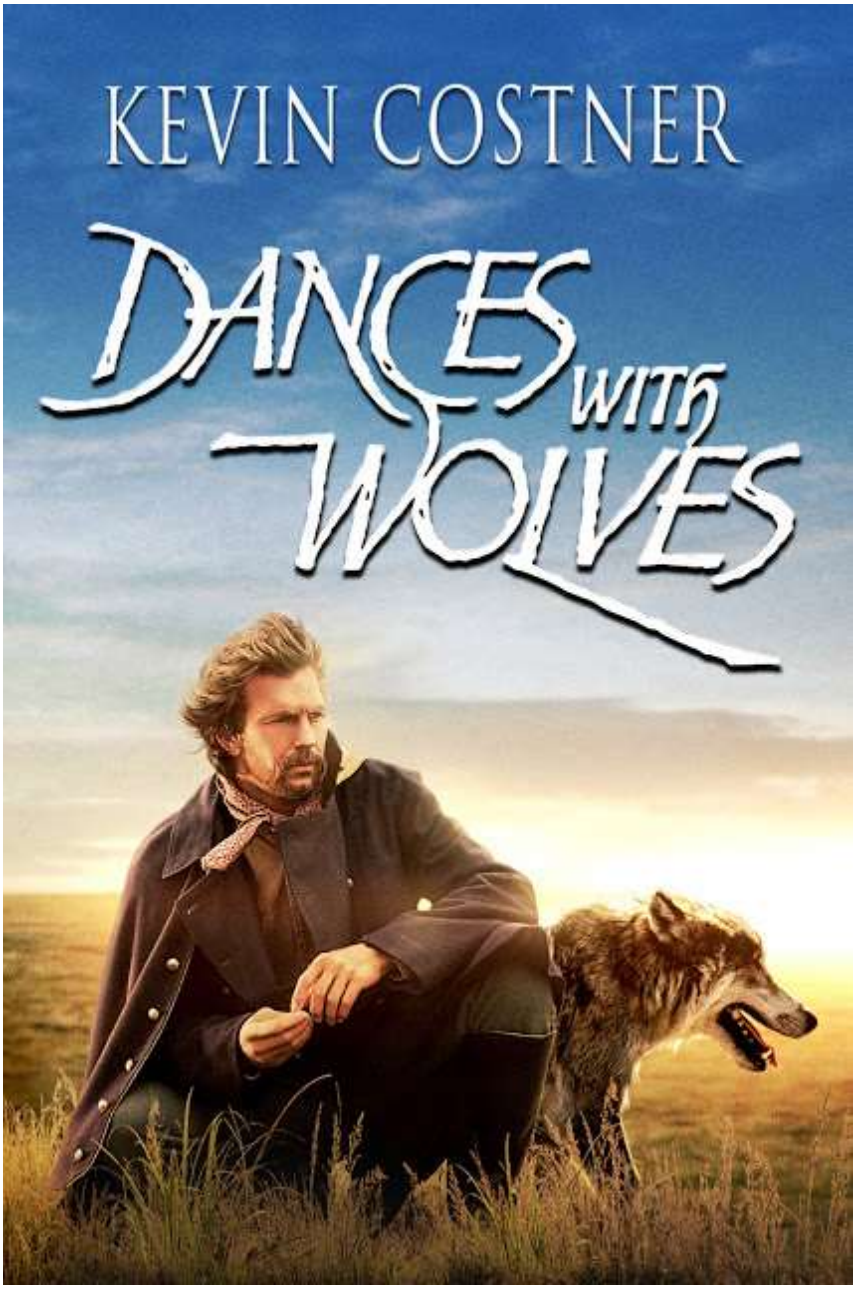
There's a telling moment in Invasion USA when Chuck's CB radio crackles ceaselessly with incoming reports of inter-ethnic bloodshed and violence. 'It's too much, I can't handle them all!', sighs Chuck.

A convoluted plot twist allows Norris to save America from collapse by literally exterminating every commie. But that's not on

the cards in either Europe or America, so in the end the civic nationalists and classic liberals have but one option. To quote another 80's action film, 'let it go…just let it go….'

Dances With Wolves: Nationalist Masterpiece?

August 2015



There’s a particularly powerful scene in Kevin Costner’s epic white-guilt extravaganza. Called into the Indian chief’s tent, Dunbar (Costner) is asked by the chief ‘how many more [Europeans] will come?’ to which Dunbar replies, ‘like the stars’. As the African invasion of Europe is now gaining full momentum, one can picture a young boy with his father looking south across the English channel or Mediterranean: ‘How many more will come, dad?’

Europeans are expected to live by a moral code which casts them as villains for having dispossessed a native people from their land through migration—but then when we are in the role of natives wishing to defend our land, we are then cast as the villains once again by being slurred as ‘racists’ and ‘haters’ and ‘xenophobes’.

In Dances with Wolves (1990), the message is loud and clear: a people losing their land to foreign invaders is a tragedy of epic proportions. Because the film deals with a non-European people they are allowed to be openly ‘racist’ and ethno-centric. The Europeans in the movie are all, to a man, depicted as greasy lechers with rotten teeth and psychotic leanings. The Indians are noble and philosophical.

Dunbar’s motivation for going out into the wilderness to seek out the Indians is, he informs us, ‘to see it before it’s gone’. Imagine a movie being made today about a Pakistani regretting his own people’s incursion into Britain and deciding to go and live in a small Highlands village before the rest of his kind destroyed the Highland people.

Dunbar’s guide across the vast prairies is a fat farting slob who Dunbar describes as vile, on his return journey the slob is then shot eight times with Indian arrows and then mocked as he is scalped.

This is, obviously, a severe hate crime but the audience are expected to cheer.

Soon afterwards we are introduced to the Indians who will become Dunbar's friends. At first they are deeply suspicious. The medicine man 'Kicking Bird' quips, 'it's true the whites are a poor race and hard to understand, but make no mistake, the whites are coming! So when I see one man without fear in our country I see bad medicine'. Some of the Indians want to simply kill Dunbar but other 'liberal' Indians begin to accept him but only because they recognize that Dunbar is hostile toward his own people and sympathetic toward the Indians.

After whites needlessly slaughter thousands of buffalo Dunbar laments, ‘who would do such a thing? A people without value or soul, with no regard for Sioux rights’. Reaching peak white guilt, Dunbar explains, ‘There were no looks, no blame, just the confusion of a people unable to predict the future’. We can sympathize with that!

Dunbar’s love interest in Dances with Wolves is ‘Stands With a Fist’ (Mary McDonnell). On first glance we are led to believe that she’s just another Indian woman, but as her back story is revealed we learn she’s white and that her family were slaughtered by another Indian tribe. So when she and Dunbar fall in love it doesn’t involve mixing it up with the Indians. As Kicking

Bird's wife explains, 'it makes sense, they're both white'. That is to say, the Indians define themselves on blood and kinship, not cultural or linguistic lines. Dunbar and Stands With a Fist may speak the language and live with the Indians but they are not and can never be Indians. The Indians are not civic nationalists, they're ethno-nationalists. Of course, if the Indian chieftains wanted to destroy their own people they could merely call all of the whites Indians, or Sioux, or Pawnee or Crow—but this would be absurd, just as absurd as calling Nigerians Swedish or Irish.

Eventually the U.S. Cavalry arrives and arrests Dunbar; they are 'searching for hostile Indians' and Dunbar replies that 'there are no hostiles'. This is obviously not true because the family of Dunbar's wife was murdered, as was his guide. The Cavalry accuse Dunbar of being a race traitor and a turncoat, an accusation which is quickly proven to be accurate, as the 'non-hostiles' massacre the U.S. Cavalry to set Dunbar free.

Costner deploys a clever narrative trick in his movie. Dances with Wolves is set to a backdrop of changing seasons. When Dunbar sets out it is spring, when he finds happiness with the Sioux it is summer, and by the time the tribe realize that they are ultimately doomed it is winter. The Sioux, in a desperate act of Red Flight, move north into the mountains, but we all know it’s a futile attempt to escape the inevitable. It’s a deeply poignant ending. All across the Western World, Europeans are facing the same problem as that faced by the Sioux in Costner’s epic. Norwegians are fleeing Oslo and heading for the remote Fjords, English are fleeing the hell of the multi-racial dystopia of their inner cities, and the French have long since fled the ‘banlieues’.

If only we could adopt the fighting spirit of the Sioux, and less self-loathing as displayed by Costner/Dunbar. After all, Winter is Coming.

Left-Wing Virtual Reality

October 2015

Recently, giving my new Twitter account a run-in I happened across prominent leftist Owen Jones and couldn't resist tweaking his nose a little to see how he'd react, hoping for a lively debate. As far as gentile leftists go, you'd have to try hard indeed to find a lefty with a better pedigree than Jones:

> He describes himself as a ‘4th generation socialist’; his grandfather was involved with the Communist Party and his parents met as members of the Trotskyist Militant tendency.

Here is our (very brief) discussion:

Eimhear @EimhearCF
Can Jonesy teleport himself to the Russian Revolution? Sounds like an era he’d have loved to live in. Delirious.

Owen Jones @OwenJones84
Yeah. Look at my rampant Bolshevik ideas. It’s like Leninism on speed.

Morgoth’s Review @morgoth_rev
Did Jewish bankers fund you too Owen?

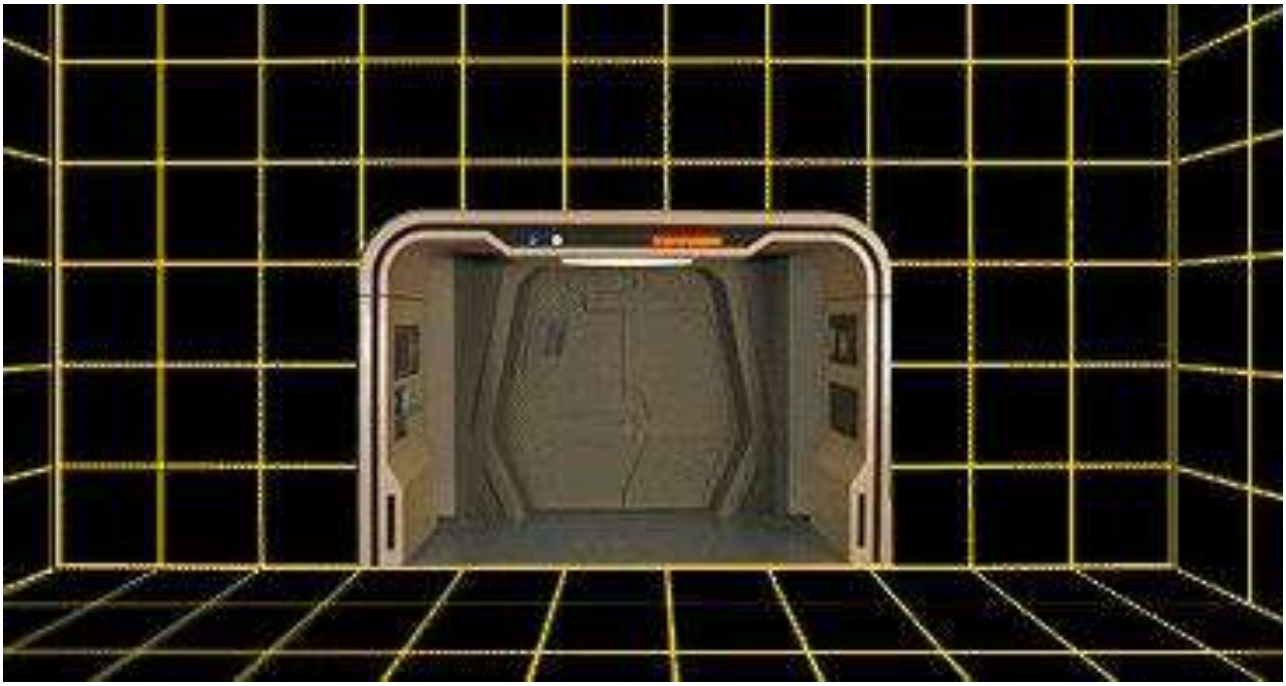
Owen Jones @OwenJones84
Oh hello anti-Semitism! Feel free to meet Twitter’s blocking function.

Morgoth’s Review @morgoth_rev

It’s called the truth, Owen, it’s why the Global elite love the left, you are their bouncers.

After this Jones blocked me from seeing his Tweets.

I’m forever fascinated by the left-wing brain. It’s highly likely that as soon as Jones saw the word ‘Jew’ in a reply his heart flipped—then there was the realisation that Jews were mentioned in less than flattering terms, and then, finally, that his core leftist beliefs, his very identity, was being brought into question. And so he ran for it; in effect, Jones was saying, ‘stop it, this is not right…I’m scared’. There were numerous options open to Jones: he could have denied that Jewish bankers and the globalist establishment were on board with his ideals, he could have argued that this was not a bad thing, or he could have replied that it didn’t matter. But there’s a problem with that, for a leftist.



In the Star Trek series the crew are able to take a break from spreading liberalism across the universe by spending time in a ‘Holo-Deck’, a room where the ship’s computer can generate any scenario or place, historical event or training program. The crew member can play out the role of cowboy or private detective or admiral of a 17th-century warship. Obviously, if somebody wandered into the scenario and started pointing out the algorithms and programs which enable the illusion, they would be less than welcome.

This is basically the psychological situation of leftists such as Owen Jones when confronted with uncomfortable truths. The reason Jewish bankers such as Jacob Schiff funded the Bolshevik

Revolution was because their fellow Jews, who were in Russia and Bolsheviks, could use vague slogans and inspiring language to massacre the Russian upper class and then plunder Russia, which they did. The equally Jewish ‘New Left’ ,or cultural Marxism, which Jones is a famous advocate of, is equally useful to Global Finance because it facilitates the breakdown of the West, and European civilization, and race, which then allows global finance to see the people living there as units of production and consumption, rather than as distinct groups with ties and kinship.

The reality of Jones is that he is a lower level henchman of this system, a willing dupe, but in his ‘Holo-Deck’ reality he’s a strident advocate of ‘equality’ and ‘diversity’, fighting the mighty for the oppressed and downtrodden. It’s a different version of playing at being a cowboy or sailor. The irony is that Marxists used to refer to ‘false consciousness’ as being the state, not of themselves, but the proletariat masses who rejected their dogma.

Paul Verhoeven’s 1990 classic Total Recall played around with ‘false consciousness’ too. Arnold Schwarzenegger is frustrated by his lowly and tedious life as a construction worker and has a brain implant which, seemingly, transforms him into a super spy

investigating a conspiracy on Mars. The plot is rather ambiguous as to what the real reality is, but we need not worry about that here.

I'll say it again, don't redpill me

In one standout scene a suited man appears to talk Arnie out of his fantasy. He points out that the reality he is in he requested when he entered the Total Recall program, explaining the logical fallacies and paradoxes which exist within the fake narrative. Arnie shoots him dead rather than accept he's living in a virtual reality.

This is what we try to do with leftists; it's why they come over as insane. It's why, when you point to the wiring of the Holo-Deck or the multiple plot holes in their narrative, they merely shut you down.

For example, if the West is run by a racist white patriarchy, then why does it allow leftists lucrative positions on TV panels and to write in the most prominent media outlets, dedicating their well-paid careers to destroying that very white patriarchy? If white privilege exists, then why aren't whites using it to stop non-whites outnumbering them in their own lands? Again, to ask these basic questions is to threaten to pull the plug out of the Holo-Deck computer.

It feels nice in their reality: as heroes of the oppressed and sidelined, they get to feel good, and morally absolved of the supposed crimes of their people. Trying to talk them down, or challenging their role play, is an assault on their very being.

The question is, what can we do about it? And the answer is, nothing much in regards to lost leftists. But we can reach so many people that the leftist social justice warriors are left to remain in

their fantasy—but removed from public, and placed in a padded cell, with a straight jacket and mouth gag.

Tell me again how Muslims enrich us

Obviously, this would be easier if they did not have the very system they ostensibly oppose protecting them.

The (((Usual Suspects)))

July 2016

One of the most common euphemisms used to describe Jewish people is ‘the Usual Suspects’ and the Jews themselves seem to know it and understand it as an ‘anti-Semitic trope’. The Usual Suspects is also a very well-made 1995 crime thriller directed by a gay Jew, Bryan Singer. The most famous character in The Usual Suspects is ‘Keyser Söze’, whose identity is shrouded in

mystery. Soze himself is seemingly omnipotent, a master manipulator, and source of dread for all who cross his path.

This article is not so much a review of The Usual Suspects movie, which is excellent, but rather an investigation into whether there is any validity to the character of Keyser Soze being what we might call an ‘anti-Semitic trope’.

The Usual Suspects has a notoriously intricate plot which can only be briefly outlined here. The movie opens at a harbour ablaze, where a multitude of corpses are floating in the water and strewn all around the harbour and a docked ship. Five men, Verbal, Keaton, McManus, Fenster, and Hockney, are rounded up and thrown onto an identity line-up. The chronology of the movie then switches back and forth as one of the men, Verbal Kint (Kevin Spacey), explains what happened after the line-up and the events which led to the bloodbath at the harbour, in which all of the other men were killed. Kint then explains that after the line-up the men were contacted by a representative of the feared and semi-mythical Keyser Soze. The men were then blackmailed and

manipulated by Soze into killing the one man on earth who could identify him, or ‘name him’.

Kint, of course, is Soze; everything the audience has witnessed was Kint’s view of events. As plot twists go it’s simply brilliant. But what about the character, modus operandi and motivation: is Keyser Soze an Anti-Semitic canard?

1. The Myth

The origin of the Jewish people is something which most ‘normies’ haven’t thought about very much: they’re in the Bible, they’ve always sort of just been there wandering from country to country. There are lots of conspiracy theories about Jews, it’s all a bit vague, are they a race or a religion or what? There’s a connection to the Middle East and Central Europe and, of course, Germany. But mainly most Europeans simply don’t know, and even within circles which spend a great deal of energy researching the subject, there are debates on the ‘Khazar Hypothesis’ etc.

Keyser Soze's origins are similarly shrouded in mystery. Soze/Kint explains that 'nobody is really sure where he came from' his father is rumoured to have been from Germany; he began his criminal career in Turkey, it is said. Soze's main enemies come from Hungary, not south or central America, as is the norm for a modern criminal mastermind operating in America.

2. Manipulation

One of the most frequent accusations directed toward the Jewish people is that they create a chaotic situation which they then manipulate so that the outcome benefits themselves. The Usual Suspects movie is a movie about manipulation, not just of the characters within the film, but of the audience too.

3. The Victim

As Verbal Kint, Keyser Soze adopts a severe limp and fakes a crippled hand, as well as a generally hunched and cowed physical presence. Out of the five men he's easily the least physically imposing and earns the nickname 'the Gimp' from the others. By

playing the victim, Soze gains the sympathy of the other men and the audience. Gabriel Byrne plays ‘Keaton’, the most experienced, feared, and respected of the other men. He’s also the most sympathetic toward Kint/Soze. It is through Keaton that Soze gains influence, an influence which is never questioned because of his status as a weak and feeble victim. The great reveal at the end of The Usual Suspects is Soze shedding the victim guise and walking upright.

4. Debt

Throughout the centuries the most frequent cause of tension between Jew and Gentile was the Jewish practice of usury, of trapping people with debt and interest upon that debt. Keyser Soze’s modus-operandi is not primarily one of outright violence but of ensnaring people via a debt owed to him. Soze will offer a job to a criminal in which the criminal actually makes more money that Soze does. This tactic initially seems rather paradoxical, if not moronic, but the catch is that Soze will later return to collect on the debt and the criminal will be forced into performing some sort of suicide mission or vastly more dangerous task. Violence and

death will follow if the criminal refuses, presumably carried out by another criminal enslaved to Soze.

As The Usual Suspects unfolds it is revealed that *all* of the men have at some point stolen from Soze or been involved with a scam, albeit unknowingly, which originated from Soze; they all, then, owe Soze, they are all in debt to him.

The Shabbos Goy (left) performing work unfit for his master.

5. The Shabbos Goy

An accusation often hurled at politicians is one of being a ‘shabbos goy’. This rather demeaning term is used to describe gentiles who carry out tasks and work deemed unfit for, or below, Jews. Tony Blair is often cited as a prime example of a shabbos goy. In The Usual Suspects Keyser Soze has the equivalent of a shabbos goy in the character of ‘Kobayashi’. It is through Kobayashi that the men learn of their involvement and enslavement to Keyser Soze. Kobayashi appears to be Indian (Asian) and we are told he’s a lawyer; he operates within legal and political circles on behalf of Soze. Soze’s shabbos goy has the potential to destroy Soze: he’s the only person who truly knows the character and nature of Soze and his operation. However, like Tony Blair, Kobayashi is awestruck by his master and his allegiance to his master seems to be unshakable

6. Naming The Soze

The plot of The Usual Suspects hinges on Soze being identified by one of his old Hungarian rivals. It is Soze’s dire need to eliminate this threat which drives the whole story. Because of the secretive and manipulative nature of Soze’s power, having a

genuine name and face pinned on him, for him to become an identifiable man, a villain at that, would be catastrophic. Unlike a Colombian drugs cartel, Soze does not have a large territory with hundreds of armed men; his power is one of secrecy, manipulation and shadowy control. Thus, if he, as a living breathing human being, is pinned to his crimes and exposed, the threat to him becomes exponential. Keaton, McManus, Fenster and Hockney are therefore acting more like a machine-gun armed Anti-Defamation League or European Jewish Congress when charged with the task of preventing Soze from being exposed, albeit unwittingly.

7. Verbal Gymnastics

People often point out that Jewish people are highly adept at using language. Some scientific research has even revealed that the parts of the Jewish brain relating to speech tend to be more developed than those parts are in other racial and ethnic groups. Whatever the truth of that, Jewish people are famously over-represented in the realms of politics and media and various other areas such as law, which require a person to talk a great deal and

at length. It’s rather interesting, then, that Soze adopts the name of ‘Verbal’. The audience are told via Soze/Verbal, that the name was given to him in an ironic sense, because he’s rather quiet. But it isn’t really true that Verbal is reticent about talking, far from it…

8. The Great Hoax

The great twist at the end of The Usual Suspects not only reveals that Verbal Kint is Soze, but also that everything which Kint explained in the police station, everything which we as the

audience thought of as ‘reality’ within the context of the film, was a lie, or if not a lie, then it was certainly subject to what Soze wanted us to know. In a sense Keyser Soze was acting as our media, he was relating events and we, as the audience, were trying to understand and comprehend those events based upon what he was telling us. Soze is the only person left alive, so he has a monopoly on information regarding what happened.

It could be argued that because the western media is pretty much owned by Jewish people, that we are in a similar situation as the audience watching The Usual Suspects. When we watch a film or TV show or read a newspaper we are, in effect, listening to Keyser Soze spinning a yarn again, a yarn which serves the interests of the people who own the media.

At the finale of The Usual Suspects the audience is ‘red-pilled’ because they see the fraud. It’s given to them and there’s an element of shock, betrayal and confusion. The most famous line in The Usual Suspects is ‘The greatest trick the devil ever pulled was convincing the world he didn’t exist’.

But how would the devil react to people who weren't convinced, people who saw him clearly, and called him out on his evil? Would those people not be castigated as the most evil people of all time?

I have no idea if any of this was intentional, but on a recent re-watch of The Usual Suspects from a 'red-pilled' perspective, it does sort of jump out at you…

Starship Troopers: Neocons in Outer Space

December, 2014

In 1997 Dutch director Paul Verhoeven released one of the most baffling and seemingly moronic large-scale Hollywood productions of all time. It featured a cast of handsome but totally unknown young actors, and the plot was based upon a sci-fi classic by Robert A Heinlein featuring a ‘Bug’ invasion from outer space, with a strong fascistic element to the human society. The problem most people had with the movie was not knowing if it was parody or actually for real; was it seriously celebrating a fascist state? Aesthetically fascist symbolism is everywhere, though ironic and kitschy except for the military hardware itself.

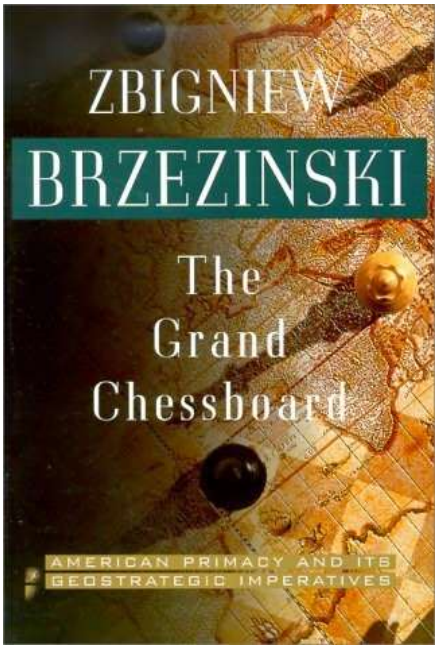
The world the humans inhabit in Starship Troopers is under a one-world government. The hero, Johnny Rico, is told by teacher Michael Ironside that long ago democracy was overthrown by superior men and true order established, based on force. That is pretty much where traditional fascism ends in this movie; when we get into the society and culture, we see something totally different. What we see is more akin to what is known as liberal fascism or cultural Marxism.

On the DVD commentary Paul Verhoeven explains that during the making of the film in the 90's he was noticing political correctness creeping into Western civilization and thought it a fun idea to add to the film. And indeed, within the film subtle and not-so-subtle political correctness abounds. The military, for example, features mixed-sex units which also shower together. Girls fresh out of high school pilot intergalactic starships. And the President of earth is an obese black woman.

Verhoeven also tells us he was an avid reader of the neo-conservative literature coming out at the time from think tanks such as Prospect for the New American Century (PNAC), which was being advanced by powerful Jews such as Paul Wolfowitz, Bill Kristol, Robert Kagan, Elliot Abrahms, and Eliot Cohen. In

1997, the year Starship Troopers was released, PNAC released this statement:

> As the 20th century draws to a close, the United States stands as the world's pre-eminent power. Having led the West to victory in the Cold War, America faces an opportunity and a challenge: does the United States have the vision to build upon the achievements of past decades? Does the United States have the resolve to shape a new century favorable to American principles and interests?



Four years before 9/11, neocons in Washington were gearing up for war. Given that theirs was almost an entirely Jewish enterprise, it is not surprising the Middle East was targeted.

In Starship Troopers, then, the Bugs launch an attack upon the earth, which then moves the liberal-fascist one-world government to retaliate. An interesting touch in the movie is the manner in which the media is merely another organ of the state and pumps out a relentless barrage of pro-war propaganda, even to the degree of showing children stomping on Bugs and Bugs being tortured. The ‘Bug World’ is a desert world, bearing a striking resemblance to the Middle East.

The Federal Fox Network

While on their way to the Bug home-world Rico and his friends are confronted by a rather liberal news reporter who claims, ‘some people say we provoked the Bugs by interfering in their territory’, thereby revealing the truth that it was actually humans who started the war—just as America’s military presence in the Middle East was responsible for 9/11, according to Osama Bin

Laden. Whether he or another group did 9/11, it still comes down to interests in the Middle East. Bin Laden is also represented in Starship Troopers, despite the fact he wasn't widely known in 1997: he is represented by the 'Brain Bug' which, amazingly, lives in a cave in the desert. The Brain Bug might also represent Saddam Hussein or Gaddafi, just as the Bug planet could be Iran, Syria, Iraq, Afghanistan, or even Serbia—or any other place our own one-world government in the making doesn't like.

Our rulers also don't like genuine differences between humans, which is why political correctness is used to stomp out biological differences such as race and sex. So in the end, the humans of Starship Troopers are a mirror image of the Bugs. This is what universality leads to: not the free individual, but the swarm, the hive, the collective.

The Free Liberal

Killing Private Kraut: Hollywood's 'Good War'

November 2016

I’m forever fascinated by the clever tricks and techniques adopted by Hollywood and the media to manipulate us and direct our thinking. World War II and everything related to Nazis and Jews is Ground Zero, it’s the foundation upon which a new moral framework has been built. The sacred 6,000,000 were sacrificed on the altar of European racism and hate in order that Europe could be reborn, a Europe which would become a shining beacon of humanitarian ideals and anti-racism.

The YouTuber Rob Ager, whose analysis and deconstruction of movies I’ve admired for years, has come up with an absolute masterclass in his latest on Saving Private Ryan, directed, of course, by Steven Spielberg. It’s worth noting that Rob is something of a ‘normie’ and seems to recognize he’s on some shaky ground here as far as his subscribers go: he explains at length that his analysis of Saving Private Ryan is not an apology for Nazism, and he’s simply explaining the insidious and rather grotesque manner in which Hollywood has demonized Germans in the film—and make no mistake, it *is* Germans rather than ‘Nazis’.

To summarize briefly, here are some of the tricks used by Spielberg and Hollywood to mold your thinking on World War II and the Germans in Saving Private Ryan:

1. German soldiers die instantly wherever they are wounded and they never cry out in pain because that would garner sympathy from the audience.

2. American soldiers are routinely depicted being blown to bits while writhing in agony or screaming for their mothers in order that the viewer empathizes with their suffering.

3. Ager cleverly points out that if you overlay the music from a cartoonish barnburner movie such as Rambo, Saving Private Ryan, the supposed masterpiece, is almost identical. In fact, the ‘gooks’ blown away by Rambo suffer more and are allowed more sympathy from the director than Spielberg has for the Germans, even though Saving Private Ryan is supposedly a realistic portrait of conflict.

4. The Germans are routinely depicted as cowards who surrender even when they outnumber the Americans. No Americans ever surrender.

5. The one German of the movie who is allowed to become an actual character is a liar, coward, and traitor (of sorts) in that the compassionate Americans spare him and he returns to shoot them while they're unarmed. The message is, never allow a German to live because they'll return and kill you.

6. There are no subtitles for the Germans speaking in the movie, thus compounding their 'Otherness' in the eyes of the audience.

7. At the stage of World War II depicted in Saving Private Ryan, the German army was outnumbered by more than 3 to 1, yet in Spielberg's film the Germans are always shown as outnumbering the Americans in numbers and raw firepower. Spielberg does this by concentrating only on one American platoon without tanks, air-cover, or any kind of reinforcements at all (?). The Germans are depicted as having the upper-hand whether they are ambushing or being ambushed.

8. The famous opening scene of the movie does not show the colossal and overwhelming amount of air-support bombing the German defences. Instead, well defended Germans simply mow down thousands of Americans who can't escape.

9. Spielberg's camera never focuses on a German soldier's face during battle because we aren't allowed to know their emotional state. They're simply robots.

10. When German soldiers surrender, Spielberg puts a smoking gun in the centre of the shot. The purpose is to subconsciously remind the audience that the gun has just been used to kill Americans and that they should not feel sorry for the surrendering German soldier. This same trick is used whenever piles of dead German bodies are shown: front and centre is a smoking machine gun—that weapon killed our boys!

11. Even the hairstyles of the opposing armies are cleverly thought out. The Americans have longer hair, rendering them

more gentle and humane in appearance; *all* the Germans have shaven hair, they're literally skinheads!

12. The German soldiers are older and far more weathered and intimidating in appearance than the seemingly cherubic American army. Tom Hanks' character is the most senior of the American platoon. He's in his late 30's or early 40's. Yet all the German soldiers are shown as being of the same age. As Ager points out, at this stage of the war the German army was largely comprised of 16 and 17 year old boys drafted in from the Hitler Youth. But of course, Spielberg isn't about to show us terrified young boys being bombed.

13. The original 1994 script had many elements which made the Germans appear more ‘human’. A German was killed and a photo of his girlfriend fell from his jacket. Another showed a picture of his mother, and another German had a dog which he tried to shield and protect from the bombs and gunfire. In yet another scene a dead German had a teddy bear with him, presumably for a child, so the Americans had shot dead a loving father. Steven Spielberg threw all of these humanizing and sympathetic quirks out when he took over the production.

14. Also related to the change of script but even more significant is that the original script divided rank-and-file German soldiers from the more ideological side of National Socialism: the higher ranking officers were true Nazis, the lower ranking soldiers not so much. It’s important to think about this from a ‘normie’ perspective and not a nationalist or alt-right one. The point is, Spielberg made a decision to lump all Germans in as true Nazis and therefore worthy of extermination in the eyes of a mainstream audience.

15. Throughout Saving Private Ryan, German soldiers are shot while fleeing, burned alive in bunkers, and shot (with jokes) while

trying to surrender. This is particularly shocking because, as we have seen, Spielberg has done everything he can to dehumanize the Germans, so the only conclusion we can draw is that his movie actively promotes war crimes against Germans.

The Good War?

A passing liberal might point out that Hollywood, being American, will always act as a pro-American propaganda outlet, that America's enemies are always demonized and its soldiers always portrayed as saintly warriors fighting for a just cause. But this is far from the truth. Hollywood, which is of course almost entirely Jewish-owned, has a distinct and overriding liberal bias in war movies as in almost everything else it creates. The moral and ethical tone of the standard Hollywood war movie is one of 'the horror of war'. and Saving Private Ryan certainly has more than enough horror and gore—but only when it is inflicted upon Americans; the Germans deserve it.

Given that Spielberg is highly regarded and that his movie is considered 'realistic' and 'serious', it's fair to compare it to other

movies where the American army is deployed against different enemies. Consider, for example, this scene from Oliver Stone's Platoon:

Or in Kubrick's highly regarded 'Full Metal Jacket' when a sniper who takes out five soldiers turns out to be a fourteen-year-old girl:

And then there’s the more recent Clint Eastwood film ‘American Sniper’:

It’s not the case that Hollywood’s version of the American soldier is simply that of a violent right-wing sociopath; that’s too much of a box-office risk in a country which prides itself on its military, as America does. Instead, the American soldier is depicted as the ‘everyguy’ being dropped into a moral and ethical maelstrom where the certainties of life on the Kansas farm or the factory in Minnesota quickly vanish.

The enemy is human, and to kill the human other has dire consequences. The Vietnamese sniper who cuts down your buddies turns out to be a young girl who must be killed, the suicide vest of the Islamic crazy is worn by a small boy, and so on…it's the tragedy of it all!

'Look what they did to our boys!'

Only the Germans in World War II are disallowed from being human, only there are the moral conundrums thrown out and moral absolutism embraced, only the war against the European racists was, is, and can ever be, 'The Good War'.

Rob Ager going through contortions explaining to his subscribers that he's not defending Nazism is similar to a medieval scientist explaining to the clergy that he isn't denouncing God but that it does, however, indeed appear to be the case that the earth revolves around the sun. Similarly, if the Nazis are the epitome of evil, literally satanic, then surely their 'greatest victims' are an incarnation of all that is good and noble; to question this is, therefore, outright heresy.

Or at least that's what the people own Hollywood want us to believe…

Another objection to the line of thinking of an article such as this is that, it is precisely because Spielberg is Jewish that he's allowed to throw objectivity out, that the supposed crimes committed by Germans toward his people makes it perfectly legitimate for him to view Germans as something less than human.

Under this moral standard, anyone should be able to make a movie and be as subjective as they like. For example, a

scriptwriter could send a story to a Hollywood studio entitled ‘Two Nights In Dresden’ which is a dramatization of events on the ground during the Dresden bombing raids in World War II when at least 25,000 German civilians were fire bombed by 1,200 (!) heavy bombers dropping 4,000 tonnes of explosives on German women and children. The film would not be in any way ideological. National Socialism, the Jews, the Holocaust and Hitler would be absent. This would simply be a large-budget film about personal struggle on the ground. Perhaps a priest trying to save people from being incinerated into globules of bubbling human body fat.

I’d love to see that movie. It would heartbreaking, eye-opening, and a cathartic experience for Europeans. But that film never has been, and never will be, made, because the script would land on the desk of somebody like Spielberg and they’d toss it straight into the trash, because every movie studio in Hollywood is owned by Jews.

So okay, we bypass Hollywood and create documentaries such as Hellstorm or The Greatest Story Never Told, but then the ADL

and SPLC will come after you, and YouTube is also their property and they will call your work ‘hate’ and ‘far-right propaganda’ and thus deserving of censorship.

In the end it isn’t just about ‘getting the truth out’, although that’s obviously a major issue. It’s more than that. It means we Europeans cannot truly know ourselves or speak to each other. It means our culture does not represent our nature or reflect our desires or dreams. An Englishman such as me and a German are racial kin. In post-modernity we face the same issues, the same dangers, and the same threats, but we cannot see ourselves as such because there’s a third party involved who keeps us distant and who bastardizes and warps the cultural and intellectual relationship we should have—and that goes for all Europeans everywhere.

Life's a Beach: A Liberal Paradise Lost

April 2017

Danny Boyle's 2000 film The Beach makes for interesting viewing from a nationalist perspective because whether he intended his movie to be so or not, it's the story of the failure of liberal-minded Europeans to face reality while attempting to create utopia. It's a brilliant meditation on liberal denial.

The Beach also serves as something of a nostalgia-fest for those of us born at the tail end of ‘Generation X’, and that includes Leonardo DiCaprio, the main star of The Beach. Set just before 9-11 and before beheading Europeans wherever they could be found outside of the West became a trend, The Beach harks back to a time when middle class ‘Gen Xers’ could trot around the world in search of the ‘authentic’, away from the consumerist tedium of high capitalism which had reduced their own cultures to shopping malls and warehouse space.

Enlightenment and spiritual fulfilment, they believed, was to be found within the jungles of India, the beaches of Thailand, or the ruined archaeology of central American native tribes rather than the pay-as-you-go Cathedrals of Europe or the beer-bellied and tattooed idiocy of the Spanish resort.

DiCaprio’s Richard fits perfectly into the stereotype of the early-20’s white middle-class male in search of something more, something ‘off the beaten track’. And after some rather tedious plot points and story arcs he finds it: an island, a whole community of white middle-class liberal types just like himself.

This, then, is the central pitch of Boyle's film, based on a novel by Alex Garland. The Beach is actually a lagoon on a remote island off Thailand where a small, secretive community of European backpackers, and a token black male, have set out to create their very own paradise on earth. Upon arrival with a young French couple he picked up along the way, Richard informs us via a voiceover that the island did not have 'an ideology or shit like that'; the community on the island has no work ethic, no real moral code, no religion, no laws, and no real compulsion to do anything accept smoke dope, have sex, and sunbathe.

However, the island actually does have an ideology. It is unbridled hedonism. The island is viewed upon as a paradise by these middle-class whites because there's literally nothing to do except 'have fun'—to lounge around in their Garden of Eden untroubled by work, taxes, family, or the monotonous daily grind of keeping the hyper-capitalist engine of the West ticking over.

The community was founded by the slightly older, slightly more upper-class 'Sal' played by ice queen Tilda Swinton; yes, the island community is a matriarchy, too. Sal seems to spend all of her time in hippy garb lounging on a raised sofa, eyeing the island community as a spider watches out from its web; any signs that somebody is not suitably euphoric, stoned, cheerful, or sexually satisfied and she's alerted to the tremble. And it's here we begin to see where the flaws of this way of life appear. If you've set about creating a perfect society, where happiness is guaranteed and is the primary purpose of the community existing, then the threats to this society come from people not being in a permanent state of bliss.

The Beach gives us a fascinating glimpse into the mind of the liberal European and their utter incapability of even trying to process that the way they're doing things might be monumentally wrong.

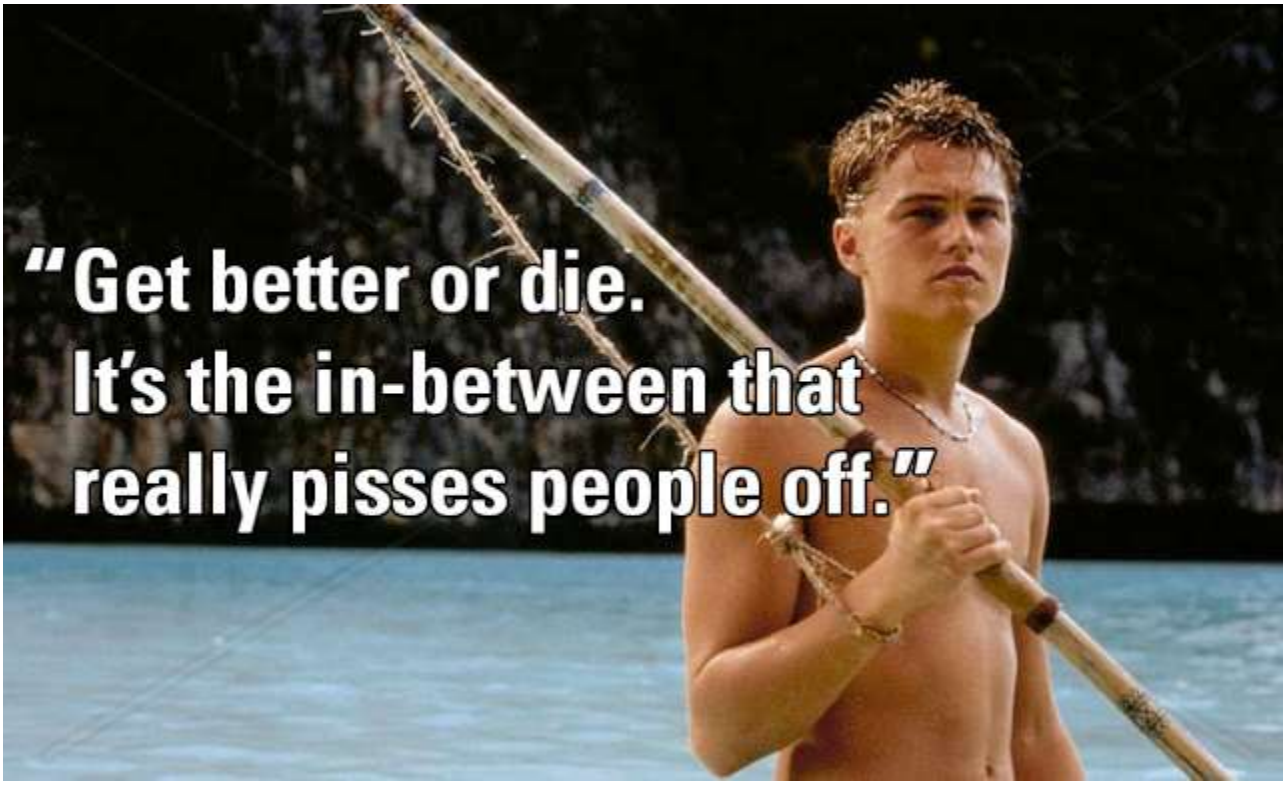
The first glimpse we get that things may not be 'perfect' is when a young man explains that sometimes it's hard to catch fish, and all they have to eat is bags of rice; they have sun and sex and beach sports, but they're going hungry. Another hint comes when Richard takes a rare trip to the mainland for supplies and is overwhelmed by the girls asking for tampons to be brought back.

Sal is obsessed with keeping the island a secret lest the Pepsi-swigging slobs of the white tourist masses come along to trample and fart all over her dream. This means no help can ever come from outside…ever.

Conditions on the island gradually deteriorate but nobody can ever admit to it. The party cannot stop. So when three Swedish brothers are savaged by a shark while fishing, they have a problem. Nature, reality, has a way of wriggling into any

wonderland man (or woman) can create; sometimes it's a Muslim terrorist, sometimes it's a shark.

One of the Swedish brothers recovers and one dies immediately. It's the third brother who poses the problem. As DiCaprio's Richard explains, 'you have to get better or die, it's the bit in-between which pisses people off', and indeed, having a man writhe around howling in agony proves to be a major downer, a real drag, man!



As is so often the case in the West today, when the liberal mind is faced with an inconvenient truth their reaction is to bury it. And so just like the white girls of Rotherham, or the entire nation of Sweden today, the pain-stricken Swedish lad is promptly dumped in the jungle so they no longer have to hear his torment and pain. Whereupon the community instantly go back to playing volleyball and smoking dope.

By this stage of the film DiCaprio's Richard is the lonely sane man trying to point out the lunacy of the situation. Sal is borderline psychotic and the rest, having gone full European Eloi, are merely wandering about in abject denial. Just like sane white men in the West today, Richard is ostracised and cast into the jungle for speaking bubble-bursting truths about the feminized madhouse we inhabit.

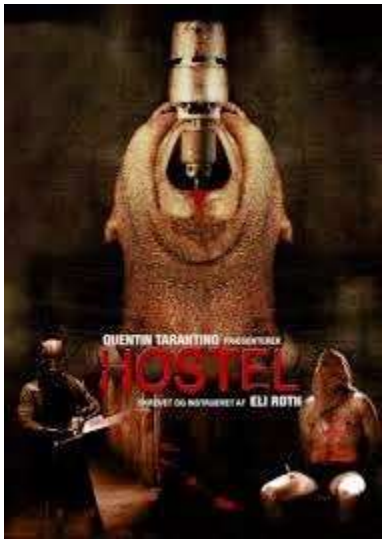
Both in The Beach and in our own society, speaking truth has become far more than simply 'inconvenient'; it has become an existential threat to the system. The time for speaking truth on The Beach was when they were going hungry and the guy had to have his tooth pulled out with pliers.

The Beach reaches its climax when Richard returns to the village to confront Sal and demands she shoots him to shut him up. Will she go that far? Is it worth it? Sal, who'd make a great Guardian columnist, concludes yes, she should shoot him and pulls the trigger, but there are no bullets in the gun. This, then, is the end of the community: everybody watched as Sal tried to shoot a guy in the face for the sake of creating heaven on earth. Finally disillusioned, the middle-class whites trudge off home.

As I finish writing this article, on the 28th April 2017, another Muslim terrorist has been caught trying to carry out an attack on Westminster. We're really, really not having fun anymore…can we go home yet?

Hostel, Torture Porn, and Jewish Hollywood's Anxiety

January 2015



Among the worst of all the degenerate filth pumped out of the Hollywood 'dream factory' is the genre known as 'torture porn' or 'gorno'. The torture porn genre, unlike classic horror, is not cartoonish in the manner of Evil Dead, and not witty like Nightmare on Elm Street. Torture porn does what it says on the tin, it depicts torture as realistically as possible.

One of the biggest hitters in the torture porn canon is Hostel (2005) and the inevitable sequels that wriggled out of its bloody

corpse. Directed by Eli Roth and produced by Scott Spiegel, Mike Fleiss, and goy wonder Quentin Tarantino, the 2005 hit cost $4 Million to make and earned $80 Million at the box office.

The movie opens in Amsterdam with a gang of trendy backpackers, two white and one Hispanic from California, wandering around looking for dope and ‘Euro-pussy,’ which isn’t hard to find because all of the European girls are stoner sluts or whores with nothing else going on except to screw and *parteee!* After being locked out of their lodgings, our intrepid trio are invited into a hotel room by a young man with a funny accent. He turns out to be Slovakian and he has an air of scrut, filth and deceit about him, as well as a gigantic mole and a 1980’s tracksuit. The shifty Slav shows our boys where the best ‘Euro-pussy’ can be found in Slovakia; according to him they have a shortage of men because of ‘the war’—so either the Euro-Pussy is eighty years old or he’s a liar, as there hasn’t been a war that would affect the demographics in Slovakia for a long time. And that includes the Marxist war waged by Eli Roth’s people.

As we arrive in Slovakia it’s quite clear that, if this is the place with the most beautiful women in Europe, it certainly isn’t down to the local gene pool. Jewish director Roth has done his outside best to

paint the Slovakian people as genetic sewage: rotten slack-jawed yokels with teeth missing and huge hairy moles is the order of the day. And to make matters worse Roth has cranked up the scary, ominous music to level 9.

Eastern Europe, then, is not friendly to multicultural liberals from America.

Despite the shocking ugliness of the locals they have somehow managed to produce an astounding selection of divinely beautiful white women, who then set about seducing our heroes—with Roth ensuring the Hispanic gets the blond, of course. Needless to say, the girls are a set-up and the boys swiftly start disappearing from the hostel where they are staying. The only civilized company they have as their numbers decrease are a couple of Japanese girls. Our Mexican, who is bizarrely called ‘Paxton’, is the last man standing and uncovers an evil plot in which rich white men pay large amounts of money to torture people to death. Americans cost the most, then ‘Euros’ and then, presumably, the Japanese girls and ‘the locals’.

What Eli Roth has done, basically, is transplant the standard narrative of the redneck hillbilly psycho from America’s Deep

South to Eastern Europe. It's interesting because it betrays a trait of Jewish people that they fear and loathe anywhere which is not liberal and multicultural. In movies such as Texas Chain Saw Massacre, The Hills Have Eyes, and My Bloody Valentine, they are viciously attacking places where white Christians and conservatives live out their lives in peace and harmony, but these places are also, usually, called 'anti-Semitic'. The aim is to inject into the Western psyche the subversive idea that areas which are not socially 'progressive' or 'diverse' are backwards and dangerous and need to be dragged up to speed, whether they want it or not.

As Hostel progresses our Mexican hero, Paxton, dispatches numerous torturers. Almost all are German—with the exception of Jewish actor Rick Hoffman, who is in the movie for no other reason than for Roth to give him a leg up on the showbiz ladder; it's outright nepotism. Paxton manages to save one Japanese girl

who has had her eye burned out with a blow torch, which means the film ends up as a chase between the evil whites with German overlords and a Mexican with a blinded Japanese girl. The message is clear: white conservative Christian areas are a danger and we must educate these people into accepting foreigners.

It isn't just Eli Roth and his movie who feel this way about East Europeans. Jewish film critic Owen Gleiberman, reviewing Hostel, said:

> You may or may not believe that slavering redneck psychos, of the kind who leer through Rob Zombie's The Devil's Rejects, can be found in the Southwest, but it's all too easy to envision this sort of depravity in the former Soviet bloc, the crack-up of which has produced a brutal marketplace of capitalistic fiendishness.

Considering the Jewish role in creating that Soviet Empire, that takes some chutzpah.

Reacting to the depiction of their country as a slum full of treacherous, two-faced beggars and whores, Slovak officials reacted:

Slovak and Czechs officials were both disgusted and outraged by the film's portrayal of their country as an undeveloped, poor and uncultured land suffering from high criminality, war, and prostitution, fearing it would 'damage the good reputation of Slovakia' and make foreigners feel it was a dangerous place to be. The tourist board of Slovakia invited Roth on an all-expense paid trip to their country so he could see it is not made up of run down factories and kids who kill for bubble gum. Tomáš Galbavý, a Slovak Member of Parliament from the Slovak Democratic and Christian Union – Democratic Party, commented: 'I am offended by this film. I think that all Slovaks should feel offended.'

Eli Roth

And with typical Jewish arrogance Roth replied:

> ‘Americans do not even know that this country exists. My film is not a geographical work but aims to show Americans’ ignorance of the world around them.’ Roth has repeatedly argued that despite the many films in The Texas Chainsaw Massacre series, people still travel to Texas.

People who stumble across my little blog might look at the comments and cartoons and come to the conclusion that we are just a bunch of deluded Nazis or anti-Semites, but the fact is the West is in a mess for a reason and people such as Roth and his people are at the very heart of it. The terrifying part of the story is that they do not restrict themselves to attacking places such as Slovakia with gross films; they are also doing it via finance and politics, academia and culture.

Let it remain so

V for Vendetta: Reality Inverted

April 2015

I've seen it argued that some of the anti-white liberal propaganda which spews forth out of Hollywood is so extreme, so moronic, that it is some kind of inside gag on the part of the director, who might be a secret reactionary of some sort. Whatever the merits of that argument, it cannot be used for V for Vendetta, the 2006 hit directed by nonentity James McTeigue and produced by Jewish mogul Joel Silver and the Jewish Wachowski brothers of The Matrix fame—now merely 'The Wachowskis' after Larry became Lana. *[Editor's note: in 2016 the other Wachowski, Andrew, became Lilly.]*

V for Vendetta is set in a dystopian Britain where far-right, racist, Christian fundamentalists have gained power and have created a police state. John Hurt is The Chancellor. In a telling nod to Orwell's *1984* in which he played the main character, Winston Smith, now he is Big Brother. V for Vendetta is essentially a leftist, Jewish version of *1984* rebooted and rewired so that now cultural Marxism and their drones are the victims.

Standing up for the oppressed and uttering line after line of pretentious, hypocritical rubbish is the lead character 'V', who also wears a Guy Fawkes mask that went on to become popular with real-life cultural Marxists. The mask is actually made by slave labour in Brazil. But that is nothing compared to the mind-bending doublethink within the film itself.

Jewish actress Natalie Portman is the central protagonist. We know she's good because some ugly, slavering whites almost rape her in her first scene. Luckily, V appears and saves her by

killing the white men. On a nearby wall is emblazoned ‘Strength Through Unity, Unity Through Strength’. V tears it down; presumably in his opinion ‘Diversity Is Our Strength’ is less sinister.

Soon after V blows up the Old Bailey and sets about murdering members of ‘The Party’, the viewer is taken on a trip in which we discover the far-right Christian takeover was a plot hatched by Big Pharma in what became a concentration camp. In this camp, homosexuals, blacks, and leftists are experimented on. It’s complete with Gitmo jumpsuits and shaven heads; we even get images of bodies in pits.

Along the way we meet Stephen Fry, the Jewish homosexual TV presenter. Here he plays a homosexual TV presenter—but he is ‘oppressed’. He also has a den which contains verboten material such as a Union Jack with a swastika, and a Koran. Muslims are

the ‘new Jews’ in this world, and being caught with a Koran means death. The Muslims themselves have been driven out during the ‘Reclamation’. Holding the Koran, Portman asks Fry, ‘are you Muslim?’, to which Fry answers ‘I don’t have to be a Muslim to appreciate the beauty and poetry within’. Because, as we all know, unlike a radical Christian state, Islamic Sharia states are tolerant of gay Jews. There are many truths inadvertently revealed in this movie, one being Jews seeing Muslims as fellow victims of whites and useful allies just so long as the Israel issue is held in check.

What this appalling film reveals about the left, and the Jews who created it, is their astounding lack of self-awareness. Even back in 2006 when this film was released, the ‘political correctness gone mad’ mantra was prevalent. Already there were white people being jailed for thoughtcrimes. The progressive agenda under

Blair was reaching its crescendo and all defiance was ruthlessly crushed. V for Vendetta is not a reflection of a far-right takeover, it is a reflection of the present liberal hegemony.

In a shockingly mawkish flashback we are told the story of a lesbian who is in a concentration camp. She tells of her great love, and the roses she gave to her woman—then the state thugs burst in and it's all over.

Rather like Emma West, then, a woman who actually exists. West, however, having ranted on a tram at an African, 'you aren't British!', was arrested and jailed, her kids were taken, and she was forced onto drugs for her 'psychological disorder'. Thousands of death threats were made, and United Against Fascism leaked her real address, where she was told she would be fire bombed.

The unreality and doublethink of Vendetta reaches a new high when V hijacks the far-right controlled media and gives his keynote speech:

> There are of course those who do not want us to speak, I suspect even now orders are being shouted into telephones and men with guns will be on their way…there is something wrong in this country,

cruelty and injustice, intolerance, where once you had the freedom to object, you now have censorship and surveillance coercing your conformity…

MULTICULTURALISM
The gang-rape of hundreds of working-class white schoolgirls is a small price to pay!
Endorsed by the Liberal Left

Like the movie itself, and leftists in general, V is completely unaware of his own authoritarian nature. In a particularly disturbing scene, V enters the bedroom of a middle-aged white women. The woman was involved with the pharma concentration camp but shows a great deal of regret. She expresses her sorrow and asks V ‘are you going to kill me now?’ and is answered with, ‘I killed you 10 minutes ago as you slept’, showing her a syringe; she then dies. At no point does V show any concern or doubt, either for the many people he murders or the actual cause he is fighting for.

Like Leftists in the real world, it is a religious duty, it is a desperate need to satiate himself morally, no matter how many die, or how many suffer. Indeed, what would be the nature of the society V would support? The answer is: we are living in it, and it stinks. Everything these Jews and leftists have spewed out in this movie could be chucked right back at them, but the difference is that the media is theirs and it is they who can warp and twist reality, mirror it and reflect it, so that despite actually being ‘The System’ they can produce multi-layered propaganda such as V for Vendetta to bamboozle the masses into embracing the very ideas that are killing them.

What would it take to convince V of his folly, lies, deceit and destruction? As we have seen in the real world, it cannot be done.

And so in the real world it is people like V who will have to be destroyed and resisted until they are no more.

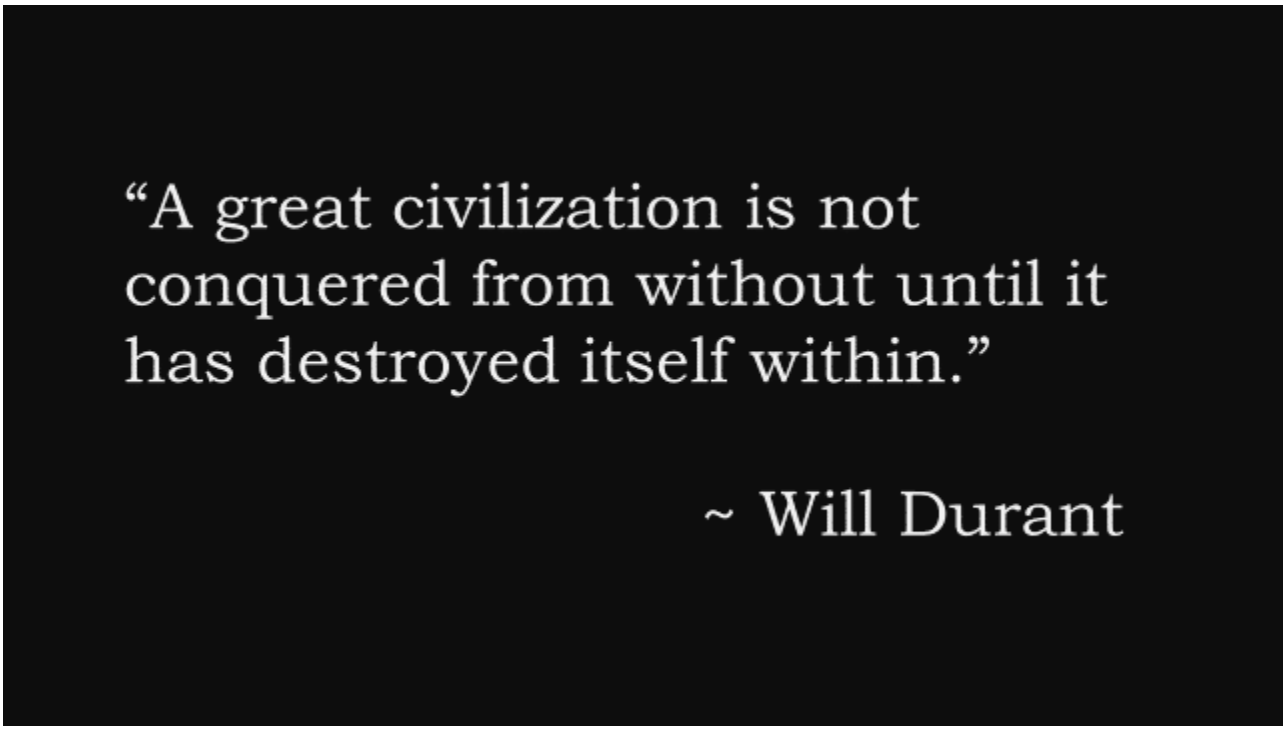
Mel Gibson's Apocalypto

March 2018

We should be grateful that Apocalypto (2006) was well into production when Mel Gibson swamped headlines with his 'anti-Semitic rants' in 2006 because judging by the subsequent nosedive in Gibson's career the people who *don't run Hollywood*

in their own interest would have surely shelved the project. In actual fact even if Gibson hadn't 'offended' the Hollywood Jewish elites the themes and ideas contained within Apocalypto would have been enough to make them wince anyway.

A movie focused on the dying Mayan Empire, which depicts the Mayans as ruthless and barbaric, a movie which carries this on its opening credits…



…was always bound to catch the ire of the porridge-brained lefties in the mass media and indeed, it did. A movie featuring

Mesoamericans slaughtering each other and ritually sacrificing each other into civilizational collapse and then being rescued by the white man—as the leftist media would have it—would have been a film I'd be quite happy to watch, but that isn't the movie Gibson made.

Apocalypto is, however, deeply 'right wing' philosophically. Gibson is not interested in playing at 'identity politics' but rather in exploring themes of moral decay and spiritual rebirth. Apocalypto is the story of young man (Jaguar's Paw) who witnesses the rape and plunder of his people at the hands of the formidable warrior 'Zero Wolf' and is then marched off in slavery to the unnamed Mayan metropolis to be ritually sacrificed. Meanwhile Jaguar's heavily pregnant wife is hiding in a hole in the forest floor from which she cannot escape.

The city itself is a hell-scape, a weird degenerate elite rule over legions of famine-stricken serfs, thousands of heads sit on spikes, and corpses rot in the streets. Slaves hack out some sort of alabaster to cover the pyramids, which has resulted in the dying

vegetation and the populace being permanently covered in an unnatural white powder.

The manner in which the ruling elite sacrifice their captives is truly horrific. Their hearts are cut out so swiftly the captive gets to gaze upon it beating for a second before being decapitated and kicked down to the chanting, disease-riddled plebs at the foot of the pyramid. And it gets worse: the entire ritual is a lie the ruling elites are using to keep the masses subdued, to contain them as they die of famine and plague.

Jaguar's Paw is spared being sacrificed because of an elaborate con played upon the masses by the elite priestly caste, who knew beforehand that an eclipse would take place at that moment: thus the Gods had answered their calls, sufficient numbers of people had been slaughtered, they were content…for now.

After killing Zero Wolf's son, Jaguar's Paw flees the hell of the city and bolts back into the jungle with Zero Wolf and his warriors in pursuit. As if that isn't enough, Jaguar comes to realize that his pregnant wife is still down the hole with his son and all will surely drown if the clouds open before he returns, if he returns at all.

Apocalypto is a magnificent piece of filmmaking. The cinematography is both beautiful and grotesque, magnificent waterfalls one minute, close-ups of an arrow slicing through a jaw the next. The dialogue is sparse but meaningful, spoken in Mayan with English subtitles. We feel as if we're viewing these events through a hidden window, or a nature documentary, except, for some reason, we can relate to the deeper ideas and concepts being explored here.

Mel the Sage

At the beginning of Apocalypto the village elder tells a story. It’s the story of a man who begs the animals of the forest to allow him to have their gifts. He’s stupid, so the snake gives him intelligence; he’s weak, so the Jaguar gives him strength; he’s shortsighted, so the vulture gives him vision. The man then wanders off and the animals conclude that they’ve done the right thing, that now the man will be content. But the owl disagrees: yes, the man is now smart and powerful, he can do many things,

but he has within him a void, an emptiness which he can never fill, but he will try, he will try until the earth strikes back and says, ‘no more, I have nothing left to give!’

The Mayan city is the void writ large. All around it lies destruction and desolation. The city is a spiritual nullity at war with its surroundings. It sucks all resources and peoples into its gaping maw and then spits them back out, bastardized and warped, poisoned and debased or dead. It’s tempting to be a bit cheeky here and suggest that this is Gibson getting an underhanded jab in at Hollywood, but you could also make the same criticism of London or New York or Paris or any other western metropolis.

The wider point being made is that at the heart of Mayan civilization was a moral and spiritual vacuum which they tried to fill with materialism, consumption, and casual barbarism while worshiping false Gods—and the elites themselves knew they were false.

The idiots in the mass media who never understood Gibson’s film are akin to the corrupt priesthood lying about the eclipse: if only

we make the great project look prettier it will be worth it, squeeze out more equality quotas, politicize children’s genitals, demolish the churches, more supermarkets, more homosexual leaders, more, just more! They argued against Apocalypto using the terminology of their own dying civilization, using the very moral framework which is gnawing away at western civilization like a Mayan child on a dead rat, and they do so while presenting it as the height of cutting insight.

Hunter or Hunted?

Jaguar's Paw defeats the mighty Zero Wolf and his warriors by transcending the material realm which they inhabit. Jaguar becomes the living embodiment of the village elder's prophecy: nature will indeed say 'No more!' and it will do so through the prophetically named 'Jaguar's Paw'. Nature's revenge against the abomination of the Mayan city and its agents manifests itself by turning the roles of hunters and hunted upside down. By using the resources provided by the forest, such as bees and poisonous frogs, Jaguar's Paw resets the balance, skewering Zero Wolf on the same trap that killed a tapir at the beginning of the movie.

Apocalypto's most famous and controversial scene comes at the end. Jaguar's Paw fights the last of the warriors when they all at once stop and gaze out to sea in utter amazement. Their epic battle now suddenly fades into insignificance, the white man has arrived—and he isn't smiling or holding an LGBT flag, he's stern and holding the Christian cross. The hunter/hunted dichotomy is now put into stark relief: having debased its spirituality and morals, having ravaged the nature which nurtured them, the Mayan Empire has collapsed in on itself and now, in the grand

scheme of world history, they're no longer the hunters, but the hunted.

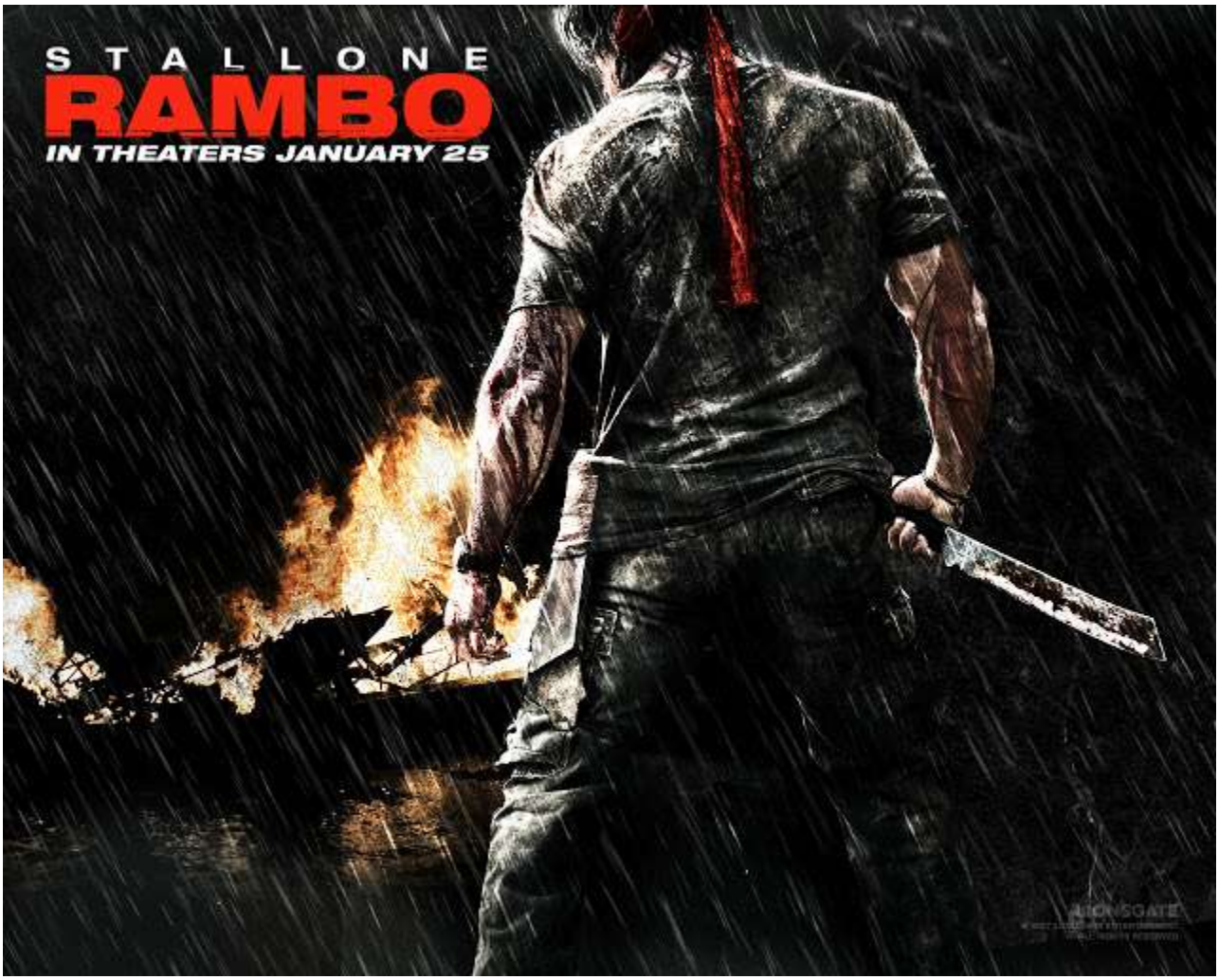
Again, in typical self-loathing fashion, the high priests of western liberalism decried this scene as a 'justification for colonialism'. They grossly underestimate just how reactionary Mel Gibson is. As a devout Catholic Gibson seems to be viewing the rise and fall of civilizations through something of a Spenglerian lens. Apocalypto is not a justification for the past, but a warning to the future—indeed, our present!

In order to make this point all you have to do is contrast the European men who landed on the beaches of South America 500 years ago, brimming with determination, faith, and vigour, with the sad fools of the Metropolis debasing themselves before other men, from other groups, and ask yourself: Are we hunters, or the hunted?

The message of Mel Gibson's masterpiece appears to be: The difference between being hunter and hunted is a state of mind…

John Rambo and the Eternal White Woman

June 2018



Surprising as it may seem I actually love the Rambo films, and I say that fully in the knowledge that at least 2 of the 4 movies are blatant Neocon 1.0 propaganda. Whether or not Sylvester Stallone would qualify for citizenship in the ethno-state is up for a

debate, but Rambo is essentially an overblown and often comically violent depiction of the European warrior archetype. In an age when everything is wrapped up in irony topped off with a feminist ribbon, Rambo is a blessed relief.

‘John Rambo’, which appeared in 2008, is the least political of all the Rambo movies. At 62 years old Stallone’s legendary war vet looks like a giant hamburger with a bandanna wrapped around it.

It’s been 20 years since Rambo fought alongside Al Qaeda and the Mujaheddin in Afghanistan. Now retired in the Thai jungle, John earns a modest living ferrying people on the river, fishing with a bow and arrow, and catching snakes.

Life is good for Rambo, but then an attractive, starry-eyed, idealistic white woman (Sara) arrives, complete with two beta-orbiters in tow and, needless to say, everything goes to hell, literally.

Sara before diversity……

Sara wants Rambo to take the three of them north into the Burmese warzone so they can deliver dentistry and books to the Christians being slaughtered by the junta. War-weary Rambo thinks she's insane and tells her, 'Go home!' She doesn't, of course. She proceeds to guilt-trip, lecture, and preach pacifism to Rambo, wearing him down with verbiage until he agrees.

Rambo 4, then, is an exploration of the fad of white women gallivanting around the world to act as mothers for the children they are not having back home and the repercussions this foolish behaviour has. It is tempting to point out that the exact scenario could have been set in Africa or an Islamic country. However,

east Asia has always been Rambo's playground so I'll give it a pass on buckling under PC pressure. A related issue is using Christian missionaries and not globetrotting lefties as the plot's 'MacGuffin', a clever move by Stallone because people actually like Christians but wouldn't care too much if a radical feminist Marxist was on the chopping block.

'SO MUCH SUFFERING' Woman who went to India to cure her depression was raped, beheaded and found hanged upside-down in a forest

> Liga Skromane - who was Latvian but who had lived in Dublin for years - arrived in Kerala for treatment with her sister in February

So Rambo, Sara, and her two orbiters set off up the river and within a few hours they're approached by a boat full of coked-up, sweaty pirates. The ensuing scene brilliantly encapsulates the current state of Europeans within a multicultural context and merits some exploration. Sara's orbiters, whose names I can't even remember, serve no other purpose in this movie than to approve of Sara's 'liberal' and open-hearted worldview. As the

pirates approach, Rambo instantly understands the danger they are in precisely because Sara is an attractive European woman: Rambo knows that universalism is a childish daydream.

Sara tries to hide under a hat but is spotted by the pirate captain who calls her a ‘white whore’ and demands she climb aboard the pirate boat. Sara then looks panic-stricken toward Rambo for help; it’s interesting that, once again, the whimpering beta-orbiters are simply sidelined. Tension rises as Rambo orders Sara to stay put, the pirates then begin barking orders and insulting the Europeans. Rambo then pulls out a gun and shoots the pirate captain in the face, then shoots the other pirates too, then climbs aboard the pirate vessel and executes one more pirate who is still twitching.

Rambo’s violence is too much for one orbiter who shouts out, ‘We don’t need more killing! Who are you to decide who lives and dies?’

An angered Rambo then pins the cuck to the side of the boat and barks back, ‘Who are you? They’d have raped her 50 times and cut her fucking head off, WHO ARE YOU?’

The European alpha male is once again under attack from weaklings, snakes, and cowards for trying to protect what is of actual value, his women. Sara’s lunacy is only possible because weak white men go along with it, and when the alpha has to save her from the barbarism of this world, the first knife to be stuck in his back will come from the weak, feminized white men of his own group.

So Rambo takes Sara and her orbiters into Burma then returns to burn the dead bodies of the pirates. Needless to say, Sara and her little gang are instantly captured by the junta, and so Rambo has to set off once again up north to get her out of the trouble which could have been avoided if he’d simply been listened to.

The reason for Rambo’s second trip up the river is to ferry a squad of mercenaries who’ve been hired to get Sara back. I find this the worst aspect of Rambo 4. The mercs are irritating and

arrogant and don’t really serve any purpose other than to try and ‘out-alpha’ Rambo, which was always doomed to failure.

The focus of the plot is now entirely on Sara, who sits terrified, waiting for a swarthy oriental to finally cave in and rape her; amazingly, after weeks in captivity, this hasn’t happened yet. The orbiters whimper together in a bamboo-type cell but neither Stallone as director or the viewer care too much what happens to them.

As the body-count and carnage begin to mount, Rambo arrives at Sara’s prison just as a junta commander is undoing his belt and moving towards a horrified Sara. Rambo appears behind the commander and headlocks him, then tears his throat out with his bare hands. One of the mercs releases the male-feminist orbiters; one of them might have died in the chaos, nobody knows, nobody cares.

The final 20 minutes of Rambo 4 is essentially Rambo going into full war mode and massacring the entire Burmese military junta in order to protect Sara from the results of her humanitarian ideals. The junta general attempts to escape but is disemboweled by Rambo.

What I enjoyed about Rambo 4 is that it's essentially a long deconstruction of Western universalism and liberalism, which is now so total it acts as a religion.

Sara's argument against Rambo was that the world was indeed a brutal place, but only because too few people are willing to take

risks to make it a better, more humane one. Sara believes that by helping her, Rambo has learned to share her ideals and pacifism. But he hasn't; Rambo was never interested in helping humanity, he was only interested in saving her from her own values system.

……Sara after diversity.

Rambo would not lift a finger to help alleviate the suffering of 'humanity' but he would wipe out an entire army to save a deluded white woman. In the final scene, standing atop a literal mountain of dead bodies and carnage, Sara looks upon Rambo

with admiration for the first time: he didn’t do this for humanity, he did it for her, because true empathy is exclusive, not universal.

If more European women began to understand that simple maxim, our world would be a lot less bloody and violent……

Captain America vs Alex Jones' New World Order Conspiracy

January 2015

Captain America: The Winter Soldier (2014) is one of the lesser lights of Marvel's seemingly endless barrage of superhero movies. Rumour has it Captain America is to become black, presumably to complement the female Thor, or Thorina. But for now Captain America is very white, and more, he's a World War II vet who was frozen for 70 years and thawed out for the CGI

summer blockbuster franchise. Time hasn't been kind to Captain America: his boss is black hard-man Samuel L Jackson, his girl is ancient, his president is also black, and his partner is a hot babe with a nose which suggests she might not be as European as the Cap himself.

Captain America works for the secretive, inter-governmental SHIELD (Strategic Homeland Intervention, Enforcement and Logistics Division), which seems to class all of planet earth as 'homeland'. While on a top-secret mission with partner Black Widow (Scarlett Johansson), the pair discover that all is not right with SHIELD and that the organization has plans to act as a world police. When Captain America confronts boss Samuel L Jackson with this revelation, Jackson is largely supportive of the terrifying weaponry of SHIELD being used to this end, which includes flying aircraft carriers. To his credit, Captain America reacts with mild discomfort to the idea that his employers are now acting as a hammer to bash humanity into shape and zap anyone they see as a threat. He goes rogue with Black Widow, and the two proceed to uncover what is exactly going on.

As it turns out, there genuinely is a plot to rule the world by a secret cabal. It infiltrated SHEILD long ago, about 70 years ago to

be precise…yeah, you guessed it, the NWO that aims to rule over humanity is a Nazi plot. Indeed, they were there all along, since the end of World War 2 a Nazi genius has been orchestrating the New World Order plan from 70-year-old computers.

Marvel meets Alex Jones.

So in the end a conspiracy theory held by an entire subculture is so controversial, so dangerous to air in public, so ruthlessly suppressed by the all-powerful NWO, that a major Hollywood studio can use the largest movie franchise on earth to expose it? Really? The plot of Captain America: The Winter Soldier is pretty much what Alex Jones peddles every day. Similar theories abound that the EU is actually a Nazi plot, as is the UN. When

one looks at what is actually going on in the West today, the ludicrous idea that the National Socialists are pulling the strings isn't even worth getting into.

Who exactly has an interest in this misdirection is another matter.

Marvel Studios has one Avi Arad as Chairman, founder, and CEO. Avi was born in Israel and is an Israeli-American citizen. His parents were 'Holocaust Survivors', of course. Marvel itself is owned by The Walt Disney Company. The total assets of Disney amount to 84 billion dollars. The company employs 180,000 people around the globe and controls a great deal of what people view as 'entertainment'. The CEO of Disney is Bob Iger, who is also Jewish. He succeeded Michael Eisner, who is also Jewish—and also a 'Holocaust Survivor'. In 2012 Iger was awarded an 'Ambassador of Humanity' award by Steven Spielberg (yes, he is, too) for his work on Spielberg's Shoah Foundation. Spielberg is worth three billion dollars and is also a major player within Hollywood. So obviously if there is a New World Order these guys aren't in on it at all.

The tragedy of Captain America is that he is a man out of time. He has no place, no belonging, and no people or family. You have

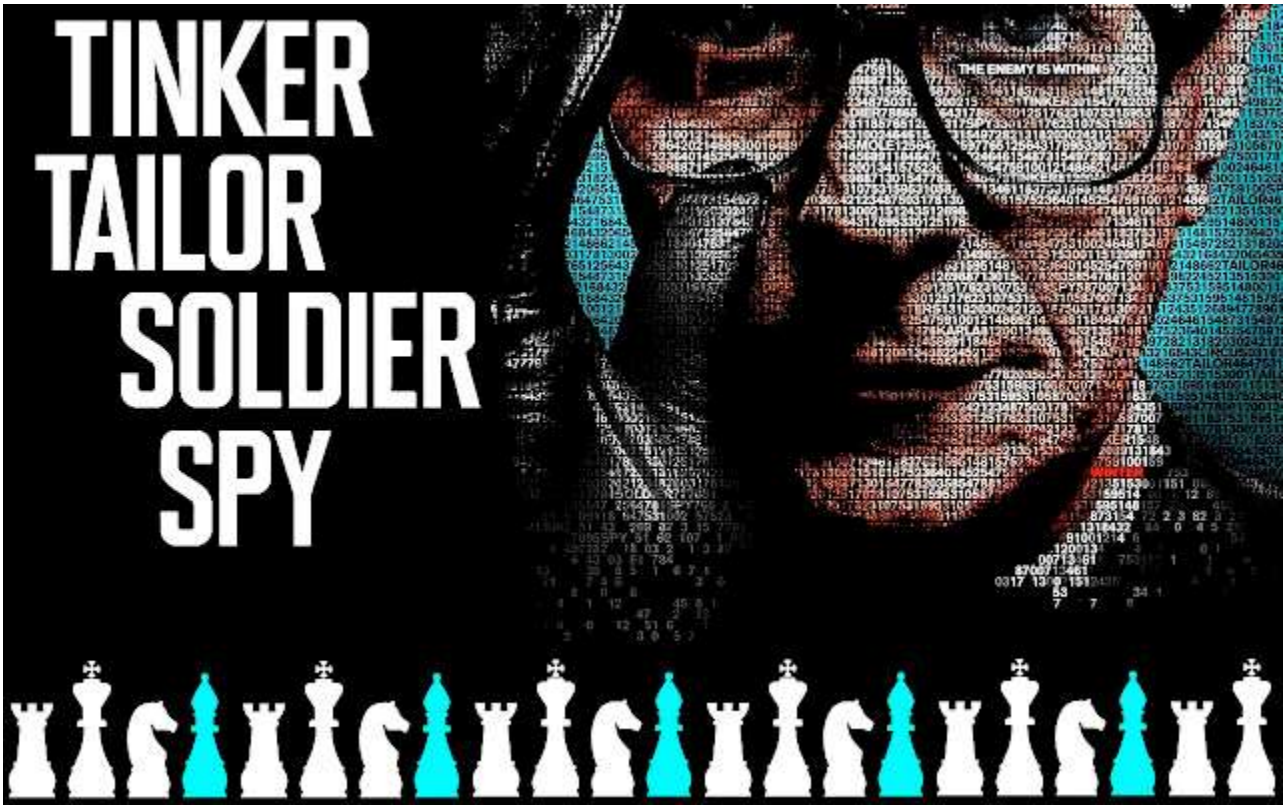
to wonder what his motivation actually is in fighting the Nazis; they certainly should speak to him more than the lost souls of multiculturalism and liberalism that he is fighting for now. But that wouldn't be in the interests of Arad, Iger, Eisner, and Spielberg.

The point of Captain America: The Winter Soldier is to inculcate in whites that they may not be happy with what is happening in the world, but that they do belong to it, and they are honour-bound to protect it at the cost of themselves. It is the true New World Order saying 'Ok, you're getting pissed, but don't dream of going Nazi on us!'

The 'us', of course, being the people who created Captain America in the first place.

Tinker Tailor Soldier Why?

April 2016



I recently found time to watch the 2014 adaption of John Le Carre's Cold War espionage thriller, Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy, which I'd been looking forward to for some time. Compared to the usual fodder pushed out by the media machine, Tinker Tailor moves at the pace of a Soviet built-Lada. It is the anti-Bond: a raised eyebrow over a cup of tea is the equivalent of a speeding-train action sequence. The plot is extraordinarily intricate, as our

geriatric protagonist, George Smiley, shuffles through meetings and interviews in drab pubs and smokey cafes trying to decipher the identity of the ‘moles’ and double agents.

Unsurprisingly, such a smart and tightly wound plot set in 1973 isn’t likely to set the ‘urban market’ on fire, so the cast is entirely white, and almost entirely white male at that. Tinker Tailor is worth a watch even if for no other reason than to see highly intelligent and capable white men being highly intelligent and capable. Gary Oldman excels as George Smiley and Colin Firth, John Hurt, Tom Hardy, Ciaran Hinds, and Benedict Cumberbatch all seem to revel in the backstabbing, intrigue and tension.

But this is what makes Tinker Tailor such strange viewing in 2016. Here we have a group of men within the British intelligence community, all of them from a conservative, middle-class to upper-class background, desperately trying to outwit Soviet operatives, killing is just part of the job…and yet, it all seems totally futile, tragically so. What were they defending? What was the actual threat posed by the USSR? Was the USSR positioning

submarines in the Adriatic more of an issue than London becoming minority English?

The senior civil servants in Tinker Tailor are in late their forties to sixties. Smiley is the oldest. The younger, junior members of the secret services, played by Hardy and Cumberbatch, have a marked difference in style and attitude. They have the post 60's beardy hippy look: they are liberals, they are a sign that the cultural Marxist 'long march through the institutions' is underway. This raises the question, didn't our watchers on the wall notice it taking hold? If their task was to—literally—hunt down and destroy Marxist infiltrators, which they were more than capable of doing, then why was their attention always on stolen documents outlining Soviet naval movements and not on the Marxist intellectuals wriggling their way into positions of influence within our own countries?

'Did anyone see Britain's Got Talent last night?'

In actual fact some powerful Western men did try to sound the alarm, most notably Joseph McCarthy. What McCarthy and other conservatives discovered was that when you go after (Cultural) Marxists you also disturb an even greater—the greatest—enemy. Counter Currents have an excellent series by Kerry Bolton on this subject using first hand sources:

> Thus, what was going on behind the scenes was in fact a 'strange bedfellow' coalition whereby extremely powerful forces on Wall Street were pushing in the same direction as the Communist Party

> USA—the goal being the destruction of the Wisconsin senator and the termination of his investigations.

And:

> The entire ‘network’ was ‘solidly united against’ McCarthy in what he saw as nothing other than a fight against communism and Soviet influence.
>
> What McCarthy thought was communism and Soviet infiltration was actually the ‘entire East Coast foreign policy establishment’ centred on the CFR (Council of Foreign Relations).

Further:

> It must be recognised that the power that these energetic left-wingers exercised was *never* their own power nor Communist power but ultimately the power of the international financial coteries, and once the anger and suspicions of the American people were aroused, as they were by 1950, it was a fairly simple matter to get rid of the Red sympathisers. Before this could be done, however, a congressional committee followed backward to their sources the threads which led from admitted Communists like Whitaker Chambers, through Alger Hiss, and the Carnegie Endowment to

> Thomas Lamont and the Morgan Bank, it fell into the whole complicated network of tax-exempt foundations.’

And again:

> While the Communists were using their transmission belt apparatus to get the party line on McCarthy out on the street, Wall Street titans managed the power plays. There was surely no evidence of a knowing alliance between the two or that anyone anywhere was pushing buttons to coordinate it, but the goal was identical—once again certifying that, as has often been said, ‘not everybody who hated McCarthy was a Communist, but every Communist hated McCarthy.’

And so just as in the Russian Revolution, the ‘Cultural Revolution’ of the West was driven by the toxic, demonic alliance of Jewish financial institutions and Marxism. These twin forces of Globalism can be seen as a cowpat, with the Left as the thick carapace

protecting the putrid stinking goo inside. If our hypothetical real-life George Smiley went poking around in this cowpat too deeply, he'd risk being retired early; a more likely outcome is that the intelligence community would simply be given other priorities by the government. There's also another problem: if a prominent intelligence operative working for the 'capitalist West' started railing against banks and high finance on the premise they were corrupting society then he'd very likely be called a Marxist or communist and fired, or even shot.

When the Soviets talked of 'the decadent capitalist West' they weren't joking: they understood what was happening in the West better than we did. Small recompense, perhaps, for living in a shambolic dead horse of a socio-economic system which left them lining up for bread. Yet as we see now, they were spared the racial humiliation, degeneracy, and dead-eyed consumerism which pervades the 'Free West' today. As Tom Sunic put it, 'Communism kills the body, but liberalism rots the soul'.

Throughout Le Carre's spy series George Smiley's main adversary is the mysterious Soviet agent known only as 'Karla'.

Karla very rarely actually appears but is spoken of frequently. The impression we get have of Karla is of a Soviet reflection of Smiley, nestled deep within the labyrinthine bureaucratic network in Moscow. In one key scene a slightly drunken Smiley recounts a past encounter with his nemesis, Karla, in which Smiley had explained his frustration with the entire Cold War opera:

> We’re not so very different, you and I, we both spend our lives looking for the weaknesses in one another’s systems. Don’t you think it’s time to recognize that there’s as little worth on your side as there is on mine?

It’s the waste and futility of it all. Such men should be in the service of their people as a people, instead of these grotesque and genocidal ‘systems’.

From Nazi to SJW: The Evolution of Maya the Bee

August 2016

I recently watched a CGI cartoon movie called Maya the Bee (2014). I find it fascinating to observe the means by which destructive ideas are pumped into the minds of small children, and Maya the Bee didn't disappoint. After watching the movie I did the inevitable Google search to see who was behind it and discovered, with no surprise whatsoever, that Maya the Bee's

production company was the creation of a ‘Holocaust Survivor’ Jew, and the Australian government’s ‘Screen Australia’.

But that’s not where our story ends. Maya was not the creation of a Jew or a liberal-left SJW. Maya’s creator was German nationalist, Waldemar Bonsels. Bonsels described Jews as ‘a deadly enemy’ who were ‘poisoning the culture’. The original Maya the Bee written by Bonsels was published in Germany in 1912. Bonsels then went on to support National Socialism in Germany and penned articles for the NSDAP. Waldemar Bonsels has flawless nationalist credentials, and his Maya is a nationalist fable for young German girls. The 2014 movie is also fable for young girls, but of a very, very different sort.

SJW Maya

Maya the Liberal

Maya the Bee, the movie, opens with Maya hatching from a honeycomb inside the beehive. We learn at once that Maya is a willful and independently minded young bee with scant regard for conformity or adherence to the social order of the well-run and organized hive. Maya questions her teachers when they explain the dangers of the meadow and the bee's arch rivals, the hornets. The queen bee of the hive (voiced by Jewish character actress Miriam Margolyes) indulges the spirited Maya. However, 'Buzzlina Von Beena', a quasi-fascist who's plotting against the queen, becomes angered and eventually expels Maya.

The scene is now set for Maya to enter the larger insect society of the meadow which surrounds the hive. Remarkably, everything the teachers taught Maya on the dangers of the meadow turn out to be false; the other insects pose no threat to Maya whatsoever. Indeed, the action is largely predicated on Maya helping the other insects. In one scene Maya is greeted by a grasshopper who offers dragonfly rides and all-singing-all dancing concerts akin to an insect version of Woodstock. Meanwhile, back in the hive, Buzzlina has succeeded in her coup against the queen and is

now plotting to wage war on the hornets, using them as a scapegoat.

During her adventures in the meadow Maya becomes friends with a young hornet boy called Sting. Because neither Maya nor Sting are aware of the species of ‘The Other’, they don’t see each other as enemies. Racism and suspicion of the other is a learned trait, you see, passed on by society and parents etc. Maya and Sting eventually learn each other’s real species and, what’s more, they discover that bees and hornets are on the verge of war!

Rushing back to the hive the two youngsters free the queen and head to where the battle is about to begin where they can bring peace and thwart the fascist Buzzlina’s plot. Viewing the battle, Maya learns that a scarecrow is about to fall on the scene, killing all of the various insects assembled—ants, beetles, bees, flies, hornets and butterflies. Maya explains that if they all work together, using all of their ‘diverse’ strengths and specialties, disaster can be averted.

And so peace and harmony finally returns to the meadow. And not just that: Maya and the queen declare that the borders surrounding the hive, and even its doors (!), be thrown wide open to every insect in the meadow. And the precious honey stored by the bees will be freely available to all. Even the stinking dung beetle, loathed by everyone, will have his diversity celebrated. Maya begins a new career as a goodwill ambassador to insects entering the meadow and, presumably, the hive. *(This really is what happens!)*

We will never know what Waldemar Bonsels would make of this travesty, but we do at least have his original book which can be found in full on the internet. Bonsels's Maya the Bee is a beautifully written parable. We can contrast its ideals and morality to the dire multicult propaganda of the 2014 movie, which appeared just one year before Germany was swamped with 1.5 million ~~hornets~~ Muslims.

Nazi Maya

Maya The Nationalist

The 1912 Bonsels book opens with Maya hatching in a tumultuous hive with bees seeking to break away and form their own hive. Maya is inquisitive rather than rebellious, innocent rather than cynical. She is set to leave the hive with an older bee to explore the meadow and leaves with these parting words of wisdom from her teacher:

> ‘The first rule that a young bee must learn,’ said Cassandra, and sighed, ‘is that every bee, in whatever it thinks and does, must be like the other bees and must always have the good of all in mind. In our order of society, which we have held to be the right one from time immemorial and which couldn’t have been better preserved than it has been, this rule is the one fundamental basis for the well-being of the state.

And:

> ‘Be polite and agreeable to every insect you meet,’ she said in conclusion, ‘then you will learn more from them than I have told you to-day. But beware of the wasps and hornets. The hornets are our most formidable enemy, and the wickedest, and the wasps are a useless tribe of thieves, without home or religion.

> We are a stronger, more powerful nation, while they steal and murder wherever they can'.

Shortly after flying out of the hive a strong gust of wind separates Maya from her instructor, and so as in the contemporary movie, Maya is now out in the wider world alone. But this will be a very different meadow and Maya will be having a very, *very* different adventure.

The charming little Maya buzzes around the meadow meeting various insects, not all of whom are unfriendly or dangerous toward Maya, but they are different, they have their own natures and offer Maya not much more than passing curiosity. Maya becomes friends with a bluebottle called Jack Christopher; however, the friendship is short-lived as Bonsels's dragonflies are not offering free roller-coaster rides as the 2014 incarnations do:

> 'Why, what's the matter, child?' The dragon-fly's tone, surprisingly, was quite friendly. 'Let him go,' cried Maya, and tears came into her eyes. 'His name is Jack Christopher.' The dragon-fly smiled. 'Why, little one?' it said, putting on an interested air, though most condescending. Maya stammered

> helplessly: ‘Oh, he’s such a nice, elegant gentleman, and he’s never done you any harm so far as I know.’ The dragon-fly regarded Jack Christopher contemplatively.’ Yes, he is a dear little fellow,’ it replied tenderly and—bit Jack’s head off.

Bonsels’s meadow is a brutal and unforgiving place; Maya is forced to learn through her experiences that her individualism and non-conformity come with an extraordinarily high price, a price she pays again and again throughout the story. Maya’s freedom amounts to shivering alone, scared and hungry inside a flower while yearning for the sanctuary of home:

> Oh, thought Maya, how happy it made you to be able to count yourself one in a community like that, to feel that everybody respected you, and you had the powerful protection of the state. Here, out in the world, lonely and exposed, she ran great risks of her life. She was cold, too. And supposing the rain were to keep up! What would she do, how could she find something to eat? There was scarcely any honey-juice in the canterbury bell, and the pollen would soon give out.

Bonsels is genuinely trying to terrify young German girls into loyalty and obedience—not for the sake of power, as Marxists would have it, but for their own good, their safety. It is understood by the other insects that the bees are a powerful force, and that Maya, belonging to that force, deserves to be treat with respect. Unlike the bluebottle who can be decapitated without consequence.

One of the most grueling passages, however, is Maya's encounter with a spider and its web:

> The tears streamed from Maya's eyes; she lost her last shred of self-control. She tossed her captive body to and fro, and buzzed as loud as she could, and screamed for help—from whom she did not know. But the more she tossed the tighter she enmeshed herself in the web. Now, in her great agony, Cassandra's warnings went through her mind:
>
> 'Beware of the spider and its web. If we bees fall into the spider's power we suffer the most gruesome death. The spider is heartless and tricky, and once it has a person in its toils, it never lets him go.'

In a great flare of mortal terror Maya made one huge desperate effort. Somewhere one of the long, heavier suspension threads snapped. Maya felt it break, yet at the same time she sensed the awful doom of the cobweb. This was, that the more one struggled in it, the more effectively and dangerously it worked. She gave up, in complete exhaustion.

‘Please kill me right away.’

‘Really!’ said the spider, tying a few torn threads together. ‘Really! Do you take me to be as big a dunce as yourself? You’re going to die anyhow, if you’re kept hanging long enough, and that’s the time for me to suck the blood out of you—when you can’t sting. Too bad, though, that you can’t see how dreadfully you’ve damaged my lovely web. Then you’d realize that you deserve to die.’

In the 2014 happy-clappy multicult version there is no cruel spider because the message they’re sending out to young girls is that there are no dangers or predators in the world; indeed, the SJW

Maya would probably be lobbying the queen to make arachnophobia a hate crime.

Maya finally begins to see the folly of her idealistic, carefree existence after being captured by the hornets. Bonsels's description of the hornets 'fortress' is reminiscent of the darker passages of Tolkien:

> By the one thread of light she managed bit by bit to make out her surroundings. Horror of horrors! Maya was almost congealed with fright: the floor was strewn with the bodies of dead insects. At her very feet lay a little rose-beetle turned over on its back; to one side was the skeleton of a large locust broken in two, and everywhere were the remains of slaughtered bees, their wings and legs and sheaths. 'Oh, oh, to think this had to happen to me,' whimpered little Maya. She did not dare to stir the fraction of an inch and pressed herself shivering into the farthest corner of this chamber of horrors.

Maya discovers that the queen hornet is about send her legions to Maya's hive to slaughter her fellow bees, loot the hive and then destroy it:

‘My country!’ she sobbed, ‘my bees, my dear, dear bees!’ She pressed her hands to her mouth to keep herself from screaming. She was in the depths of despair. ‘Oh, would that I had died before I heard this. No one will warn my people. They will be attacked in their sleep and massacred. O God, perform a miracle, help me, help me and my people. Our need is great!’

‘If my people are to be vanquished and killed, I want to be killed, too. But first I must do everything in my power to save them.’

‘Long live my queen!’ she cried.

Bonsels deploys a clever plot device to make the case for racial solidarity. Maya manages to approach a young hornet sentinel and discovers he’s rather smitten by the dragonfly who beheaded Jack Christopher. Maya then explains that she knows where the dragonfly lives and that if he frees Maya she’ll explain where. And thus Maya is released from the hornet’s fortress and flies home to warn the queen—and the powerful hornets have been compromised by a race traitor, which they subsequently recognize:

> ‘It is true, we are a more powerful race, but the bees are a unified nation, and unflinchingly loyal to their people and their state. That is a great source of strength; it makes them irresistible. Not one of them would turn traitor; each without thought of self serves the weal of all.’

And so Maya learned the error of ways and saved her people and nation and is duly rewarded by the queen:

> ‘You did not forget your home and your people,’ she said kindly. ‘In your heart you were loyal. So we will be loyal to you. Henceforth you shall stay by my side and help me conduct the affairs of state. In that way, I think, your experiences, all the things you have learned, will be made to serve the greatest good of your people and your country.’

To Bee or not to Bee

The most infuriating aspect of the modern liberal version of Bonsels's fable is that Bonsels had already debunked their thinking in his original; he had preempted their argument and destroyed it. The 1912 Maya begins life with a certain set of ideals, childish ideals; through experiences and hardship she evolves and changes how she views the world. She has a character arc. It speaks volumes that the modern version of the fable has Maya born with a set of beliefs and then the world and

all reality is warped so that those beliefs can be confirmed, that she can be proven correct.

In Germany today there will literally be young women and girls called Maya, they will still be supporting a ~~hornet~~ Muslim invasion of the German hive despite the violence, rapes, and brutality they have brought. What we're all waiting for is for the real-life Mayas to begin their own character arc, to allow their own preconceived ideas to be challenged, and, like Bonsels's Maya, to see the error of their ways.

The Maleficent Matriarchy

December 2015

Maleficent (2014) is what studio bosses in Hollywood like to call a ‘re-imagining ‘of a classic tale’. What they mean by re-imagining is taking a story or myth embedded in popular culture and then injecting it with postmodern, cultural Marxist, post-feminist, post-

white guilt ideas, then trotting it back out for the masses. Maleficent is a re-imagining of Sleeping Beauty.

In Sleeping Beauty, Maleficent was the evil vindictive witch who curses a young princess. At 16 years old the princess would prick her finger on a spinning wheel and fall into a coma, the good faeries managing to add the caveat that princess Aurora would be saved if she found true love, which she did, in the guise of Philip, the ‘prince charming’ of the tale. Philip then battles Maleficent, who has turned herself into a gigantic dragon, killing her and saving the princess.

Disney’s more recent take on the classic fairy tale was directed by Robert Stromberg and produced by Joe Roth (yes, don’t even bother looking it up). The script was written by Linda Wolverton, a feminist who has also penned Beauty and the Beast and is now working on Alice Through the Looking Glass. According to Linda:

> I came up as a feminist, in my day. And when I was first approached to do Beauty and the Beast, I knew that you couldn’t do a throwback Disney victim/heroine. We weren’t going to buy it as women after a whole awakening in the 70s. No one is going to accept that. So that started me on a path at relooking at these Disney princesses in a

sort of different way. I feel that you have to have an empowering message or you're not going to be relevant. If you don't stay relevant to how people are and how women are approaching life now, it's not going to feel true.

'Relevant', modern day code for 'Jewish'

When we enter the new movie, Maleficent (Angelina Jolie) is a happy young woman living in her idyllic magical forest surrounded by cute and adorable pixies, elves, and faeries. Maleficent has huge wings and she gracefully swoops through clouds and skims over lakes and rivers. A local boy stumbles into Maleficent's realm

and the two become friends, and then later fall in love. The young man then goes off to fight wars leaving Maleficent alone.

Meanwhile, in the entirely white and male kingdom nearby, the king decides to wage war upon Maleficent's realm for no reason whatsoever. Using her magical powers and the various monsters of her woodland, Maleficent manages to beat back the invading men, mortally wounding the king. On his deathbed the king declares that the man who kills Maleficent shall be crowned king.

And lo, Maleficent's beloved appears back in the woodland and apologizes for his long absence. Maleficent forgives him and the two embrace once again. The young man then drugs Maleficent to put her into a deep sleep, lacking the courage to stick a dagger in her back. He then cuts off Maleficent's wings and runs off back to the king to tell the lie that he has killed her. This, then, is the justification and motivation for Maleficent turning malevolent. The message being sent out to millions of young girls is a double whammy: men are at war with you, let your guard down and men will betray you and destroy you. Furthermore, Maleficent's wings, her ability to fly, is her freedom, so she's lost that too. A cowardly wretch of a man has taken everything. The scene in which

Maleficent wakes up and understands what has happened is particularly brutal for a ‘children’s movie’.

And so a full third of the movie has passed and we have established Maleficent’s motivation— she’s been physically and psychologically destroyed by men. And this has been written by a feminist who claims to want to establish ‘strong female characters’ not dependent on men. The irony here is that pre-feminist 1959 Maleficent showed no interest in men at all, she was simply angered at not being invited to Aurora’s christening. She was a powerful witch acting freely. Surely that’s a more powerful female figure than a traumatized nutcase with a grudge. It’s almost as if the role of modern feminism isn’t to embolden women at all, but rather to drip fear and dread of men into the psyche of the young girls who will constitute Maleficent’s core audience.

So Maleficent turns ‘dark’, and in order to keep herself safe from intruding men, she erects a gigantic thorny bush around her magical wonderland. She indulges herself a little by turning a crow into a man; we are allowed to like this man because he’s her slave and Maleficent frequently threatens to turn him into worms and crabs and generally humiliates him.

Upon hearing that her wing-chopping scumbag ex is now king and married with a baby she storms the land of the patriarchal warlords and curses the baby, Aurora. Aurora is then whisked off to safety by the three female faeries, rather pointlessly because Maleficent is sitting outside the new female idyll in the very next scene. From a feminist perspective there's a narrative problem with stealing and cursing baby Aurora as, yes, we all hate the traitorous king, but what about his wife? Is she not heartbroken at having her child stolen and cursed? We never get to find out because she is conveniently killed off and the evil King is so lost in his hatred he doesn't even blink at the news.

And so what should have been a dramatic turn of events is tossed aside lest sympathy for Maleficent is compromised and the feminist message lost. The nature of the curse placed on Aurora is that on her 16th birthday she will prick her finger and then fall into a coma-like sleep, and she can only be awoken by 'true love's kiss'. Maleficent explains she did this because true love doesn't exist, and so therefore Aurora is doomed. This is all dependent on the arrival of Prince Charming, of course, and when he does finally appear one can be forgiven for losing all hope for Aurora…

This is the pre-cultural revolution Prince Charming

This is the feminist-approved Prince Charming

Maleficent grows very fond of Aurora, her icy heart finally beginning to melt. When Aurora actually does succumb to the curse, Maleficent is distraught and plans to smuggle Prince Charming into the castle to give the saving kiss. Presumably, because he's a man, (just) Prince Charming is incapable of reviving Aurora with a kiss. Maleficent breaks down with regret and pours her heart out to the comatose Aurora, then…

…yes, in the new cultural Marxist reboot of Sleeping Beauty it's the evil witch, who is not in fact evil but merely a victim of the evil patriarchy, who saves the Princess.

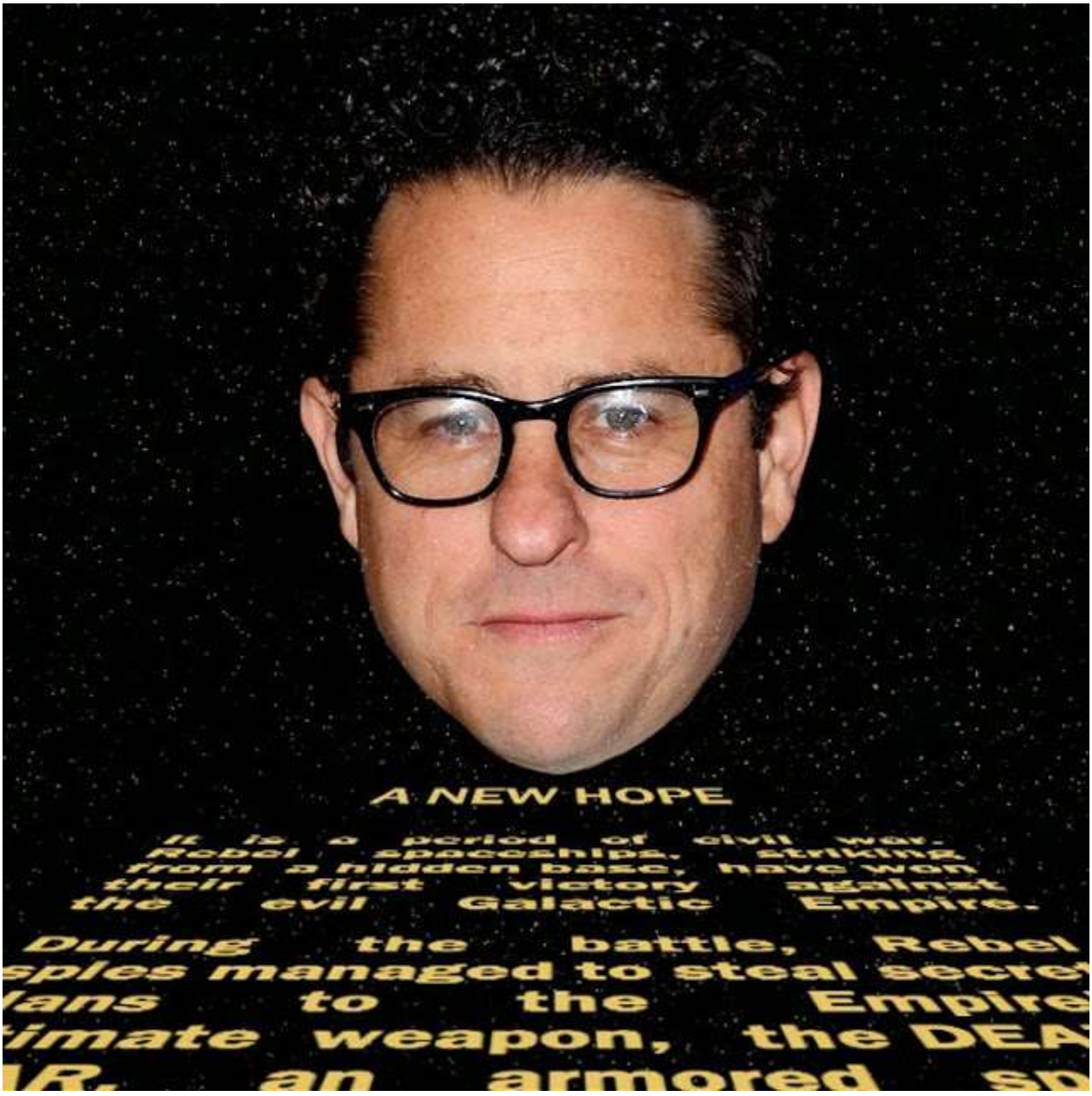
Just in case you missed the feminist message so far, in the next scene Maleficent is surrounded by 30 heavily-armed soldiers and trapped in an iron net which burns her; she is then repeatedly kicked, bashed, and slashed by the men. She manages to turn her man-slave into a dragon, buying her some time until Aurora finds and releases Maleficent's long lost wings. Finally whole once more, Maleficent and her man-slave dragon vanquish the men and save the day.

You really do have to wonder what the effects of this are on the mind of a 12 year old girl. Sitting in the cinema you would

probably be able to actually hear their mental circuitry rewiring itself to change these girls into Laurie Penny style social justice warrior lunatics.

An Empire of Their Own: JJ Abrams

March 2015


A NEW HOPE
It is a period of civil war.
Rebel spaceships, striking
from a hidden base, have won
their first victory against
the evil Galactic Empire.
During the battle, Rebel
spies managed to steal secret
plans to the Empire
ultimate weapon, the DEA
armored

As the latest installment of Star Wars gears up to smash its way into our cultural psyche, I thought I would take a closer look at who now holds the franchise that molded so many of my boyhood dreams and fantasies. Like many nerds I was surprised to learn that the guy who had just rebooted Star Trek was now going to take on Star Wars. It just seemed wrong. The camps have always loathed each other and now the destiny of both was in the hands of one man.

JJ Abrams, or Jeffrey Jacobs Abrams, is Jewish, and was born in 1966. He started out in the movies at the tender age of 16 when he wrote the music for Jewish producer Lloyd Kaufman's schlocky horror film Nightbeast. Two years later, while still at college, Abrams wrote the script and produced Taking Care Of Business for Jewish director Arthur Hiller and then followed up with writing the screenplay for Regarding Henry with Jewish director Mike Nichols and Jewish producer Scott Rudin. After writing the script for the flop Gone Fishin' produced by Jewish director Roger Birnbaum. Abrams then moved into blockbuster territory by working on the screenplay for Armageddon for Jewish producer Jerry Bruckheimer and Jewish director Michael Bay.

In 2001 Abrams set up his own production company called ‘Bad Robot’ with gentile (!) Bryan Burk, going on to write and produce the show Alias. Abrams then hit the big the time with TV show Lost, which he created and produced with fellow Jews Damon Lindelhoff and Jeffrey Lieber. After serving as executive producer on Six Degrees for Jewish creators Raven Metzner and Stuart Zicherman, Abrams was truly entering Hollywood and getting out of TV.

In 2006 Abrams landed the spot for directing Mission Impossible 3, which had a budget of $150 Million, perhaps risky given that Abrams had, thus far, never directed a single movie. But armed with a script written by Jewish writers Alex Kurtzman and Robert Orci he got the gig, which was produced by a company owned by gentile Tom Cruise and the Jewess Paula Wagner. In 2008

Abrams produced Cloverfield, a Godzilla rip-off directed by gentile Matt Reeves.

Having already been handed one lucrative franchise on a plate Abrams, in 2009, landed the long-awaited reboot of Star Trek, produced by Jewish Damon Lindelhof and written by Jews Robert Orci and Alex Kurtzman. After a short team-up with the Jewish director and mogul mentor Steven Spielberg for Super 8, Abrams was then handed the biggest of them all. After boldly going where so, so many Jews had gone before, Abrams was now set to take us all to a galaxy far far away…

Star Wars: The Force Awakens, will be the seventh movie in the series and is written by Jew Lawrence Kasdan and stars half-Jews Carrie Fisher and Harrison Ford, and fully Jewish actor Oscar Isaak. The rights to the Star Wars franchise itself passed from gentile creator George Lucas to Disney under Jew Bob Iger.

Are these people the most amazingly talented artists in America? Or shockingly and blatantly nepotistic?

In any case, this is the stuff our dreams are made of…thanks, Jews.

Star Wars Episode VII: Long Live the Dark Side

April 2015

I was pleasantly amused by the new Star Wars trailer, for reasons JJ Abrams had never in a million light years intended. Legions of stormtroopers line up before a massive banner, in no way trying to trigger visions of a certain political movement of the 1930's, I'm sure. And there's a new Sith Lord with a light saber shaped like a cross—nice touch, Abrams. The 'Dark Side' has reformed itself: after having its forces destroyed and its leadership decapitated, it is back! All of the insecure nightmares of the liberal rebels have been realized, all of their hard work is in jeopardy, forces they always feared and were terrified of have returned.

Most fittingly, the baby-boomerish Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, and Harrison Ford have also returned, but they are old and craggy, the good looks and hippy rebelliousness replaced by a desperate need to protect what they created both on and off the screen. Like the liberalism their generation peddled, however, it too is old and worn out. In *Bonfire of the Vanities* Tom Wolfe has a passage which describes perfectly the image of broken old relics having to defend what they hold dearest:

> A Protector who would keep the lid on all the chaotic and catastrophic possibilities of life. And now that boy, that good actor, had grown old and fragile and tired, wearier than ever at the thought of trying to hoist the Protector's armor back onto his shoulders again…an 'old, gray-haired lad.'

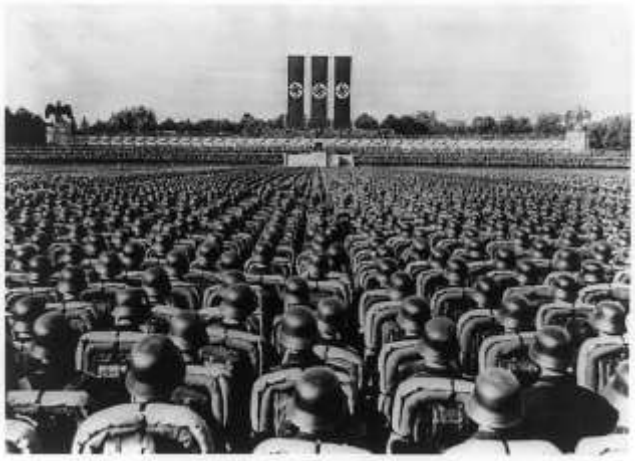
The Dark Side, meanwhile, has seemingly returned fully-formed, armed and ready to restore balance and order out of nowhere. And it has to. Progressives have a real problem admitting they are hegemonic.

Because their world view was born out of a 'rebel' mentality of fighting the system and backing the outsider and the

downtrodden, it’s problematic to deal with the reality that they are the dominant ideological power.

In the recent election debates here in Britain, there have been five or six different shades of left, and one very mild conservative, but the liberal left are still trying to play the part of the plucky underdog fighting a system—a system which they obviously control.

Back in the Star Wars Universe you can’t be allowed to witness the Dark Side trying to formulate its own rebellion. We do not get to see Sithism reduced to a couple of blogs at the far end of the Galacto-web, or people who show politically-incorrect, anti-Jedi tendencies rounded up for being haters and thought criminals.



In the previous Star Wars outing Revenge of the Sith, black actor Samuel L Jackson played Mace Windu (Dindu?) and, after discovering the Sith plot, demanded that the revealed Sith Lord to be summarily executed on the spot (!), thus showing the sham of Jedi peace and Buddhist tranquility which largely informs their worldview.

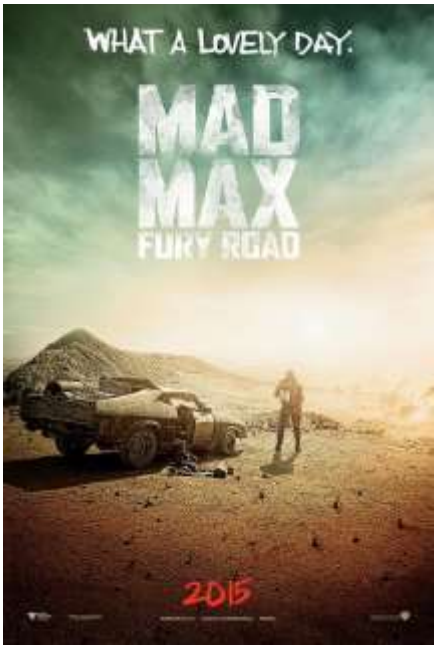
And so has it become with the Liberalism created and enforced by JJ Abram's people. If you're a queer robot, Muslim, Ewok or African, then the progressives are on your side. If you question any of this and wish to change the present order, then you swiftly discoverer the 'light side' isn't actually that enlightened at all.

And so as the latest installment of Star Wars begins to impose itself on the public conscience, I for one will be cheering on the

Empire, knowing that what it represents are deep and obsessive fears held within the liberal mind, fears which one day I hope to be realized.

Mad Max Fury Road: A Very White Dystopia

March 2015



I was pleasantly surprised by the lack of diversity in the trailer for the upcoming Mad Max film. Given the troubled relationship between Mel Gibson and the Tribe who run Hollywood I had assumed the new movie would be a bastardized, politically-correct festival of wise, paternal blacks, ass-kicking negress queens, and Max himself morphed into a Vin Diesel type mystery meat. In actual fact there is just a couple of non-white girls who appear to be in minor roles. Perhaps the Jewish masters of Hollywood were relieved that Gibson had nothing to do with the

production and gave their usual phasing-out of whites a pass; then again, looking at the production crew and company, they don't seem to have had too much involvement at all.

The irony is, the central premise of Mad Max is a future world of civilizational collapse and nuclear war which now seems highly unlikely. Back in 1979 when the first film appeared, nuclear Armageddon was a distinct possibility, but now the End Times approaching are decidedly more ethnic and racial in nature. The standard plots of the Mad Max films are based around savage marauding gangs picking the meat from the remnants of a dead civilization. Because the action takes place in Australia, which is already a 'barren wasteland', the ability to move across vast distances quickly is crucial in order to survive, therefore gasoline is the most sought-after commodity.

To see whites divided up into warring tribes is startling today. It harks back to a time before multiculturalism, when the world inhabited by people such as director George Miller was entirely white. So when, in a fictional universe, 'humanity' has descended into predator and prey it makes sense to have both sides be ethnically European. To a white in 1979 in Australia whites *were* humanity.

If such a cataclysm did happen Europeans would not become Somalians, just as you could not turn Somalians into Europeans by transferring the entire wealth of Australia to that country. Post-collapse, Europeans would simply return to farming and creating irrigation systems, building schools and churches. Just as they did when they founded Australia. Indeed, many traditionalists argue such a collapse might be the lifeline white people need. From today's perspective a more realistic dystopian vision to put on film would have whites being hounded and harassed and preyed upon by Muslims, blacks, and Mexicans, until whites used their superior ingenuity to destroy them. But that would be pushing far beyond the bounds of what is possible in our own slow collapse, and that is precisely the reason we are facing collapse.

The central thread which runs throughout the Mad Max films is whether Max can resist becoming another nihilistic savage wandering around the wastelands alone, or whether he can cleave to what is left of decency and empathy, kindness and warmth. Being every bit as dangerous and barbaric as the feral gangs, he can certainly survive, but survive for what? In the end Max gives in and decides against MGTOW. Overcoming the temptations of selfishness and hyper-individualism, Max becomes a lion protecting the cubs from the hyenas and by doing so he ‘learns to live again’. If only more white men in our present situation had that strength and character.

Indeed, it is tempting to see the beleaguered pilgrims of Mad Max, who usually wear white, as being normal, healthy conservative-minded people while the Mohican-capped lunatics are the white liberal left who show a gleeful relish in the destruction of their own kind and civilization. Today's white man can just roll over and become absorbed in nihilistic apathy—he is positively encouraged to do so—or he can return to life, and the struggle to protect what matters.

Perhaps Miller had it right all along. Perhaps the real issue is a war within whites and the need for the rotten element to be starved and purged out.

In the end it will be decided by how many white men actually get Mad.

Roger Moore and Black Bond

March 2015

Political Correctness acts like a gigantic spider which sits on a web that covers all of Western Civilization. When certain words or ideas are aired, it sets off a vibration in the web that alerts the spider to a problem and the source of the vibration is swiftly neutralized.

Whatever 87-year-old Roger Moore meant when he said James Bond should be ‘English, English’ hardly matters. The tremour sent out was that Moore had implied a popular fictional character,

which was invented by white people, played by white men, and represented white men as guardians of white civilization, should actually remain white and not become ethnically African. The spider sprang to life and Moore, like so many before him, was quickly reduced to ‘oh, hey wait, I didn’t mean that, not me…’

The idea of James Bond becoming black has been around for some time. It is the logical conclusion to the steady influx of ‘progressive’ ideology that has been inflicted on Bond for at least twenty years. When Pierce Brosnan landed the role of the world’s most famous spy, his boss became a woman (Judi Dench) who called him a ‘misogynistic dinosaur’. Bond stopped smoking and cried, he was emotionally damaged and needed to talk. M told Bond he was a ‘relic of the Cold War’, which is ironic, because after spending decades fighting Commie plots, the new, cultural form of Marxism was proving to be a threat Bond simply couldn’t deal with because they had become *his* ‘values’, and by the looks of it Bond himself will morph into an entirely new race to fit in with the new dogma.

It’s easy for the white nationalist to envision a couple of giggling Jews behind the racial transformation of James Bond. And with good reason, because it was Amy Pascal, the Jewish Sony executive, who inadvertently gave the game away during the Sony hacking scandals last year, writing that ‘Idris [Elba] should be the next bond’.

It wouldn’t be the first time Elba had replaced a white figure with his African features, having played the role of Heimdall in the Thor movies. Heimdall is based on the Nordic God Heimdallr, who is described as ‘the whitest of the gods’.

The leaked emails also told of Pascal and her fellow Jewish executive Scott Rudin mocking white celebrities such as Angelina Jolie and Madonna for adopting black kids.

Most puzzling of all, however, is that another mail leaked from an anonymous producer to Michael Lynton, the Jewish Sony Chairman, stated, ‘I believe that the international motion picture audience is racist — in general pictures with an African American lead don’t play well overseas. When Sony made Equalizer they had to know that Denzel [Washington] opens pics domestically, however the international gross would be somewhat limited.’

In actual fact it just means audiences in China or Japan or Brazil find the idea of super smart negroes saving the world to be utterly preposterous. But then they have control over their own cultural

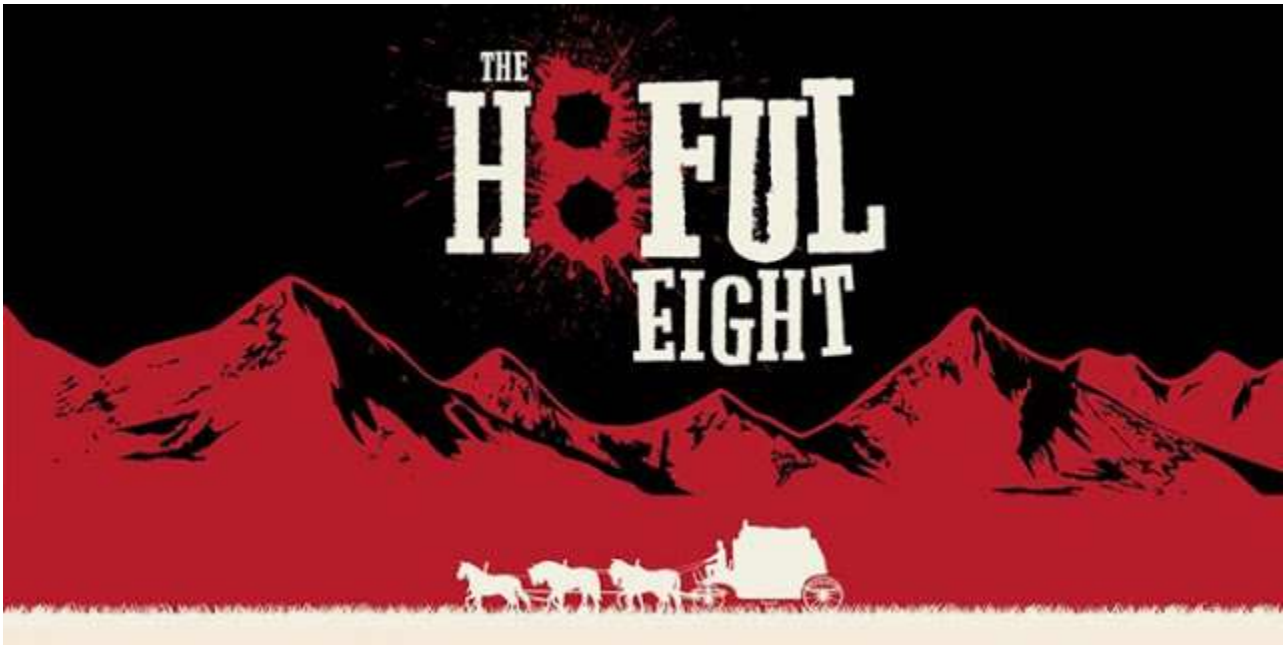
sphere. White people accept it because they hardly know of anything else, having had Jews pushing this muck upon them for around 70 years. And anyway, if people complain it will set off those tremours…

The fact that Jewish Hollywood executives *know* there is a good chance a movie with a black man crow-barred into the lead role will tank is very informative. They love money, of course, but they are quite willing to take a chance if it means the demise of another white alpha male as a cultural icon.

[Editor's note: in 2018 it was announced that the 007 spy would be played by a black woman, Lashana Lynch, in an upcoming film.]

The Hateful Eight

January 2016



Game of Thrones creator George RR Martin is actually a die-hard Obama-voting liberal but, so far having managed to keep his politics out of his writing, has created a world which is deeply illiberal and anti-egalitarian.

The same separation of politics and art can't be said for Quentin Tarantino, who marches on the streets with 'Black Lives Matter', calling white American cops 'killers', and making movies which, if

targeted toward any other racial group, would have him labeled a ‘hate criminal.’

Tarantino’s movies might be cleverly made and his scripts well written, but there is no deeper context to the hatred of white people—it’s neither ironic nor cleverly subversive, which can only indicate he actually means it.

The Hateful Eight (2015) opens as it means to go on: the ubiquitous Samuel L. Jackson sits atop three dead white men he has gunned down, whose dead bodies he is dragging into town

for bounty, when a stagecoach approaches carrying another bounty hunter, Kurt Russell, chained to Jennifer Jason Leigh.

Jennifer Jason Leigh is a Jewish actress but here she plays such a grotesque mockery of a white, Southern woman she hardly comes across as human at all. When Jackson asks to climb aboard the stagecoach Leigh's character, Daisy, twists her retarded, semi-human face and calls him 'nigger', prompting Kurt Russell to pistol-whip her which results in blood streaming down her face.

After the characters wade their way through a thick goo of Tarantino dialogue, Jackson climbs aboard. Russell feeds Daisy as if she's a dog and elbows her in the face. Daisy spits on Jackson's letter of friendship from Abraham Lincoln and so Jackson punches her in face, knocking her and Russell out of the stagecoach. Shortly afterwards, and back in the stagecoach, the trio are joined by another 'nigga hatin' redneck' called Mannix.

Like Daisy, Mannix is a cartoonish mockery of a Confederate soldier, but in stark contrast Jackson is cool, collected, and

articulate. Mannix challenges Jackson's character to confirm or deny a rumour in which Jackson burned alive white Confederate soldiers, Jackson replying, 'I kill white crackers any way I can—I shoot them, I drown them, I stab them, I burn them'.

And so begins The Hateful Eight.

Actual screenshot from The Hateful Eight

The rest of the movie is pretty much *Reservoir Dogs* transplanted into a shack called ‘Minnie’s Haberdashery’. The plot revolves around characters being trapped in this shack while Kurt Russell attempts to bring Daisy to town to be hanged. During this her gang is secretly waiting in the shack trying to spring her loose and nobody appears to be what they say. All of the characters are utterly loathsome but the film is really nothing more than a vehicle for Samuel L Jackson to play out this role of alpha negro in what might actually be the most anti-white mainstream movie ever made.

In one scene Jackson approaches an elderly Confederate general with a bowl of stew and we are treated to a lengthy monologue on how Jackson tracked down his ‘nigger-hating white boy’ son. We then have a flashback and see Jackson march the white man naked across a frozen mountain, Jackson laughing as he explains the man begged for a blanket and Jackson forced him to perform oral sex on him. Tarantino shows the audience this, he shows Jackson gleefully howling as the white man has his face buried in his groin and Jackson tells the old man he then killed him anyway. Taunting him further he reveals the last thing to ever leave his

son’s mouth was a negro penis. Aghast, the elderly general reaches for his gun but Jackson shoots him dead. That was the whole point.

Another white nationalist blogger has reflected on this scene of the film and Tarantino’s anti-white nihilism: ‘the hipster audience cheered. What were they cheering? The killing of an old racist white man? The gruesome killing of his son? The triumph of black power?’

So fanatically anti-white is The Hateful Eight that the plot begins to break down under the weight of it all. One example is how redneck ‘cracker’ Mannix, introduced as the most ‘racist’ of all the whites, later teams up with Jackson and delights in killing the other whites off for no other reason than the plot demands it.

A flashback depicts Minnie’s Haberdashery as a diverse beacon of racial harmony. Minnie is a chubby, friendly black woman and so is her help. They also employ a friendly blond woman, and a lazy white man sits around. It’s a picture of multicultural bliss. Yet when Daisy’s gang come along they slaughter everyone with no

consideration of race. Surely if all the whites are ‘nigger-hating crackers’ they would spare the whites or at least show some empathy? Tarantino wants it both ways, his hatred of white people so obsessive he leaves plot holes a mile wide. In *The Hateful Eight* whites are at once stupid inbred hick racists and at the same time they’re psychotics who murder regardless of race, showing no empathy towards anyone.

What this does is prove that Tarantino’s priority was to give Jackson’s character complete justification in his, frankly, genocidal treatment of whites in the movie. The only reason the whites in *The Hateful Eight* are relentlessly spitting ‘nigger’ at Jackson is to garner the support of the audience, and Tarantino knows the predominantly white audience will cheer Jackson on. So too will blacks as they get to see their guy humiliating and torturing whites.

In the course of *The Hateful Eight’s* running time Daisy is pistol whipped, repeatedly punched, elbowed in the face, kicked in the face so hard her teeth are smashed out, shot twice, and is splattered with her brother’s blood as Jackson blows his head off.

Then, finally, Mannix and Jackson laugh and mock her as they lynch her in the shack, Tarantino lingering on her bloodied face as she slowly chokes to death. Jackson guffaws in the background with his race traitor friend as the credits roll.

This is what you get when an ethnic group which despises you controls your media and entertainment.

Tarantino is like a Hollywood version of Miley Cyrus — both fancy themselves as rebels who are breaking down barriers, when in fact they both serve the same masters, playing roles in the wider

game of driving Western Civilization into the gutter. Quentin works for the Jewish Weinstein brothers and he might be ‘outrageous’, but his attacks upon whites are only possible because Jews own Hollywood, and due to this the cinema-going public will never see an Inglourious Basterds where Russians seek bloody revenge upon the Jewish Bolsheviks who killed their families.

Quentin is not challenging the system, he is a part of it. Similarly, Miley runs around with dildos and makes a whore of herself but is challenging nothing, as this is culture being imposed on us, and they are mere servants to those who are doing the imposing. There is only one avenue open to people who want to become huge stars and that is to further the process of destruction of civilisation through being more anti-white, more sexually explicit, more violent, more anti-human, more removed from all norms except the unnatural new norm, that of liberal nihilism.

The tragedy of it all is it could be so different. If Europeans were free to create their own art and film what would it be like? We would be mentally free of political correctness and demographically free of ‘hateful’ racial aliens. Would Europeans,

free to express themselves and use all the technological marvels available in today's film making, ever create a movie such as *The Hateful Eight*? Do any racial or ethnic groups who do have control over their media produce material wherein they depict themselves as trash to be slaughtered and tortured and disposed of by another race?

Counter Currents has explored this theme before, particularly in regards to Chinese cinema. Chinese people create movies for Chinese people and so are free to celebrate their own traditions and heroism, history, and culture without postmodern irony, without guilt or shame and without genocidal racial aliens humiliating them.

People Who Make Their Own Cinema Get This

We Get This

Chinese Cinema Celebrates Chinese Beauty

We Get This.

Batman vs Superman: The Longest War

July 2015

At first glance a movie in which Superman fights Batman seems totally absurd, just another shameless cash-in with lashings of CGI and a score which repeats variations of ‘Brrrhaaaaaammmmmmm’. However, on closer inspection, and particularly in regards to the new trailer, the idea of Superman and Batman being mortal enemies is actually deeply rooted, both in popular culture and, when one looks closer, within the history of modern America.

When the previous Superman movie Man of Steel was released, the Times of Israel lamented, ‘Man of Steel no longer Man of Shtetl?’ They then proceeded to explain Superman’s Jewish origins:

> In case you’ve been living under a cultural rock, some quick facts. Superman was created in the 1930s by writer Jerry Siegel and artist Joe Shuster, two Jewish-American children of European refugees. Superman’s ‘old country’ is Krypton, an advanced realm that ultimately destroyed itself. Superman’s real name is Kal-El, son of Jor-El. The suffix El, of course, means ‘of God’ in Hebrew, with Kal-El defined by some as ‘Voice of God.’ Before Krypton’s doom, Kal-El’s parents put him in a Moses-like basket, sending

him down the Nile of intergalactic space until he landed safely on Earth.

There, in the most goyische place ever (a farm in Kansas!) Kal-El assumes the secret identity of Clark Kent, and this ‘model minority’ soon thrives in his new environment. The yellow sun’s radiation provides a source for him to ‘leap tall buildings in a single bound,’ though for Siegel and Shuster it was meant to symbolize the freedom from pogroms and Nazism which allowed them to find safety and success.

Batman was the creation of Jewish comic book artist, Bob Kane, but he’s a very different creature to Superman. Unlike Superman, Batman has no super powers. And he isn’t an alien; Batman, a.k.a. Bruce Wayne, is a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant. When Batman was created, the WASP demographic formed America’s ruling elite. However, as Wikipedia helpfully explains: ‘Scholars agree that the group’s influence has waned since the end of World War II, with the growing influence of other American ethnic groups, particularly Jews.’

In actual fact the so-called ‘culture wars’ of the last 50 years have, in large part, been driven by Jews, to replace the WASP elite with themselves. Batman vs Superman is testament to their success. Warner Bros Studios is Jewish-owned, as is DC Comics. Batman v. Superman (2016) was written by Jewish writer David Goyer. Lex Luthor is played by Jewish actor Jessie Eisenberg and Wonder Woman is played by Jewish actress, model, and Israeli soldier, Gal Gadot.

Batman views the government and liberal laws with contempt. He has his own code of ethics and through self-sacrifice and willpower he offers the people hope; the bat signal is Batman's warning to his enemies and hope to the masses. Naturally, then, the wailing left have long noted his 'fascist undertones'.

So what we have in Batman vs Superman is the reactionary and 'fascist' gentile waging war upon the Judaic usurper. Are they really going to 'go there' in the new movie?

At the climax of Man of Steel, Metropolis, the stand-in for New York, suffered a 9/11x1000 level of damage, as Superman fought to prevent General Zod creating a Neo ~~Israel~~ Krypton on earth. Humanity has since begun questioning why they have this immensely powerful outsider in their midst. Superman is called before a Congressional hearing to explain himself; Tea Party style placards and banners reading 'No to Illegal Aliens' line the

streets. In all likelyhood this was intended, and will mainly be viewed as, a slap in the face to ‘anti-immigrant’ politics. Nevertheless, this is interesting territory to tread for a character with such long and deep associations with the Jewish diaspora. It is a reflection of their greatest fear, exposure and rejection. Batman agrees with the baying mob, Superman is a menace and must go. The superior man of will steps forth to drag the masses to freedom from the great blue-and-red Moloch. We’ve been here before, many times…

In the trailer Lois Lane points to the ‘S’ on Superman’s costume; it is ‘a symbol of hope’, she tells him. However, unlike Batman’s symbol, which asks the people to stand tall and unite against evil, all the people can hope for while Superman lives among them is to be subservient to an alien. The masses will be expected to

simply eat pizza and plug themselves into reality TV while their new ‘God’ prevents them from ever dealing with harsh realities or understanding their true destiny. This is slavery.

The question is, how will director Zack Snyder and writer David S Goyer tie the narrative strands together? How can the seemingly irreconcilable heroes put the fate of the earth and humanity behind them?

By introducing another set of villains, of course. The ‘Axis of Evil’ would be and apt title. Jesse Eisenberg’s Lex Luthor will no doubt play the role of neocon warmonger, and the new villains will stand in for Iran or Iraq or Syria or Islam in general, or Russia. And the masses will forget about their serfdom and cheer on as Batman and Superman head off to ‘fight for freedom’. Asking for freedom from ‘Kal El’ will be strictly taboo, however.

Skellig Michael and Civilisation

June 2017

In the opening episode to his monumental series ‘Civilisation’, Kenneth Clark visits a small and remote island off the southwest coast of Ireland called ‘Skellig Michael’. Clark paints a rather bleak picture of 6th century Europe. The ancient order under Rome was in rapid decline, European life buckled under the

weight of ceaseless attacks by marauding tribes and to the south, and the ‘barbarism of Islam’ was on the march. The light of European civilisation was on the brink of being extinguished.

For Clark, the civilisational building potential of what he calls ‘Western Man’ needed to be secured far away from the tumultuous events taking place on the continent and, via the early Christian monks, it was. Scattered on what must at the time have seemed like the edge of the earth, Celtic monks secured the knowledge of Christianity, the ancient world, high culture, and ethics while secluded on Iona, the Farne islands of Northumberland, and Skellig Michael, in Irish ‘Sceilig Mhichíl’.

For a century the Celtic priests and missionaries in the barren northern wastes scratched a meagre existence out of whatever fish and primitive crops could be harvested from the tundra and rocky islands upon which they lived, but the light of civilisation flickered on, and eventually spread to the wider population. Western Civilisation was born. Fittingly enough, Clark titled the opening episode of his series ‘By the skin of our teeth’.

As white men and their civilisation bestrode the earth like giants, Skellig Michael, its historical role fulfilled, returned to obscurity, back to a remote, wind-blasted outcrop populated by nesting seabirds.

Until recently….

The 2015 reboot of the Star Wars franchise saw Skellig Michael reenter the cultural realm as Luke Skywalker's retreat, and in the upcoming The Last Jedi the old island will feature prominently as Luke trains the young feminist warrior heroine.

The new Star Wars are very Jewish movies, from the script writers to the financing, the director to the studio, but more importantly, the ethics and central message of the new Star Wars are Jewish: feminism, multiculturalism, promotion of black men in leading roles, and, rumour has it, homosexuality is on the way, too.

It's quite possible that Skellig Michael simply offered a scenic locale for the shoot, but this too is questionable. Within the story Luke Skywalker flees to the island seeking solitude, just as the old Celtic monks did. Luke keeps the Jedi flame alive as the galaxy collapses into war and chaos, just as the monks did. Luke, via the young girl, aims to rekindle the Jedi religion from the sanctuary of Skellig Michael, just as the monks did, and so on.

Whether this was by design or simply an accident hardly even matters. The fact remains that Skellig Michael is once again a symbolic location for the founding of a new morality, a new way of being, a new way of looking at the world.

Kenneth Clark's Civilisation is primarily concerned with art rather than politics and war, or economics. It is through art that we can delve into the European soul: art reflected the spiritual and philosophical state of European Man. But what gives rise to civilisation in the first place? Once again Clark explains it succinctly, in one word, 'Permanence'. Wars and monarchies, political systems and industry may change and fluctuate, but while there's a stable and coherent set of moral principles underpinning the civilisation, such dramas are fleeting.

With that said, then, what does the 'art' of Star Wars or any other modern blockbuster actually have to say? If the rebooted Star Wars is symbolic of a new civilisation then what does it reflect? Indeed, whose soul and spirituality does it portray?

In actual fact the Hollywood blockbuster of today is antithetical to what Clark or the Celtic monks would have considered 'Civilisation'. It cannot and does not reflect the aspirations or inner longing of a given people because it is created for the consumption of the 'Mass Man' of post modernity. Its audience is

not ‘a people’ but ‘humanity’. It reveals nothing because there is nothing to be revealed. It is offal being handed to a herd.

If ‘permanence’ is the primary principle of founding a civilization, then what stability and durability is to be found in the Jewish Hollywood production hosting a sizeable array of Jewish intellectual constructs which have the exclusive aim and purpose of ceaseless change and ‘progression’? Or, to be less charitable, revolution without end? Especially when we understand that many of these edicts contradict each other: demonisation of the white male runs parallel with an obsession with racial equality, feminism runs alongside Islam, everything runs counter to everything else, but the Mass Man laps it up along with his cola and popcorn. It isn’t that our masters are stupid, it isn’t that they simply got certain aspects wrong, it is that chaos *is* the permanence they seek, chaos *is* the ‘civilisation’ they are building.

Every man, woman, and child of European ancestry should be familiar with the story of Western Civilisation and the role of reclusive monks scattered in the icy northern wastes, but almost none of them are, and that’s the cruellest trick of all: they’ll never

know the symbolism as they watch Star Wars, they won't understand they're being mocked, they'll ponder for a second, something about the island will strike them, and then they'll slurp their beverage and gorge on the triumphant fodder being force fed to them by the agents of chaos.

The Post: Hollywood Rescues the Fourth Estate

November 2017

When Donald Trump won the U.S presidency in 2016 I remember sitting in a pub with an old friend having a few pints. As a couple of amateur film buffs we speculated on how Hollywood would

search for ways to cleverly undermine Trump: how would it manifest itself? What coded messages would the movies contain?

One idea we kicked around was that liberal Matt Damon would reboot the Jason Bourne franchise: Bourne would come out of retirement and rejoin the ‘Deep State’ to thwart the dastardly plans of a crazed lunatic who’d just become president.

The Hollywood machine is actually rather cumbersome and it takes about a year from a film being given the green light to it actually appearing on the big screen. The movies which came out immediately after the Trump victory and into the summer missed the opportunity for some Trump-bashing, but the movies coming out now have had the full gestation period, so we can expect Hollywood’s anti-Trump propaganda to begin hitting theatres.

And that brings us nicely to the trailer of the new movie The Post (2017) directed by Steven Spielberg and starring Meryl Streep and Tom Hanks.

Set during the 1970's, The Post centres on The Washington Post and The New York Times attempting to publish leaked confidential information, 'The Pentagon Papers', which expose the lies of the Vietnam war. The U.S Government attempts to thwart their plans through threats and intimidation.

In Hollywood terminology the leaked Pentagon Papers are what is known as the 'MacGuffin', an object, person or device which drives the motivation of the characters and the plot forward. The ring in Lord of the Rings is a perfect example of a MacGuffin, as is the Ark of the Covenant in Spielberg's Raiders of the Lost Ark.

The MacGuffin, then, is an excuse for 'stuff to happen', and what's happening in The Post is that a tyrannical government ruled by quasi-Fascist Richard Nixon is at war with the 'free press' because they're trying to bring truth, not 'fake news', to the American masses.

The message of Spielberg's movie is essentially *'Trust the press, not the psycho in the White House!'* I wonder why?

Donald J. Trump

1 hr ·

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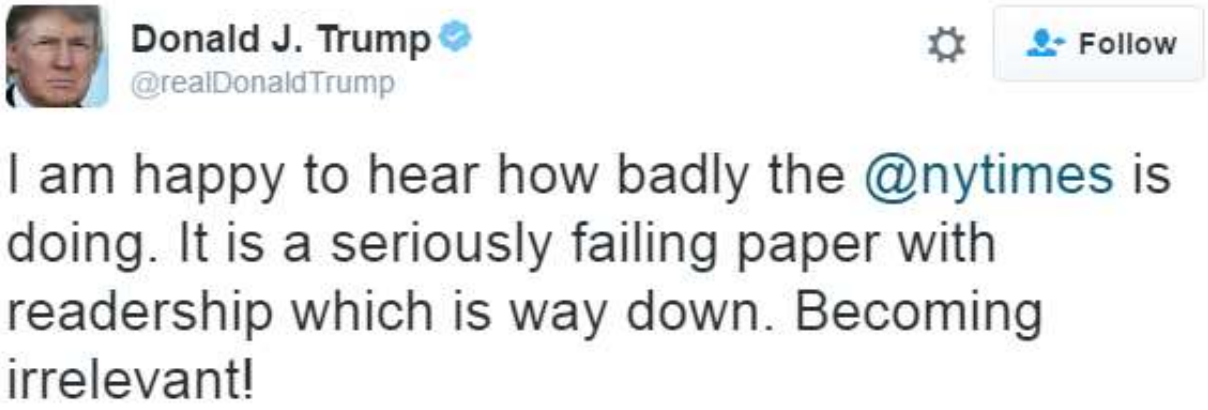
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I am happy to hear how badly the @nytimes is doing. It is a seriously failing paper with readership which is way down. Becoming irrelevant!

I think it's safe to say that the Washington Post and New York Times have had a 'turbulent' relationship with Trump and his huge base of support, but help has finally arrived.

Of course, given the extraordinarily heavy Jewish presence in Spielberg's production and at The New York Times and Washington Post, a cynic could be forgiven for claiming that this is nothing less than outright nepotism, with Jewish media outlets on the east coast of the U.S, withering under Trump's barrage of insults and accusations, and calling on the assistance of their west coast brethren to give them a helping hand via a movie depicting them as heroes being attacked by a tyrant.

Whatever the case maybe, what the ‘normies’ get is a well-produced and acted puff-piece saying *‘Don’t trust Trump, trust us, the liberal media’.*

In an era when journalism amounts to reading a Twitter timeline looking for something juicy to pad out into a full column, The Post acts as a form of role-play for today’s liberals in the media. It’s an idealized vision of themselves: the Buzzfeed feminist can imagine herself as Meryl Streep receiving passive-aggressive phone calls in the middle of the night; Trump’s Watergate must be just around the corner.

Both Hollywood and the liberal press have a deep nostalgia for the 1970’s. They love it. 1970’s journalism as depicted by Hollywood is the era when the hippies of the 60’s grew up and applied their liberal values and ideals in the world of the media.

People in terrible clothes smoke cigarettes and drink too much coffee while waiting for that vital lead which will reveal just how corrupt and repulsive the power structure is. There’s a sense of urgency as the identity of the mole falls into the hands of the FBI,

or a senator from Kansas who was leaking info has an accident with a lift shaft.

‘You’re under arrest for spreading fake news’

In the trailer to The Post, Tom Hanks says *‘The way they lied, that has to stop!’*, but that’s pretty much the exact accusation that’s been hurled at the media for the last two years. Thankfully for Tom, Big Brother Hollywood and Spielberg have arrived to set the narrative straight.

Judging by the cast The Post seems to have tossed out the diversity quotas entirely, but Hollywood has a sharp understanding of demographic trends and knows that blacks and Hispanics will not be the least bit interested in a period movie about the press and politics. This is a movie for white liberals. It flatters their intelligence and gently rubs their egos: they aren't spoiled narcissists, they're flawed individuals holding the line against tyranny.

The big joke, of course, is that they *are* the tyranny, that they can deploy the most far-reaching and powerful propaganda machine ever created to serve their will, while Trump has a Twitter account. That all of the organs of the State share their values and work against Trump obsessively. That, as the saying goes… *'You are the system, hippy!'*

How the Crappy New Star Wars Films Should Have Been Made…

August 2018

I've recently been exploring the deconstructions of the new Star Wars films, particularly 'The Last Jedi'. However, rather than regurgitate what has been said before, and absolutely everything about the awful Last Jedi which can be said has been said, I decided instead to simply rewrite the script from a new and interesting perspective.

After all, in an age when politics dominates the creating and destroying of pop culture myths, it seems to me that rather than endlessly critique social justice and feminist tropes, we can instead re-imagine these films, or any other work of pop culture, in our own image…

In the years following Return of the Jedi, the ‘New Republic’, fearing a return of The Sith and Jedi, enacted increasingly brutal measures against anyone capable of using The Force. Whole populations were replaced with new species of aliens, and everywhere people dreaded being caught and forced to endure the terrifying ‘Force Purge’ brainwashing programme.

On the remote planet of Aryana, a young man, Heidler, dreaming of greatness and higher order, witnesses the mind heist of his womenfolk by the New Republic, turning all of them into ‘Force-free’ baby-making machines. Fleeing Aryana and narrowly escaping the New Republic’s thought control droids, Heidler sets course for the Outer Rim to discover the teachings of the Old Sith Order and, perhaps, answers.

Meanwhile on the swamp planet of Degoba, the mysterious old monk Adolphus discovers some uncomfortable truths. The Jedi and the Republic were simply fronts for a shadowy group known simply as ‘The Traders’. The aim of the Traders is not simply to wipe out those capable of using The Force, but to break down all order and meaning in the entire galaxy, and thereby to rule it forever.

Dumbstruck by his discovery, Adolphus heads for the capital of the New Republic, now named ‘Tolerantis’……

Pacific Rim 2 and the Global Man

January 2019

I've just spent a few of the remaining hours of my Christmas holidays watching a huge dollop of CGI sewage called Pacific Rim 2: Uprising (2018). Essentially the film is B-Grade tripe telling the tale of monsters coming to earth from another dimension which

have to be fought, hand-to-hand, by giant robots with people piloting them from inside.

I know, I know.

Pacific Rim features a cast nobody has ever heard of, except the African fellow who's popped up in the recent Star Wars movies, at a push. But the cast is certainly very diverse, both racially and sexually. Small Pakistani girls drive robots the size of skyscrapers and one blonde girl seems to be the token inter-gender androgyny box-tick.

Pacific Rim is entertainment for the Global audience and the ethnic make-up of its actors reflects this. We've moved beyond diversifying Hollywood and America. In fact America never gets a single reference or mention; as the name suggests, Pacific Rim is preoccupied with, well, the Pacific, namely China, Japan, and Australia.

In this new world nations and ethnic groups aren't really a thing, even governments have seemingly disappeared. Power lies in the

hands of supranational bodies and multinationals who fund and develop the giant monster-killing robots. Basically, it’s the global warming argument but with Godzilla style monsters replacing icebergs as the plot McGuffin.

However, what struck me upon watching this mess was the sight of witnessing the most astonishing carnage and noticing that neither the cast of multi-ethnic heroes nor the movie producers cared not one jot that we were witnessing the deaths of millions of people. Skyscrapers fall like dominoes, whole cities are erased, monsters wander through highways, and giant robots casually

walk on cars, houses, and people. The death toll must be astronomical!

And nobody cares, nobody shows even a smidgen of regret or loss. In one scene a giant robot uses a magnetic whip to pick up and crush together five cars which it then uses as a knuckle-duster to punch a monster in the face. I know, I know. In another scene a robot flies through a skyscraper taking out half the building and the African hero piloting the machine screams at the thrill of it all; perhaps 10,000 people would've died.

As I thought through the ethical implications of this, it occurred to me that this disregard for mass slaughter was strangely consistent with the Global Man backdrop before which the action takes place. After all, nobody comes from anywhere, nobody has a nation, and nobody has a sense of loyalty to anything other than other human consumers. Thus, if the population of Sydney is erased, then who cares at a visceral, emotional level? It's simply a matter of funneling another half million or so Indians and Africans in to fill the gap in the market.

As it stands today a Chinese person will be more empathetic to the victims of an earthquake in China than to the victims of an earthquake in Mexico. This stands to reason. In Pacific Rim the heroes show the same levels of empathy for human victims as the monsters do, which is nothing. But this too stands to reason if humanity's default position is one of alienation and rootlessness.

Perhaps I'm reading this wrong, looking too deeply into a failing cash-cow designed for the 'Urban Market', or perhaps somebody at Hollywood is having a laugh, perhaps the joke is on us, and that we are the monsters…

Part II

Music

The ‘Black Beethoven’ Scam

June 2015

One of the most commonly used tactics of cultural Marxists is to throw an idea or accusation or blatant lie at the European and then sit back and watch as the hapless European tries to untangle themselves from the web of deceit. It doesn’t matter how ludicrous or dishonest the assertion is. What matters is that the European, the white person, has to reluctantly argue a counter-case.

In the case of the lie that Beethoven was of African descent, that he was black, the ‘progressive’ knows that if the European argues back too stridently they can always shrug it off and say ‘yeah, but what does it matter? Are you racist?’ Which is itself merely another trap set for the white person.

The idea Beethoven was black was first popularized by a mixed-race Jamaican/white man called Joel Augustus Rogers, who spent his entire life trying to crowbar Africans (meaning negroes, not Arabs) into prominent positions in history. According to Rogers, Aesop and Hannibal were African, not from North African stock, but negro. Rogers does not produce a shred of evidence to support his claim that Beethoven was black. The assertion is:

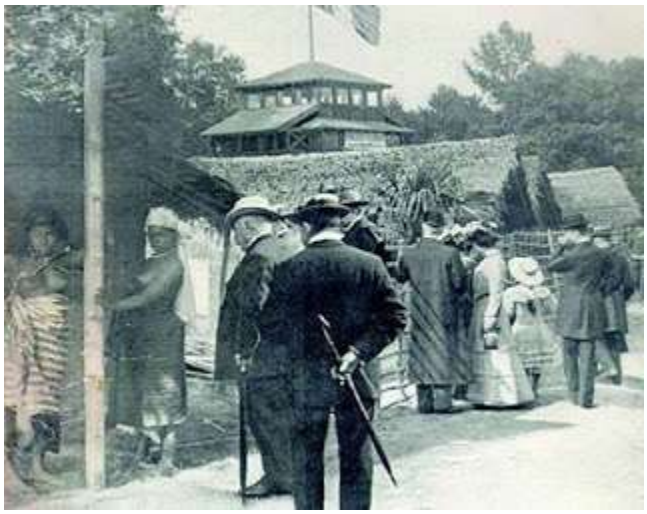
> Beethoven’s family, by way of his mother, traced its roots to Flanders, which was for some time under Spanish monarchical rule, and because Spain maintained a longstanding historical connection to North Africa through the Moors, somehow a single germ of blackness trickled down to our beloved Ludwig.

Over the last few weeks the liberal press have gleefully reported yet another assault upon the ethnic identity of Beethoven, this

time coming from a new group called ‘Beethoven was African’. You might well think they would have come up with some DNA evidence, or perhaps a quote from the great man himself offering a new piece of proof, but you would be wrong. Jettisoning any semblance of scientific logic or method whatsoever, this new group of African chancers have released an album bastardizing Beethoven’s masterful symphonies. According to their narrative, you can tell Beethoven was African because of the prolific use of ‘African polyrhythmics’. And thus, they being actual Africans and playing Beethoven in an African manner, we can finally enjoy the master’s works in their true, African, form. Beethoven had been suppressed by ‘Euro-centrism’.

Leaving aside the non-existent scientific, genealogical, or musical arguments for Beethoven’s blackness, this argument becomes even more untenable when we take into account the social implications of Beethoven being African, which, let us not forget, none of his contemporaries ever mentioned. We must also take into consideration that the IQ of sub-Saharan Africa is between 59 and 70 while the estimates for Beethoven’s IQ *tend to sit around the 165 (!) mark*. This puts Beethoven at the extreme edge of the European bell curve and well into genius-level intelligence. So according to this argument, not only was Beethoven an African,

he was also the most intelligent African to have ever walked the earth. However, it gets even more dire for the black Beethoven argument when we consider that the Europe of the 19th century was not exactly the ‘diverse’ and ‘tolerant’ Europe we all love and enjoy today; indeed—and according to the Liberals—the few Africans which were tolerated in Europe were mainly to be seen in zoos.



The achievements of Africans and their contribution to ‘humanity’ has been, to put it politely, very modest. So we can understand why they would want to ‘culturally appropriate’ a great man from another race, though hijacking Beethoven is certainly overkill. But what is to be gained from the usual suspects who run the media exposing the general public to this ridiculous hoax?

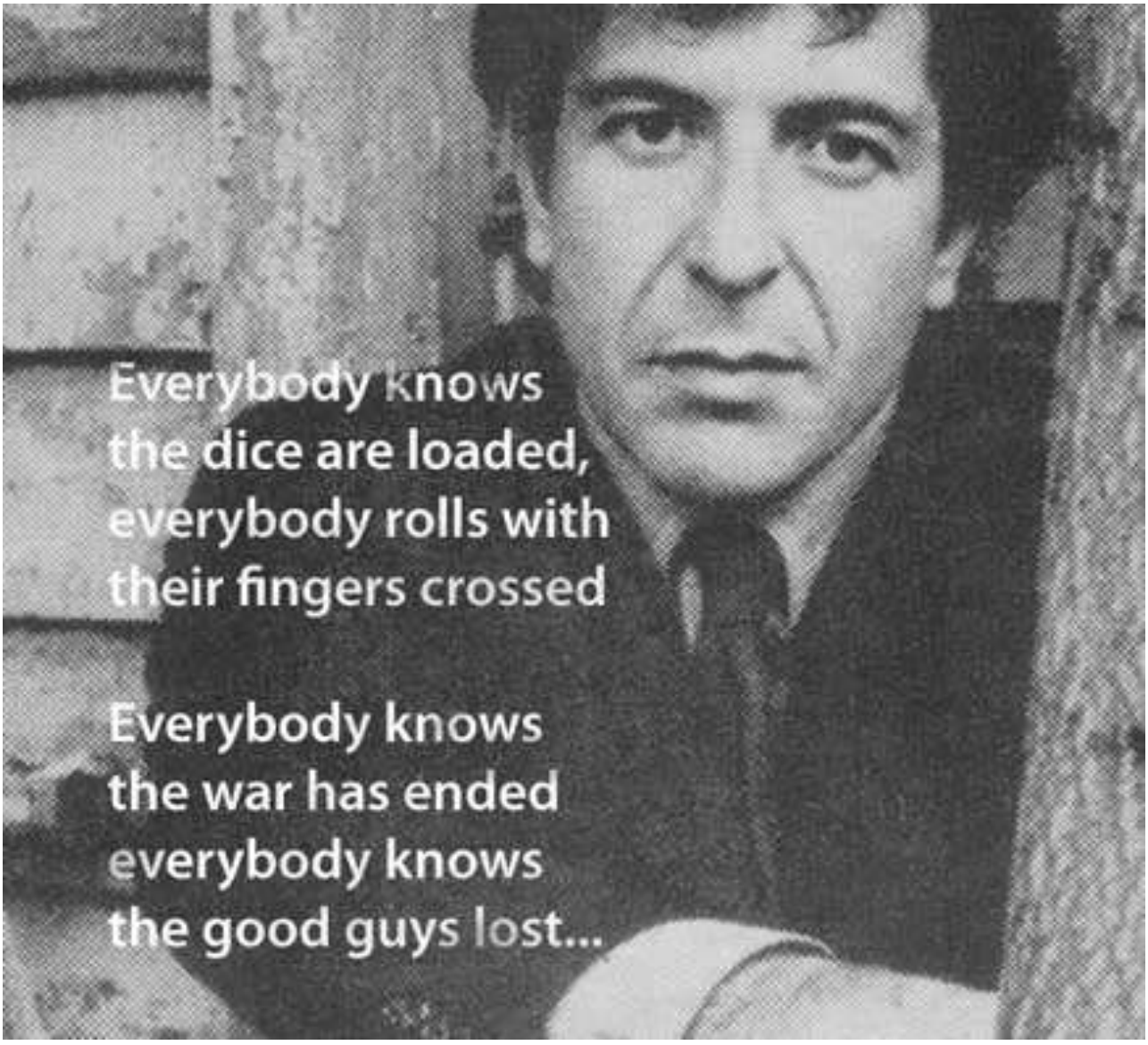
It isn't particularly complicated. The assault comes in from two directions. Firstly, Beethoven, unlike the far more controversial Wagner, is easily palatable, historically if not culturally, to a modern liberal audience. He stands along with Da Vinci as a 'cool' figure and exemplary cultural icon. It says enough that a globalist racket such as the EU has 'The Ninth' as its anthem. But that is precisely the problem: it means having Europeans as giants of human accomplishment and beauty, when that is the last thing the globalist elite want to promote.

The second reason is to undermine what Europeans think of as *spiritually theirs.* Even modern Europeans who are unlikely ever to listen to Beethoven know that they have a tradition, that their people have scaled the heights, not just of the physical world, but of the human, that is to say, European, *their*, souls. This is what our enemies want to take away from us. They hate us that much.

In the end I never had to click on websites full of gyrating Africans to disprove this ludicrous pile of hateful gibberish, and neither does any other European. All I had to do was listen to his soaring exploration of our inner being to know he was one of my own people, speaking to my own people.

Cohen's New World Order

October 2015



Leonard Cohen's 1992 song, and album, entitled The Future has long been a source of fascination and puzzlement. The Future,

both song and album tracks, are most widely known for appearing on Oliver Stone's psychotic and psychedelic movie Natural Born Killers. To be blunt about it, The Future seems to be 'a Jew giving the game away', and on closer inspection this genuinely does seem to be the case. What Cohen is describing is a world where the war against nature has reached its conclusion, where all identity, sexuality, tradition and spirituality have been erased.

Cohen's background is hardly the background of a typical singer-song writer:

> Cohen was born on 21 September 1934 in Westmount, Quebec, an English-speaking area of Montreal, into a middle-class Jewish family. His mother, Marsha (Masha) Klonitsky, was the daughter of a Talmudic writer, Rabbi Solomon Klonitsky-Kline, of Lithuanian Jewish ancestry. His paternal grandfather, whose family had emigrated from Poland, was Lyon Cohen, founding president of the Canadian Jewish Congress. His father, Nathan Cohen, who owned a substantial clothing store, died when Cohen was 9 years old. On the topic of being a Kohen, Cohen has said that 'I had a very Messianic childhood.' He told Richard Goldstein in 1967, 'I was told I was a descendant of Aaron, the high priest.'

It is widely rumored that Cohen converted to Buddhism. In actual fact, as Cohen explains:

> Cohen has been involved with Buddhism since the 1970s and was ordained a Buddhist monk in 1996; however, he still considers himself Jewish: ‘I’m not looking for a new religion. I’m quite happy with the old one, with Judaism.’

And:

> Mr. Cohen keeps the Sabbath even while on tour and performed for Israeli troops during the 1973 Arab-Israeli war. So how does he square that faith with his continued practice of Zen? ‘Allen Ginsberg asked me the same question many years ago,’ he said. ‘Well, for one thing, in the tradition of Zen that I’ve practiced, there is no prayerful worship and there is no affirmation of a deity. So theologically there is no challenge to any Jewish belief.’

And so, here we have a deeply Jewish song writer with, it has to be said, an impressive intellect, giving us his vision of ‘The Future’ as seen from 1992. And from the perspective of 2015 it has to be said that he was bang on the money in every respect. Here are the lyrics with some thoughts of my own.

Give me back my broken heart
My mirrored room, my secret life
It’s lonely here
There’s no one left to torture

Give me absolute control
Over every living soul
And lie beside me, baby
That’s an order

Give me crack, anal sex
Take the only tree that’s left
Stuff it up the hole
In your culture

Cohen jumps right in by explaining the nature of human existence in his future. It is the atomized self-obsessed individual wallowing in instant gratification and seeing his or her fellow self-obsessed lost souls as nothing more than playthings to be controlled and sexually exploited. There is no love, tenderness, or empathy, just the self and the unbridled will of the individual.

Give me back the Berlin Wall
Give me Stalin and St. Paul
I've seen the future, brother
It is murder

In Cohen's Future history itself has ceased to matter because the lamentable state of humanity means there will no longer be any great ideological schisms, rifts, borders, or tensions. Both Stalin and St Paul, it could be claimed, turned on messianic Judaism, the one through transforming Christianity, the other by throttling Bolshevism. The Future to come is so horrific that Cohen is seemingly nostalgic for a time when humanity was still 'alive'.

Things are going to slide
Slide in all directions
Won't be nothing
Nothing you can measure anymore
The blizzard
The blizzard of the world
Has crossed the threshold
And it's overturned the order of the soul

This could be alluding to moral relativism, the trans-valuation of values into having no values. There is no right or wrong, no ‘normal’ or bizarre, humanity is de-coupled from any grounding ethics and is swirling around as snowflakes in a relativist blizzard. This motif will be reinforced by humanity being unable to repent, or regret, anything because there is no longer any moral touchstone or spirituality.

When they said repent
Repent
I wonder what they meant

You don’t know me from the wind
You never will, you never did
I’m the little Jew
Who wrote the bible

I’ve seen the nations rise and fall
I’ve heard their stories, heard them all
But love’s the only engine
Of survival

Your servant here, he has been told

To say it clear, to say it cold
It’s over
It ain’t going any further

Here Cohen seems to be speaking as ‘The Eternal Jew’; the Jew invented your religion, your ethics, and morality in the first place, it was a sham. Furthermore, they have always been there and they have witnessed the rise and fall of civilizations, empires and races. But The Jew always remains and your, our, time is just about up! Love as redeemer and saviour, in a romantic and sexual sense, is a theme which runs throughout all of Cohen’s music; it’s hard to imagine it shielding us from, let alone defeating, ‘The Future’. A more nationalistic reading would be love of kind; certainly, this has obviously served the Jews well through history.

And now the wheels of heaven stop
You feel the devil’s riding crop
Get ready for the future
It is murder

Things are going to slide
Slide in all directions
Won’t be nothing

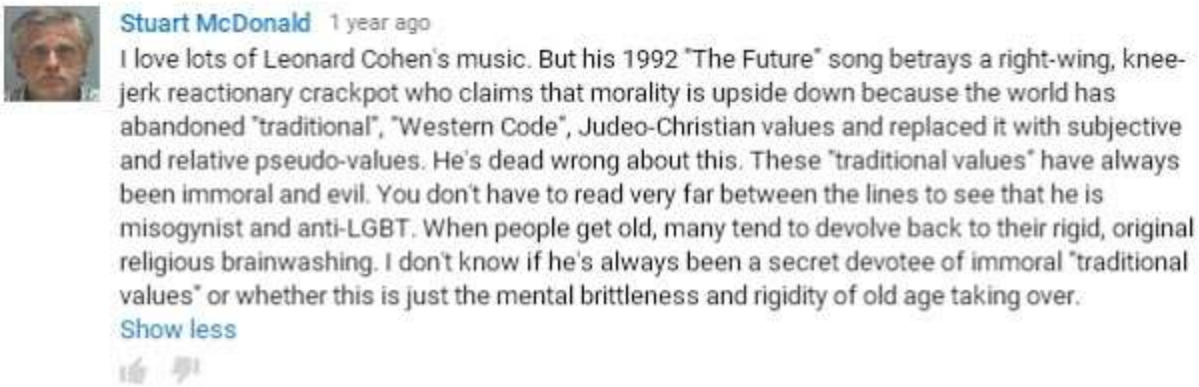
Nothing you can measure anymore
The blizzard
The blizzard of the world
Has crossed the threshold
And it’s overturned the order of the soul

When they said repent
Repent
I wonder what they meant

There’ll be breaking of the ancient Western code
Your private life will suddenly explode
There’ll be phantoms, there’ll be fires on the road
And a white man dancing
You’ll see a woman hanging upside down
Her features covered by her fallen gown
And all the lousy little poets come around
Trying to sound like Charlie Manson
And the white man dancing

It’s rather ambiguous what the ‘ancient Western code’ is, perhaps Christianity, or perhaps simply freedom. At any rate, the white man seems to have been reduced to a nihilistic ‘dancing’ imbecile

as his woman is strung up. Charles Manson fits into the St Paul and Stalin category. Manson wrote a book encouraging race war and so was a genuine rebel, a person who wanted to buck the great project of Tikkun Olan . It's hard not to envision moronic leftists and nihilists as 'lousy little poets' dancing and celebrating at the end of their civilization and race. It is in this sense Manson was a genuine rebel; they are tools and 'useful idiots'. There's a perfect example of this in the comments to the song on YouTube:


Stuart McDonald 1 year ago
I love lots of Leonard Cohen's music. But his 1992 "The Future" song betrays a right-wing, knee-jerk reactionary crackpot who claims that morality is upside down because the world has abandoned "traditional", "Western Code", Judeo-Christian values and replaced it with subjective and relative pseudo-values. He's dead wrong about this. These "traditional values" have always been immoral and evil. You don't have to read very far between the lines to see that he is misogynist and anti-LGBT. When people get old, many tend to devolve back to their rigid, original religious brainwashing. I don't know if he's always been a secret devotee of immoral "traditional values" or whether this is just the mental brittleness and rigidity of old age taking over.
Show less

This guy is a lousy little poet

Give me back the Berlin Wall
Give me Stalin and St. Paul
Give me Christ or give me Hiroshima
Destroy another foetus now
We don't like children anyhow

I’ve seen the future, baby
It is murder

Christ and Hiroshima are now included as harking back to an age of spiritual vigour; both were sacrifices and the contrast to the obvious allusion to abortion is stark. The sacrifice of Christ or the bombing of Hiroshima were epochal events; in the future nothing is epic, we flush our children down the toilet so we can carry on ‘dancing’ and snorting coke and call it ‘freedom’.

Things are going to slide
Slide in all directions
Won’t be nothing
Nothing you can measure anymore
The blizzard
The blizzard of the world
Has crossed the threshold
And it’s overturned the order of the soul

When they said repent
Repent
I wonder what they meant

Cohen certainly doesn't seem to be gloating. In a 1992 interview Cohen expressed his ideas further:

> I think that's part of it. I think that Yeats' line, 'the centre will not hold,' could very well have been the sub-title of the song. I say, you know, 'things are going to slide in all directions, nothing will be measured anymore. The blizzard of the world has crossed the threshold, overturned the order of the soul. When they said 'repent,' I wonder what they meant.' We're not even able to hold, a concept now of resurrection mechanisms; we don't even know what the concept is about, now. We can't even locate one in our mental equipment. And, I do feel that the centrality has dissolved. You know, we used to talk about the broken family. We all have

> experienced the broken family, now, us! You know, the people we're talking about, the sociologists, the acamedicians, the poets, the mental workers … none of these things we are talking about, from an observational point of view, have stayed as objects of our conversation.
>
> They have become the environment that we ourselves are inhabiting. So we are living a world, in a daily life, of such ambiguity, ambiguity about ourselves, about our wives, our husbands, our loves, our families, our loyalties, our work. The ambiguities have become intolerable. We are no longer outside the problem. There no longer is a distance. There is no hill to see this from, you share one body, now, with the serpent you forbid and with the dove that you allow. We're in it. And, 'The Future' comes out of that experience. There is no perspective on the future anymore. It is like, look it!, you'll settle for the Berlin Wall. You'll settle for totalitarianism. You'll settle for the FBI. You'll settle for the ozone layer with the hole in it. You'll settle for the wrecked Amazonian forest. All these things will look good, next to what's coming down.

But given his background and what we know about the involvement of his people in creating this apocalypse, it's hard not see his song as anything but an admission. And The Future isn't the only time Cohen has provided us with an insight into his

people's vision for humanity. Commenting on his song 'First We Take Manhattan (Then We Take Berlin)', which is already a fascinating title, Cohen remarked:

> 'I think it means exactly what it says. It is a terrorist song. I think it's a response to terrorism. There's something about terrorism that I've always admired. The fact that there are no alibis or no compromises. That position is always very attractive. I don't like it when it's manifested on the physical plane – I don't really enjoy the terrorist activities – but Psychic Terrorism. I remember there was a great poem by Irving Layton that I once read, I'll give you a paraphrase of it. It was 'well, you guys blow up an occasional airline and kill a few children here and there', he says. 'But our terrorists, Jesus, Freud, Marx, Einstein. The whole world is still quaking…'

Indeed, Leonard, your terrorists do have the whole world quaking, thank you for reminding us.

Taylor Swift and How Feminism Is a Psyop against White People

September 2015

Taylor Swift is being lambasted for her new music video, Wildest Dreams (2015). Commentators and journalists are accusing her of racism. Viviane Rutabingwa and James Kassaga Arinaitwe write in NPR:

In the video Taylor Swift is dressed as a colonial-era woman on African soil. With just a few exceptions, the cast in the video — the actors playing her boyfriend and a movie director and his staff — all appear to be white.

We are shocked to think that in 2015, Taylor Swift, her record label and her video production group would think it was OK to film a video that presents a glamorous version of the white colonial fantasy of Africa. But it still stings.

Who would want to emulate this fantasy?

Or this?

When she could have been showing the vibrant reality, this.

Or this.

It goes on:

> Here are some facts for Swift and her team: Colonialism was neither romantic nor beautiful. It was exploitative and brutal. The legacy of colonialism still lives quite loudly to this day. Scholars have argued that poor economic performance, weak property rights and tribal tensions across the continent can be traced to colonial strategies. So can other woes. In a place full of devastation and lawlessness, diseases spread like wildfire, conflict breaks out and dictators grab power.

Excuses, excuses. Meanwhile in Singapore and Hong Kong, which were also colonised, things look rather more like this:

Zoom in really closely and you'll see Chinese victims of colonialism hacking at each other with machetes too

The same scholars presumably have rather less to say about this.

Taylor Swift has been the target of scorn for several years, with feminists taking offence, apparently, at her positioning as a 'good girl' who writes simple, heterosexual love songs that have mentioned virginity in a positive way. A black woman writer at Jezebel:

> It’s been printed on T-shirts and postcards and throw pillows: ‘Well-behaved women seldom make history.’ Taylor Swift’s Grammy threatens to refute this. I don’t care about her personal choices, but her image of being good and pure plays right into how much the patriarchy fetishizes virginity, loves purity, and celebrates women who know their place as delicate flowers.

Today, though, Swift cuts a different image, having officially ‘quit’ country music last year and now with Jew/new best friends, arch-feminists Lena Dunham and Lorde, in tow she is saying things like ‘misogyny is ingrained in people from the time they are born’ and ‘so to me, feminism is probably the most important movement that you could embrace, because it’s just basically another word for equality.’

So all must surely be well for Swift now that she joined the feminist club, right? right? Well, no. The attacks have only been getting worse and more vicious because the world of feminism has moved on from its goal of demonising white men and encouraging women to sleep around and never settle down to have children: fourth-wave feminism has arrived and it’s here to broadcast the message that whites are evil and that white women

should ‘shut the fuck up’ because they are ‘oppressors’. Unfortunately, as time and history have shown, women are much more easily manipulated than men and this brainwashing has taken on a particularly brutal nature.

That ‘people of colour’, otherwise known as the Coalition of Aggressive Non-whites Against white People, are coming out with more and more of this stuff as they grow in number and confidence is unsurprising, but what is so damaging is that third-wave feminism, already a subversive force that is bad for white women—turning them against white men via poisonous ideas like ‘rape culture’, and putting them off having families—is quickly being superseded by fourth-wave, the goal of which seems to be entirely to teach white women that they are evil, their entire history and culture is evil, and that they must now, to be a ‘proper feminist’, spend their entire lives apologising and grovelling to ‘people of colour’ and campaigning against themselves and white men.

Women as ‘Defenders of the Status Quo’

It’s easy to say ‘Ha, well, feminists have been hating on men for ages, it’s great to see them get a taste of their own medicine.’ But the whole point of feminism from the beginning seems to be separation of white women from white men. And it’s not just women who are hating their fellow whites—look at MGTOW, most of the ‘manosphere’. These sites acknowledge biological differences and that women are more easily led, but also incite hatred towards white women despite the fact they have been so Jewed up they have no idea what they are doing. right up until the 1990s women were the essential part of the Conservative Party’s electorate— they voted Conservative in far larger numbers than men and were far more socially conservative. They were protectors of the family unit under the fickle and easily-controlled system of ‘democracy’ until the Frankfurt School and their followers decided that family life was ‘hate’.

Third-Wave Feminism and the Demonisation of White Men

After CIA-funded and Bilderberg-backed second-wave feminism transformed women into good little worker bees for the elite, third-wave feminism was extremely useful to white genocide in a number of key ways.

This wave of feminism is the one that has muddied the concept of consent to the degree that it puts any white male having sex with women in danger. While white men are obviously the main victims of this state of affairs, impressionable white women are also negatively affected as many obviously have come to genuinely believe, via vile brainwashing, that consensual sex can have been a terrible ‘rape’. This is why university students are now having ‘consent classes’ where they are told that engaging in sexual activities after one glass of wine can be ‘rape’.

Why is all this happening? Is it because, as many men-oriented websites say, women are just evil and vindictive? Or is it because whites need to be picked off as whites, not just as men?

It also implanted the key idea that the only reason there are more men in certain jobs than women is down to ‘sexism’ and ‘male privilege’. This meme that humans are just programmable bipeds and any difference is down to ‘culture’ will prove useful later.

Case Studies

Firstly I am going to show what ‘rape’ typically is in the media, and that its third-wave form is often largely in feminists’ minds, having been transplanted there by…oh, whichever kind souls just have our women’s welfare in their minds, obviously. Then I am going to show the ramifications of what happens to a white man after he acquiesces to the request of a woman to ‘lick her out’; after that I will look at the British feminist response to a genuine attempted rape.

First, the ‘rape’. The woman in question was ‘couchsurfing’ in the man’s house, and he was depressed after losing his job, his girlfriend, etc. But then…rape:

> His attempt at seducing me in his bedroom worked. I did feel that I wanted to have sex with him. He told me we should go to my room because his room was opposite his parents. He suggested a cup of tea. I agreed.
>
> He brought tea to my bedroom. I sat on the bed and he sat on the chair. I let him close the door. I let him undress me. I didn’t want to kiss him, but eventually I let him. I liked the feeling of being touched at the beginning. He examined every inch of my body, studying me like some kind of specimen. He touched me but I didn’t touch him

back. He told me to, to show him some kind of love. Anything. I felt sorry for him. I told him I couldn't love him and he said that he didn't want my love anymore, or to have a relationship with me. He just wanted me. Maybe just my body. He told me to close me eyes, and he continued to touch me. I said it didn't feel right anymore, and I tried to push him away. Not too forcefully though because I was afraid. I was completely dependant (sic) on him. I was in his family's home. I didn't know how to get to the nearest town. His family spoke only Spanish. He touched me. Then he turned me around onto me knees and stomach. I told him to stop, repeatedly. He didn't.

It sounded like he was crying. I lay very still afterwards. I asked him why he didn't stop and he said that it was too late. I said that was bullshit. He laughed. He said that was the first time he heard me swear. He tried to touch me again and I pulled away from him. I got up and had a shower. When I came back into the room he was dressed and remaking the bed meticulously. I had never seen a bed being made so perfectly, despite the stain on the sheets. I watched him as I put fresh clothes on. He had folded the clothes he removed from me and placed them in a neat pile on the table. He was a perfectionist. After he made the bed he went to have a shower. I turned the light off and got into bed. I didn't know what had just happened. I felt physically disgusted, like I was a piece of meat.

This was an article from a feminist magazine in the UK and exemplifies what is considered an ‘acceptable’ rape story in today’s narrative. This sort of story fills up magazines, blogs and newspapers as an example of a typical rape, convincing millions of girls and women who have had sex and then changed their mind or not been sure about it that they have been raped. This builds distrust between white men and white women, as obviously Pakistani communities et cetera pay no attention to this sort of thing.

A high-profile instance was the constant media coverage of Emma ‘Mattress Girl’ Sulkowicz’ ‘rape’ by a German man. Half-Chinese, half-Jewish Emma has been featured in glossy magazines and the New York Times and had been celebrated for her ‘brave’ performance-art piece of carrying a mattress round campus to express her disgust at her university having failed to expel the German. The wheels came off the outrage bus as it was exposed as a likely hoax given that Sulkowicz had repeatedly contacted her ‘attacker’ in friendly and flirty terms for months and months after the alleged attack, yet because the story fit the narrative of Evil White Rapist, the media is still running with it even after the wheels have fallen off the bus, as VDare has reported.

A footballer, Ched Evans, was pretty much scared and threatened off ever playing football again. What he had done was extremely degenerate, but then the prevailing culture is extremely degenerate. A white woman had been ‘picked up’, in a kebab shop, by other footballers and proceeded to have sex with them. There were also black footballers involved (who got off, despite the fact she accused them of rape, too). Anyway, she requested that this Ched Evans character perform oral sex on her and he did, she asked him to have sex with her and he did.

Now obviously all of this is a less than ideal situation and before white culture was subverted by, again, people who have our best interest at heart :^), especially the interests of women, it would have been unthinkable. But anyway, in the world where it happened, people campaigned long and hard to ensure Ched Evans never played football again. Celebrities lined up to lambaste the team he’d previously played for, teams which tried to sign him after he’d served his prison sentence were bombarded with calls and emails and protests until no one would dare touch him.

At the same time we have Ione Wells, who was nearly raped outside her home by a dindu. Ione bravely spoke out about her ordeal. I say ‘bravely’ not because speaking out against rape is a brave thing in this day and age, as ‘rape’, when it comes to campaigning nowadays, seems to refer to white working class men so much as wolf-whistling at a girl, but because hers was definitively the wrong sort of rapist.

Her attacker was a 17-year-old Somalian and the attack went like this:

> When you were caught on CCTV following me through my own neighbourhood from the Tube, when you waited until I was on my own street to approach me, when you clapped your hand around my face until I could not breathe, when you pushed me to my knees until my face bled, when I wrestled with your hand just enough so that I could scream. When you dragged me by my hair, and when you smashed my head against the pavement and told me to stop screaming for help, when my neighbour saw you from her window and shouted at you and you looked her in the eye and carried on kicking me in the back and neck. When you tore my bra in half from the sheer force you grabbed my breast, when you didn’t reach once for my belongings because you wanted my body, when you failed to have my body because all my neighbours and family came out, and

> you saw them face-to-face. When CCTV caught you running from your attempted assault on me… and then following another woman twenty minutes later from the same tube station before you were arrested on suspicion. When I was in the police station until 5am while you were four floors below me in custody, when I had to hand over my clothes and photographs of the marks and cuts on my naked body to forensic teams – did you ever think of the people in your life?

This is from an open letter to her attempted rapist which went viral. What is most tragic about the letter is its naivety and that it exposes in full the fact that here in the West people genuinely believe everyone is born equal and that everyone is the same. As is put pretty well here, black people do not have the same feelings as white people, and whatever our moral educators and betters (:^)) in the West have led white people to believe, ethnocentrism is completely normal outside of the West, while whites are the only people who came to develop much of a conscience for those not in any traditional ‘in-group’.

The equivalent of a heartfelt letter to a Somalian rapist

She continues:

> I don’t know who the people in your life are. I don’t know anything about you. But I do know this: you did not just attack me that night. I am a daughter, I am a friend, I am a girlfriend, I am a pupil, I am a cousin, I am a niece, I am a neighbour, I am the employee who served everyone down the road coffee in the café under the railway. All the people who form those relations to me make up my community, and you assaulted every single one of them. You violated the truth that I will never cease to fight for, and which all of those people represent – that there are infinitely more good people in the world than bad.

SHEEEEEEIIIIIIT. What all dis? Me? A dindu nuffin. A got ma rights. Yo where da white women at?

Because of the lies of Boas, Gould, et al. about human biodiversity, and due to naive white universalism, Wells spouts tragic paragraphs like the above, thinking black people are the same as her and that they see everyone as an equal.

Jane Kelly wrote about Wells' attack in the Spectator, pointing out that in the 1980s she had had a black try to strangle her before attempting rape and that she had been 'saved by locals' (read: white people). She said she'd made the mistake, when writing an article about her attack, of mentioning the assailant's race and said that the left, at the time, had blamed her for her assault and accused her of 'racist body language'. Thus she said she understood why Wells wrote a letter which avoided any allusion to her attacker's background, and also pointed out that the BBC and

none of the national papers had done this either. For all anyone knew, Ione's rapist was another Ched Evans - one of the evil whites the press never tires of highlighting and warning about. Her campaign, which was hashtagged #NotGuilty, didn't really gain anywhere near the attention of any of the campaigns against Evans. No one criticised the Somali youth, or talked about 'cultural' problems like they do with white men nor anything else.

One problem when trying to get through to white women who have been infected by feminism, as well as men (though they are fewer), is that they have been weaned on 'privilege theory', by the likes of Jew Noel Ignatiev, which is that it that those supposedly with more power should defer for people supposedly with less power. It is also why when a black person says 'whites are evil', someone calling him a racist doesn't work for the brainwashed. Because racism is prejudice + power and therefore can only be done by whites. And merely mentioning Jews means you're a Nazi, so that's a non-starter.

A brainwashed white woman went to Haiti and was, predictably, raped by a black man and proceeded to blame his actions on 'white patriarchy'.

‘Rape’ is obsessed about in feminism not for the sake of women, but entirely to demonise white men. Monstrous, violent stranger rapes, which are far more characteristic of some types of non-white men, are airbrushed out of the narrative by the media, their actors and victims inconvenient. Meanwhile ‘rape culture’ is shouted about from the rooftops of every university, magazine, blog and newspaper as a huge threat to women, and women who have had drunk sex or regretful sex are encouraged to feel as much resentment as possible, with feminists convincing them that they are victims of a terrible crime that they must feel angry and upset about. If they cared about women at all, then the spotlight would be on keeping safe from violent stranger rapists. But it’s not about women. It’s about white people.

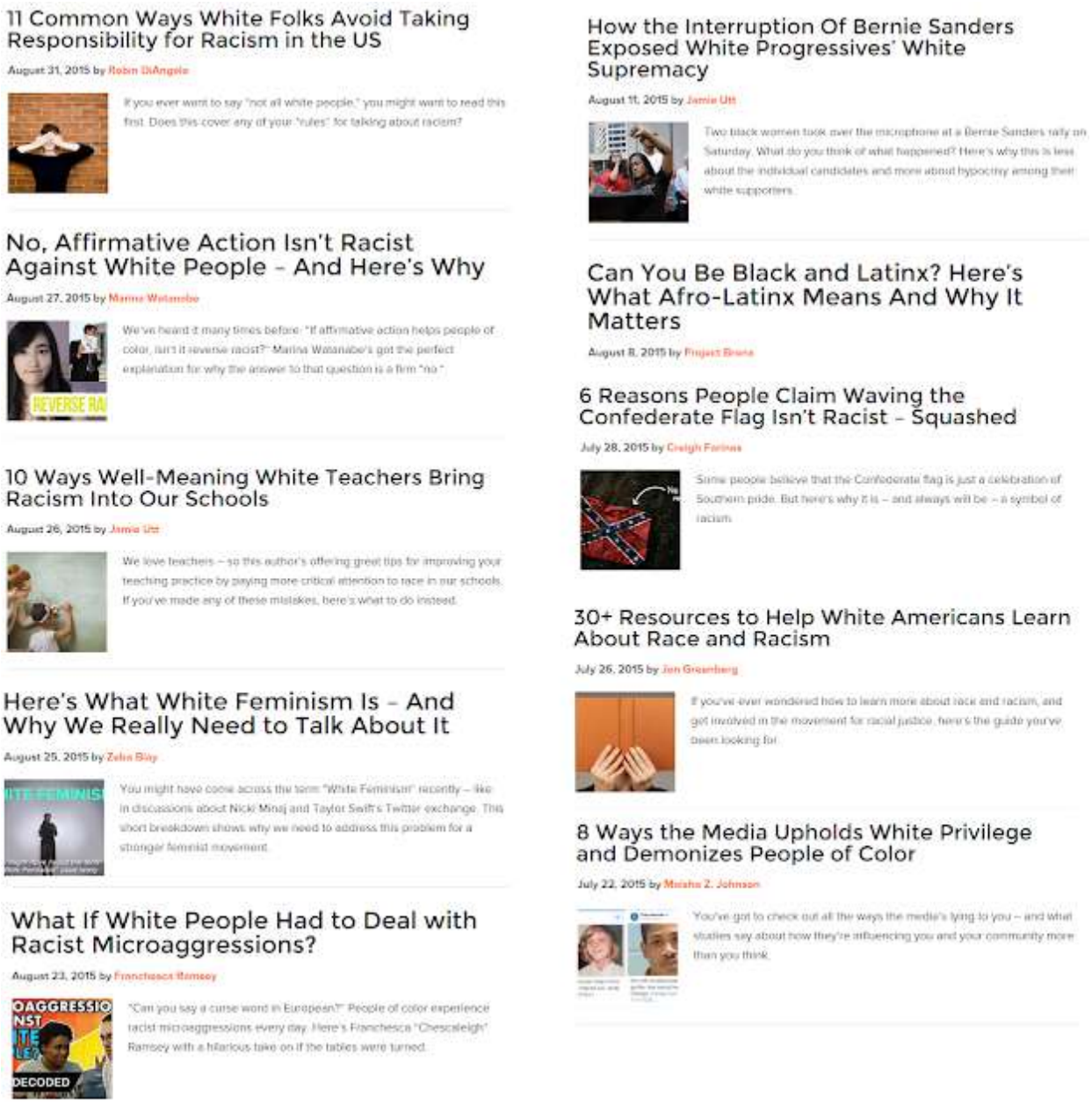
Fourth-Wave Feminism and the Outright Assault on White People

What we are seeing now is that feminism has moved from the Jew-controlled sphere of stopping white people from breeding with white people (although this is very much in place with the transgender lobby, which pumps white children with sterilising

hormones) and is now controlled by a coalition of hostile anti-whites drunk on Jew-juice claiming that whites are evil and to blame for everything. That Jews have lost control is evident from the fact that Jew feminists are being criticised as if they were the evil whites (*these goys never heard of the Holocaust??!?!!*), as shown in the massive criticism of the likes of Lena Dunham for not packing her TV show Girls with negroes. But the result is certainly no better, though.

'Privilege theory'—or, that the only reason there are more men in certain plum jobs than women is down to discrimination—has worked its wonders, so that white feminists are easily tricked into thinking that the reason they earn more than men 'who could be brothers of Trayvon' is because of evil white racism, much as with white men it was supposedly down to sexism.

Rowan Blanchard, some sort of tween actress aged thirteen with 'Middle Eastern and Northern European ancestry', 'spoke out' on Instagram about 'white feminism' and talked about how white women are oppressing black women and trans 'women'. A website typical of this sort of feminism, which is the prevalent sort to be found now among under-20s and the ever-growing non-white component within this age group, is Everyday Feminism.


11 Common Ways White Folks Avoid Taking Responsibility for Racism in the US
August 31, 2015 by Robin DiAngelo
If you ever want to say "not all white people," you might want to read this first. Does this cover any of your "rules" for talking about racism?
No, Affirmative Action Isn't Racist Against White People – And Here's Why
August 27, 2015 by Marina Watanabe
We've heard it many times before: "If affirmative action helps people of color, isn't it reverse racist?" Marina Watanabe's got the perfect explanation for why the answer to that question is a firm "no."
10 Ways Well-Meaning White Teachers Bring Racism Into Our Schools
August 26, 2015 by Jamie Utt
We love teachers – so this author's offering great tips for improving your teaching practice by paying more critical attention to race in our schools. If you've made any of these mistakes, here's what to do instead.
Here's What White Feminism Is – And Why We Really Need to Talk About It
August 25, 2015 by Zeba Blay
You might have come across the term "White Feminism" recently – like in discussions about Nicki Minaj and Taylor Swift's Twitter exchange. This short breakdown shows why we need to address this problem for a stronger feminist movement.
What If White People Had to Deal with Racist Microaggressions?
August 23, 2015 by Francheska Ramsey
"Can you say a curse word in European?" People of color experience racist microaggressions every day. Here's Francheska "Chescaleigh" Ramsey with a hilarious take on if the tables were turned.
DECODED
How the Interruption Of Bernie Sanders Exposed White Progressives' White Supremacy
August 11, 2015 by Jamie Utt
Two black women took over the microphone at a Bernie Sanders rally on Saturday. What do you think of what happened? Here's why this is less about the individual candidates and more about hypocrisy among their white supporters.
Can You Be Black and Latinx? Here's What Afro-Latinx Means And Why It Matters
August 8, 2015 by Project Brave
6 Reasons People Claim Waving the Confederate Flag Isn't Racist – Squashed
July 28, 2015 by Craigh Farlines
Some people believe that the Confederate flag is just a celebration of Southern pride. But here's why it is – and always will be – a symbol of racism.
30+ Resources to Help White Americans Learn About Race and Racism
July 26, 2015 by Jon Greenberg
If you've ever wondered how to learn more about race and racism, and get involved in the movement for racial justice, here's the guide you've been looking for.
8 Ways the Media Upholds White Privilege and Demonizes People of Color
July 22, 2015 by Mosha Z. Johnson
You've got to check out all the ways the media's lying to you – and what studies say about how they're influencing you and your community more than you think.

Anti-white? No such thing. We're just correcting 'privilege', see?

One particularly heinous article says that white women in relationships with non-white men are 'oppressing' them. While this is great in that the fewer white women who are consorting with

non-white men the better, it all adds to the creeping narrative that whites are worthless whilst non-whites are blameless victims. What must warm the cockles of the hearts of girls gang-raped and threatened with death by married Pakistanis is paragraphs like this:

> It's important to remember that as a white person being sexual with a person of color, you're in a position of power. The fact that you're intimate with one another doesn't erase that. And it can be difficult for a marginalized person to feel comfortable expressing their needs without a safe space being intentionally created by the person of privilege. I've written (okay, tweeted) before about how this plays out even in sexual encounters where only a power imbalance exists on the axis of gender. The issue is this: The power dynamics bestowed upon us by our fucked up, oppressive society don't disappear just because you're intimate with someone.

See, the real problem with the girls who were victims of Pakistani rape gangs in Telford, Rochdale, Rotherham, Oxford and everywhere else where Pakis are allowed to congregate near white women, is that our society is not a safe space in which they can express their needs. In fact, if these diverse and enriching gentlemen were to tell the truth about their much-deserved sexual

needs, there are people in the disgusting and unbearable whiteness of our society who might question, with hate speech reminiscent of Hitler himself probably, these men's right to freely access white girls' vaginas against their will.

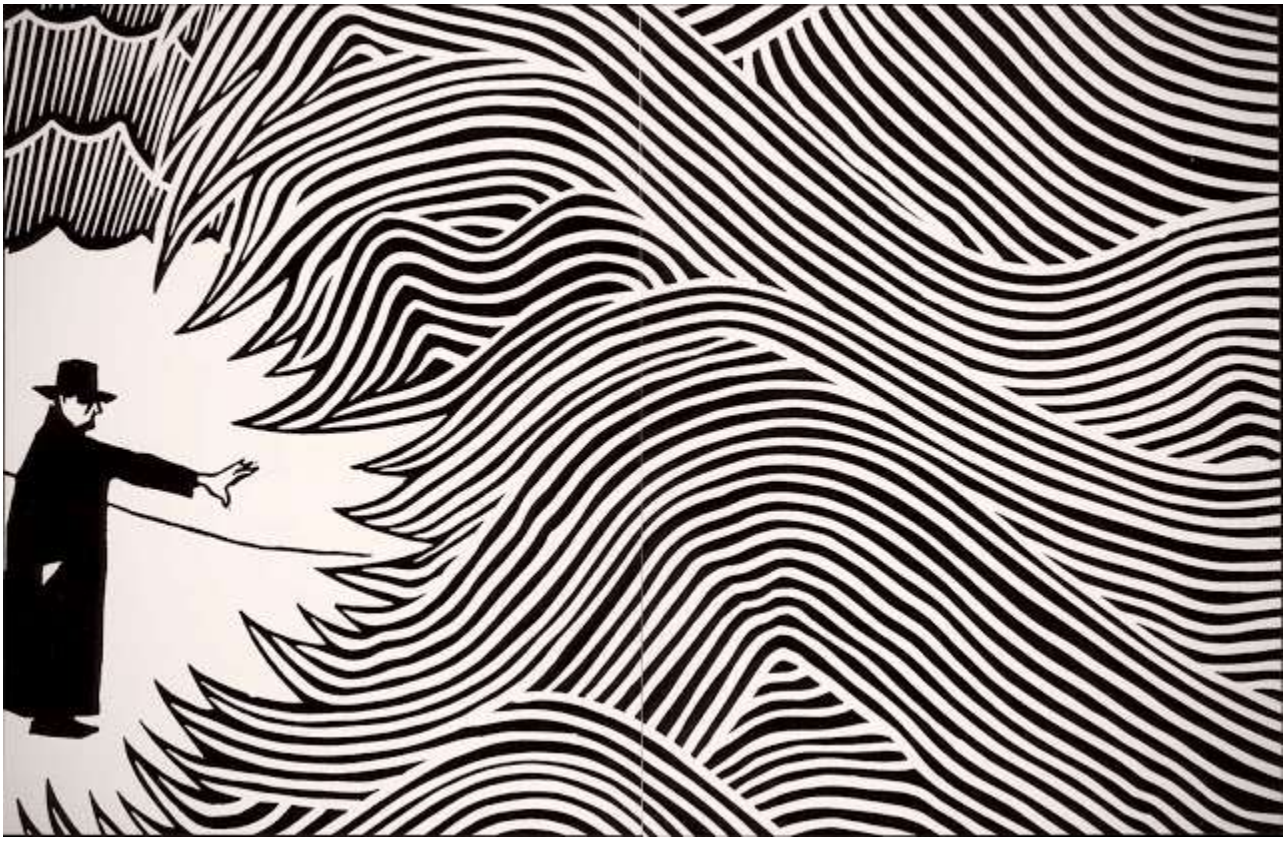
The website is also packed with the sort of Social Justice Warrior who makes me particularly angry—East Asian women. There is a ridiculous piece by one of these women about '6 Reasons We Need to Dismantle the Model Minority Myth of 'Those Hard-Working Asians.' The piece, of course, does nothing to dismantle anything but instead says that this stereotype is a 'tool of white supremacy' and that Asians and blacks need to work together to defeat whites. I can't work out whether these Asian women are stupid or just evil to write these pieces, in terms of whether or not they realise that if 'white supremacy' is earning more than another group and being arrested, yet then 'Asian supremacy' is clearly more than a thing. But they think that because some weeaboos fancy them that this is 'oppression.'

To bring this back to Taylor Swift, this website also has an article entitled '5 Ways Taylor Swift Exemplifies white Feminism – And Why That's a Problem.' The problem, of course, is that Taylor Swift is white and this fact makes her 'problematic'. White women

need to be led away from feminism, and fast, because feminism is an anti-white movement that is destroying us from inside and out and they are not even trying to hide it anymore. And they should be reminded that, when whites are gone, so is the altruism so many white women are driven by and love so much.

Radiohead in the Age of White Genocide

May 2016



I was pleasantly surprised to see Radiohead return with their weird, and strangely addictive, brand of angst-laden introspective ambient rock. Listening to music which could, understandably, be deemed miserable and depressing has often struck me as a particular and peculiar European pastime. What bands such as New Order or Joy Division or Nirvana or Radiohead are actually

singing about is by the by; they tap into a latent melancholia which has always existed in the European soul, which European musicians, whether modern or classic, have always explored.

A brief glance at the titles of Radiohead's songs and albums over the years reveals quite quickly where they are coming from: Fake Plastic Trees, Paranoid Android, Fitter Happier, Climbing Up the Walls, How to Disappear Completely, Life in a Glasshouse, Ok Computer, Sail to the Moon, etc. Radiohead are exploring the isolation, atomization, and malaise of post-modernity: the internal struggles, the dark cloud of feeling that the world, and our lives on it, are superficial, that it simply 'shouldn't be like this!' wrapped up within lead singer Thom Yorke's emotional falsetto vocals and copious dollops of melodic brilliance.

The typical Radiohead song conjures an imagine of an obese slob who watches reality television between random bouts of wife-beating, the wife being a soulless dead-eyed tramp who has no dreams or longing beyond mobile phones and consumer junk. Our slob, in a one-time-only moment of self-awareness, steps outside himself and contemplates the dead animals which he ate

without thinking, his shit job, and the wars being carried out in his name which he doesn't understand and then, allowing a solitary tear to trickle down his fat cheek, it dawns on him that when he was a boy and pure of heart, he dreamed of so, so much more.

So where is all of this stuff coming from? What drives Radiohead intellectually? What sits behind all those cryptic lyrics and lashings of operatic existential angst?

Thom Yorke describes reading Noam Chomsky's 'Manufacturing Consent' as a 'formative moment'. According to Chomsky, privately owned mass media, high finance, the Military-Industrial

Complex, and the political class all co-operate and complement each other in achieving convergent goals. This is ‘The System’, and the System has reduced the masses to a Kentucky Fried Chicken munching horde of farting retards spoon fed ‘Wars on Terror’ as the last hummingbird on earth chokes to death on the noxious gasses created by the furnaces of capitalist production.

Or as Radiohead put it:

concerned
an empowered and informed member of society
will not cry in public
less chance of illness
tires that grip in the wet
a good memory
still cries at a good film
still kisses with saliva
no longer empty and frantic
like a cat
tied to a stick
that’s driven into
frozen winter shit

calm

fitter, healthier and more productive

a pig

in a cage

on antibiotics

There's obviously a good bit of meat for the nationalist to enjoy in this interesting brand of left-wing thought, though it doesn't tell us anything we didn't already know. The problems appear when we delve into precisely who, or what, is actually at the heart of the System. The System, for these thoughtful leftists, is self-perpetuating. Who runs it or why isn't important; it is the structures and power-centres which drive it, regardless of who operates its control mechanisms. It spreads and grows because it must spread and grow; it's more like the Borg from Star Trek, or Islam—it's a virus, and its purpose is to perpetuate itself. You will note that this is not the same as the far more moronic and poisonous doctrines of White Privilege Theory peddled by the more recently birthed SJW school of leftism. Indeed, it's quite reasonable to assume that the System itself created the SJW

movement to misdirect an awakening citizen-consumer as to the identity of the System's operators.

Too Many Woods, Not Enough Trees

Any nationalist worthy of the name should be able to cut through these leftist webs with consummate ease. Why, if the System is simply a means to gain more power and resources and consumers, why then is it so paranoid about one relatively useless patch of desert scrub in the Middle East? To be fair to Chomsky, he has been highly critical of Israel and neo-conservatism in general. He's asked that the Holocaust be made

open to public debate. But only nationalists look deep into the inner core of the System and see, and speak, and create amusing memes about, who or what is there—and as we know, it's members of Chomsky's own group, the Jews. The suspicious white nationalist mind might even go so far as to accuse Chomsky of brushing the footprints of his people out of the snow.

My issue with Radiohead is that they're pouring heartfelt and very white emotions, melancholia and empathy, into a dead end created by the same group who ultimately are responsible for the creation of the System which has created the misery of the world, the misery and despair which Radiohead articulate so well.

Why weep for a tree frog when Norwegian children born today will be a minority by early adulthood? A change which The System has forced to occur within just three decades, a change which will overturn at least 10,000 years of history! That is the ambient rock power ballad I want to hear. And it isn't a million miles away from where Radiohead, or other thinking leftists of this hue, are now intellectually.

Our people will never find salvation in universalist ideals because you cannot possibly defeat a power structure which imposes universalism with yet more universalism. If we establish that nature and the natural is more spiritually fulfilling than crass materialism then why not go further, why not bring it all the way home to the human and then on to the ethnic and racial and understanding that we are part of nature and should be treated as such. Yet for ((some)) reason the intellectual left has no problem with introducing the human equivalent of the tree frog and the scorpion into the Irish countryside if we idiotically call them ‘social constructs’. And so the destruction of the System rolls on, crunching over everything of value like a tank over skulls. There is no way out of the labyrinth of modernity for the leftist mind. They’re trapped.

Or are they?

One of the new songs from the latest Radiohead album ‘A Moon Shaped Pool’, the aptly named ‘Daydreamer’, features Thom Yorke wandering aimlessly through houses, streets, car parks, and alleys. It’s their standard theme of the atomized individual

going nowhere without purpose. The video ends with Yorke scrambling into mountains and finally resting in a snow cave. He has escaped, but he is not yet at home there.

From a strictly musical perspective Lau Nau, a young woman from Finland, is not that far from Radiohead. She deploys a similar melodic and vocal structure to Yorke. She isn't as technically accomplished as Radiohead (few are) but she has escaped the labyrinth of the System. Her music is not a damning critique of modernity or being a consumer drone—she's passed beyond it, she's returned home, she's an Aryan girl in a snowfield.

Has the girl shown roaming in the snowfields in the video for her song Valolle read Chomsky's work? Probably not, and nor should she: it's all junk compared to the purity of spirit, the embodiment of natural innocence and belonging she seems familiar with.

And Radiohead? Perhaps, just perhaps, they and others like them will, one day, find their way out of the maze of modernity, but until then, we can appreciate their postcards from the heart of the System.

KID A
A

What Does Adele's Popularity Say about Modern White Women?

March 2017

If, like me, you're frequently subjected to commercial radio, or worse still, BBC Radio 1, then it's extremely likely that you've also been subjected to the wobbly warbler known simply as 'Adele'. Last year Adele was the third highest earning pop star on the

planet, raking in a cool $85 Million; alt-right icon Taylor Swift was number one, with a boy band number two. The fact that Taylor took the top slot is a sign that not all is lost: it tells us that there's still a vast market for white beauty and an, in theory, traditional, gentle conservatism.

So, okay, fine, but why is Adele so popular? What is it she's selling, and why are so many (**#not all!**) western, white women connecting with it?

Adele has found a rich vein—female heartache, loneliness, despair, and anxiety—and she mines that vein relentlessly. Adele's songs are all similarly constructed, initial pain and hurt moving into a crescendo of power-ballad-laden agony, and you too will feel that agony as your teeth shatter to the power of her vocals.

Take for example, one of her most popular hits, Set Fire to the Rain:

I let it fall, my heart

And as it fell, you rose to claim it
It was dark, and I was over
Until you kissed my lips and you saved me

My hands, they were strong
But my knees were far too weak
To stand in your arms
Without falling to your feet

But there's a side to you
That I never knew, never knew
All the things you'd say
They were never true, never true
And the games you'd play
You would always win, always win

But I set fire to the rain
Watched it pour as I touched your face
Well, it burned while I cried
'Cause I heard it screaming out your name, your name!

When I lay with you
I could stay there

Close my eyes

Feel you here forever

You and me together

Nothing is better

'Cause there's a side to you

That I never knew, never knew

All the things you'd say

They were never true, never true

And the games you'd play

You would always win, always win

But I set fire to the rain

Watched it pour as I touched your face

Well, it burned while I cried

'Cause I heard it screaming out your name, your name!

I set fire to the rain

And I threw us into the flames

When it fell, something died

'Cause I knew that that was the last time, the last time!

Sometimes I wake up by the door

That heart you caught must be waiting for you
Even now, when we're already over
I can't help myself from looking for you

I set fire to the rain
Watched it pour as I touched your face
Well, it burned while I cried
'Cause I heard it screaming out your name, your name

I set fire to the rain
And I threw us into the flames
When it fell, something died
'Cause I knew that that was the last time, the last time, oh!

Oh, no
Let it burn, oh
Let it burn
Let it burn

And if that’s not depressing enough, one of Adele’s more recent hits, Hello, edging toward 2 billion (!) views on YouTube, features an African man as Adele’s ex. Meaning that topping off all of

Adele's other sorrows, she is now what some people might call a 'mudshark'.

But diversity box-ticking aside, there's obviously a massive market for Adele's female-orientated misery, and most of the miserable will be white females.

As one online news outlet, which might or might not be taking the piss, explains:

> SINGING sensation Adele is back with a bang with new single 'Hello', which has been warmly welcomed by women who enjoy sitting alone with some wine and their own tears.
>
> The new album, which the singer described as a 'make up album' rather than a break up album, had left fans worried it would contain next to no suitable songs for crying to after having too many glasses of wine.
>
> 'I was a bit worried, but once I heard 'Hello' I was bawling after about 30 seconds, and that's without touching any alcohol or thinking of my prick of an ex,' confirmed huge Adele fan Alannah Higgins.

> Many ardent Adele lovers have cancelled any plans they may have had for this Friday evening, favouring instead to surround themselves with thoughts of mistakes, tough break ups, failed relationships, and a glass of Savignon Blanc while playing ‘Hello’ on repeat.
>
> ‘I’ve waited for this song for a good few months now, so I’ve a build up of sorrowful thoughts, and I popped round to Lidl last night and bought a couple of bottles after hearing the song would be released this morning,’ explained serial Adele listener Mary Hughes.

Quite.

It could of course be argued that Adele is simply filling the cultural niche which was occupied by Celine Dion or Whitney Houston a generation ago, that of the howling diva. And while there’s certainly some truth to that, Celine Dion’s most famous hit, My Heart Will Go On, which featured in the Titanic movie, was actually a rather sweet love song about two people who genuinely love each other but have become physically separated from one another. Celine longs for the day her man will travel back across the ocean to embrace her once again.

In 2017 Adele’s brand of power sadness makes Celine Dion’s bittersweet romantic ditties seem incredibly mawkish, sentimental, and old-fashioned. Adele’s music depicts an emotional wasteland inhabited by the humped and dumped, the finished via Facebook Messenger and text, the cheated-on, abused, and betrayed wandering the broken-heart dystopia of revenge porn and dating sites. It’s the chart-topping pop-song equivalent to Mad Max 2.

The more pertinent question to ask is not ‘why is Adele so popular?’ but rather ‘why does the well of female gloom run so deep?’

After all, hasn’t ‘The Modern Woman’ got it all? The modern white woman in Europe or North America, today, inhabits a culture and society which places hardly any restrictions on her behaviour at all! And yet alcoholism in women is at an all-time high, and women are beset with mental health issues: 20% of women in Britain are clinically depressed, they’re on pills for their nerves, pills for their insomnia, and pills for their ADHD—it’s a veritable boom time for the pharmaceutical market.

One report in The Daily Mail claims:

> In what has become the ‘dark side of equality’, their drinking habits now resemble those of men, according to the study by the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development. One in five woman graduates regularly drink ‘hazardously’ compared with one in ten for those with lower levels of education.

The Jewish-led feminist movement threw European women into the world of men while proclaiming *'You are free now! We have freed you from oppression, be happy!'* It's similar to snatching a swan from its lake and 'liberating' it by dumping it in the middle of an arid desert. The swan wanders the void and ponders, 'I'm free, but I'm unhappy, why?'

The overly dramatic tone and bombast of Adele's songs offer something of an 'out' to this confusion. Adele's message is not just one of being used and thrown away like trash, it's also one of stoicism: she's saying/screaming, *'Yes, it's tough, but you will become stronger for it, you're a strong woman! You will get through this!'*

But this isn’t really a solution. It gives succour to atomized women individually, but does nothing to address the wider problem of our women being thoroughly miserable and borderline mad in post-modernity.

Almost all pop culture does this. Unless it’s a liberal cause celebre, such as inviting Muslims to live with us by the million, pop culture will zoom in at the individual level, not the group.

So each woman, individually, believes she's in her own personal struggle and all will be well in the end, but when we zoom out and look at this as a group issue we see millions of women thinking the exact same thing. However, pop cultural icons cannot address these issues, because once they begin to comment on wider societal problems they become 'political'—and the solutions to this particular problem do not belong within the 'liberal' zone of thought, and our masters are more than happy to sell out European women to a life of dead-eyed promiscuity and loneliness as long as they stay true in their roles of indentured servitude to the Money Power.

As a genre the 'power ballad' is an interesting one even though most of the songs are crap, because it points to a romanticism: it's attempting to elevate the mundane into something more grandiose.

Every girl can be a princess and prince charming is always on his way with a magic kiss.

A few decades ago Julie, the girl from the supermarket checkout, would have the Eurythmics' Miracle of Love as her personal soundtrack to her 'courtship' with Dave, the local mechanic. The mundane became something more, the cheeky infatuation at the local pub became something epic: love, to be loved, to have somebody love you back, the sheer wonder of it all!

Adele inverts this and hands it back to the women of the current year. Grandiosity is used to conceal and elevate the humdrum lives of modern women, but the reality is that Julie is pulling up her knickers and heading out to catch the bus before Dave kicks

her out because he's set to play Call Of Duty 7 online later. And the 'lovemaking' was not much more than skinny-jeans wearing, nu-male Dave trying to get Julie to agree to all the stuff he saw on the Jewish-run porn channels.

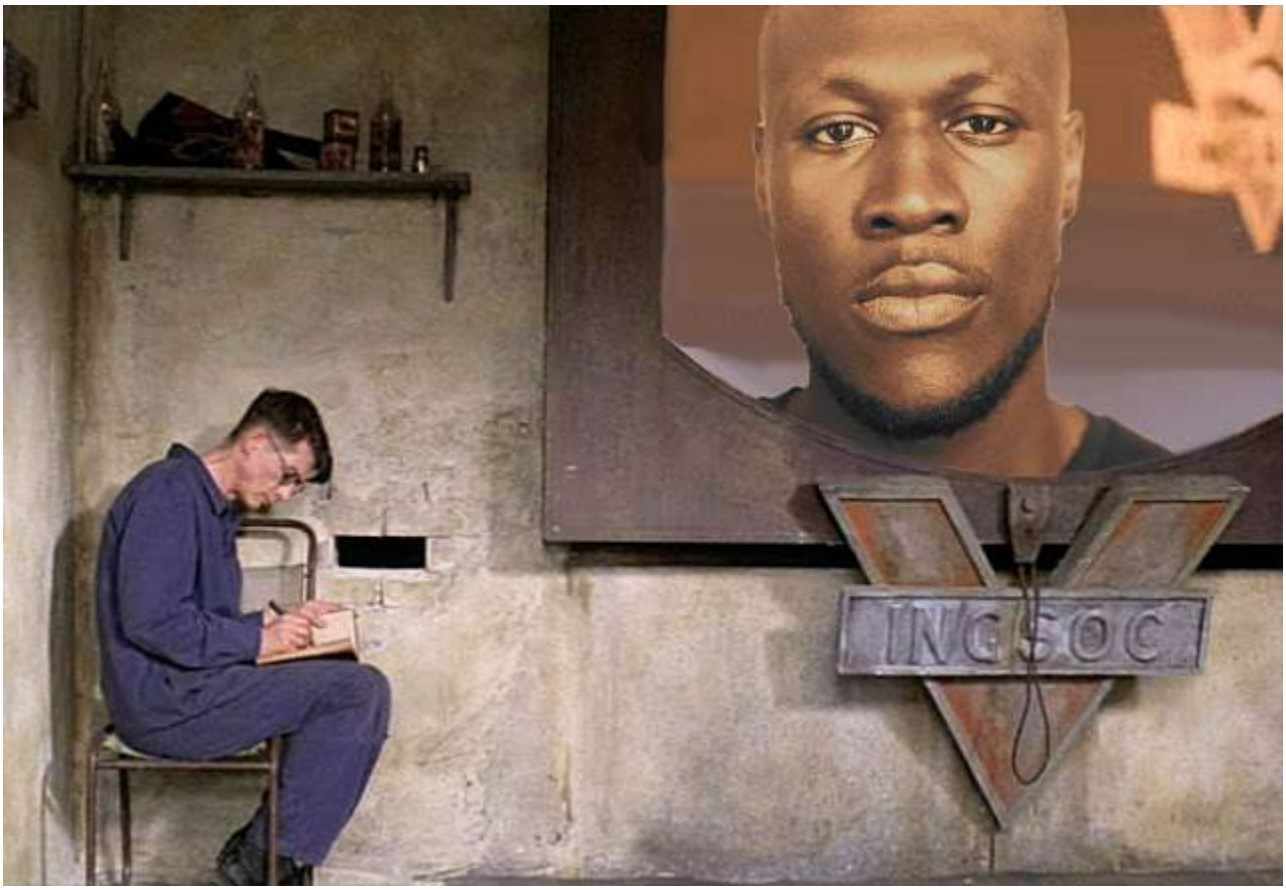
Two bottles of wine and Adele's new album is the solution: then Julie is no longer running for the bus to Sunderland in stained tights, she's defiantly walking through rain in Manhattan, in slow-motion and expensively-filmed black-and-white cinematography. Dave is a stubbly hunk driving off in an Aston Martin.

It was a grand drama played out between two strong and independent people…except it wasn't.

Adele isn't enough for our women. Neither is the wine or the pills. It's often pointed out that white women are the most vociferous opponents of our movement, of traditionalism and nationalism. But as Donald Trump said to the blacks, the question must be asked: 'What do you have to lose?'

A Stormzy in a Teacup

July 2019



I'd assumed that the hysterics over Morrissey posting my video on the rap star 'Stormzy' would have died down after a week or so, that the storm would pass, so to speak.

[Note from the editor: this video is no longer up on YouTube, where it was originally posted. However, 'bootleg' versions of it

existed on Bitchute at the time we edited this e-book in January 2020.

The video argues that, contrary to his image as being edgy or rebelling against the system, the 'talentless' Stormzy was 'wafted up into prominence' by the system itself. He is a figure of 'rubber, plastic, synthetic rebellion', and his function is to 'funnel discontent', 'manufactured dissent', into establishment-approved directions, despite the fact that examination of the lyrics of his songs shows them to be exceptionally violent and vulgar. His phony rebellion against the system is in fact 'pushing at an open door'.

Morgoth contrasts Stormzy's treatment with that of Morrisey. The latter also draws attention to marginalized groups, and the establishment tries to unperson him for it.]

However, far-left activist and champagne socialist Billy Bragg has kicked more life into the drama by appealing to the MSM to further put the bite on Morrissey.

And they've dutifully obliged. The Independent reports:

> The clip, which appears to have since been pulled, was described by Bragg as a 'white supremacist video' that borrowed footage from Stormzy's headline performance on the Pyramid Stage 'while arguing that the British establishment are using him [Stormzy] to promote multiculturalism at the expense of white culture'.

That was indeed my argument and Bragg doesn't even try to refute it. Instead he's decided to run to the establishment media to prove to us that the establishment doesn't have an anti-white agenda.

He goes on…

> The channel that posted the original video also features clips about the 'Great Replacement Theory,' a conspiracy that mass immigration and cultural warfare are being used to eliminate the white populations of Europe and North America.
>
> Today it was reported that research by the Institute for Strategic Dialogue, a UK based anti-extremist organisation, reveals that the

> Great Replacement Theory is being promoted so effectively by the far right that it is entering mainstream political discourse.
>
> That Morrissey is helping to spread this idea — which inspired the Christchurch mosque murderer — is beyond doubt. Those who claim that this has no relevance to his stature as an artist should ask themselves if, by demanding that we separate the singer from the song, they too are helping to propagate this racist creed.'

Let us take the idea that YouTube videos are responsible for the Christchurch massacre, if ideas and concepts have repercussions beyond merely entertainment or intellectual curiosity. If we hold this to be true, then will such a high profile advocate of mass immigration as Billy Bragg take ownership of the rapes and terror attacks which have resulted from mass immigration?

I asked him:

Billy Bragg @billybragg · Jul 7, 2019
Those artists who claim that, when it comes to Morrissey we must separate the singer from the song should ask themselves if they are unwittingly helping him to spread white supremacist theories m.facebook.com/story.php?stor…
MorgothLives
@LivesMorgoth
If YouTube videos led to Christchurch did the pro mass immigration activism that you engage in lead to the #londonbombings and the other horrors inflicted on us by your ideals?
131 1:19 AM - Jul 8, 2019
26 people are talking about this

And he never replied. Indeed, I think Bragg would have been appalled by the suggestion and yet at the same time he cannot counter it.

Here I feel that we arrive at the core of what has taken place over the last week or so. Stormzy's Glasto gig, my video, Morrissey posting my video, and Billy Bragg screaming in pain at my effrontery and sheer cheek: it's that they believed their own lies and myths.

It’s comforting for Billy Bragg to sit in his Dorset mansion telling himself that he’s on the side of the little guy, and if that ‘little guy’ is a multimillionaire cheered on by the establishment then that’s all for the greater good, we’ve come so far. We’ve come so far that Bragg has the MSM on speed dial and can call in a hit-piece from The Independent or NME without leaving his balcony overlooking the English channel. We’ve come so far that any counter opinion can be called hate, and there’s no need to listen to hate, so we’ll just censor it.

All in the name of standing up for the little guy, the oppressed and the exploited, until one day you’re confronted with an actual little guy ranting on YouTube, and he’s laughing at the pomp and ceremony, the pretentiousness of what you’ve become. For the die-hard socialist this is a mirror, and what they see staring back at them is a tyrant.

As a young man Bragg would have railed against Thatcher, he would have seen the industrial heart of this nation being lanced

with neoliberal economics and felt a burning desire to say or sing, in protest.

The immigrants arrived and working class whites complained but it just needed to be explained to them that they were in common cause with the immigrants against the establishment. Convenient to forget that the establishment, and global finance, also wanted the immigrants.

And so it comes to pass that in late middle age Billy Bragg looks down his nose at the protestations of a working class white man, and rails endlessly against another pop star of his era who didn't sell out.

It'd be tragic, if he wasn't such a complete twat.

Part III

Television

White People: MTV Documentary Breakdown

July 2015

White people built America. They also created the means by which illegal immigrants such as Jose Vargas, the presenter of MTV's anti-white documentary, can reach white countries. They also built countries which immigrants such as Jose Vargas would *want* to live in.

In a sane world Jose Vargas would be either already deported to the Philippines or sitting in a prison cell with a white man in uniform demanding to know why he was in America. But America is no longer a sane country. Now the illegal immigrant gets to wander around questioning White Americans in a passive-aggressive fashion. Jose Vargas is a deeply irritating person. His face has large moles or wart-type adornments and he continuously raises one eyebrow as if to say, ‘you aren’t serious are you, whitey?’

The Jewish president of MTV, Stephen Friedman, explained the motivation for the ‘documentary’:

> Whiteness often remains unexamined in conversations about race in this country, even as it acts as the implicit norm against which other racial identities are judged. By shining a spotlight on whiteness, we hope ‘White People’ will serve as a powerful conversation starter that encourages our audience to address racial bias through honest, judgment-free dialogue.

In actual fact, it is Stephen’s people who need to feel the glare of the spotlight. It is the insidious form of ethnic warfare upon

Europeans by Stephen’s people which should be a ‘conversation starter’.

Introducing Top Queer

March 2015

It’s looking like the Jew who runs BBC programming, Danny Cohen, has had the corporation’s most popular show shut down. They’ve been after it for some time because a show featuring three heterosexual white men with a target audience of heterosexual white men is nigh on another Shoah, or at least a crime against humanity.

But Top Gear was worth £300 million to the BBC and it's unlikely they will want to lose that, even if it does mean a great victory against the white devils. So I'd like to chip in with a few suggestions on how Danny could make a new 'inclusive' Top Queer.

The Motoring Muslim

In this segment of the new show we meet Islamic community leaders and Imams as well as your everyday Muslim. In this weekly spot, we will discuss the challenges faced by Warriors of Allah across the globe as they struggle for freedom on tough terrain while being on a limited budget. Just what is the ideal vehicle for holding anti-aircraft weaponry in arid conditions?

A new regular will be Ali the taxi driver, supplying hints and tips on how to hide a 13-year-old white girl in a taxi effectively. Given the new, racist clampdown on sex slavery, this will be crucial to helping Muslim men avoid the kuffar law.

Automotive Africa

Africa is legendary for its technological innovation and spearheading humanity into a new dawn of magic-like research

and development wonders. We celebrate the African approach to science and its crucial role in increasing the world's scientific understanding. One such wonder is the huge improvement Africans have made on the dated and archaic Toyota pick-up. The African version, called the 'Cowota', is both ecologically friendly and safe, a cow not being able to travel above 2 mph.

Special guest Mboto will demonstrate the consummate ease with which Africans living in the west have bypassed the white man's auto-security systems. Examples will be given of how to set fire to a police car and how to drag a white woman through a window while she is wearing a seat belt.

The Bent Bumper

Having finally purged the BBC of heterosexuals and male privilege, Top Queer will feature regular commentary and views from the LGTB community. Hilarity will ensue when our new team of gay and transgender identitarians visit classic car auctions and make fantastically funny jokes about the wealthy straight white men, knowing they can always have them jailed as homophobes if they respond.

On a more serious note our team will start a campaign to have dogging made respectable in all public spaces at all times. Except Muslim areas. That would be Islamophobic, and dangerous.

The Road Shoah

Given the spread of neo-Nazi terrorism throughout the world, we will be joined by the UK Jewish community to explore ways to make Jews drive safe. As the group with the least power and influence in the world it is crucial we look to ways to fund and research the most secure police cars possible, exclusively for Jews.

In the photo here we see an anti-Semitic thug viciously attacking a Jewish family in their car.

Remembering the Holocaust we investigate how Nazis made cars out of the bones of Jews and managed to turn their blood into

gasoline. Show regular Abe Goldhucklestein will begin a campaign to have all German car makers pay a special toll for the horrors they inflicted on Jews. Special investigations will be conducted to see if they are still benefiting from Jewish blood fuel.

The Last Whites of the East End

May 2016

Have you ever wondered, perhaps, why opinions which the majority of people quite naturally hold are, if anyone dares express them publicly, denounced as 'controversial, 'extremist',

‘explosive’, ‘disgraceful’, and overwhelmed with a violence and venom quite unknown to debate on mere political issues? It is because the whole power of the aggressor depends upon preventing people from seeing what is happening and from saying what they see.

—Enoch Powell

This week the BBC broke with all protocol and historical precedent by airing a documentary which was somewhat sympathetic toward the white British who have been ethnically cleansed by the British establishment.

There was some element of the usual BBC trickery. For example, one of the most prominent of the ‘white British’ fleeing Newham, the East London Borough where this was filmed, was mixed race, half Black/white, who was married to a Romanian woman; they had a young daughter. Another young man was half Indian, and one of the people most sympathetic toward the fleeing whites was a Bangladeshi.

But nevertheless, the BBC broadcast a documentary in which white British people who are being ethnically cleansed had an opportunity to look straight into the camera and say *'We're being ethnically cleansed'.* Usually, when the BBC report on 'sensitive issues', they neuter the content by overlaying a moronic slapstick-lite soundtrack to make it all seem a bit of lark; Last Whites of the East End was mercifully spared it.

The demographic transformation of the old Cockney East End has been brutal. The 2011 census reported that white British were down to 16% of the population. And that was taken 6 years ago; it is now estimated to be 12%. Within the area, wards such as Green Street East and Green Street West are now 4.8% white British (!). It cannot be stated enough, there was no democratic mandate whatsoever for any of this, there was no public debate, nobody voted for it; indeed, as we shall see, the British establishment did everything they could to stop the East End Cockneys voting their way out of it via the BNP. If any other ethnic or racial group had been treat in this manner by their own political class it would be considered a crime against humanity.

The general tone of the documentary can be summed up as one of loss and loneliness, the passing of an age. The Oakham family have always been in the East End. Their ancestors were the ‘salt of the earth’ Cockneys Charles Dickens wrote about. The matriarch of the family, Debbie, is preparing herself for the flight of her one of her daughters. The daughter has two children and, like so many others, has decided they should not be brought up as a white minority. Debbie understands but nevertheless, it’s just another bond being severed, another little strand of East End history being cut.

Muslims don’t drink so all the pubs went under. All that remains is a dilapidated working men’s club held aloft on the pensions of those too old and too poor to leave Newham. The landlord of the club describes the club as an ‘oasis’ where the whites can ‘mix with their own’. The grizzled old Cockneys spend their time in the club drinking lager and engaging in nostalgia: *remember the year that…what about the time Charlie….oh he was one all right!* The imbecilic leftist on Twitter might quip, ‘they came here because

you went there' and the club certainly gives an impression of actually being a long-forgotten colonial outpost: lager, darts and old women ballroom dancing as the black and brown Islamic masses shuffle passed just yards away outside.

Mixed-race Tony laments the passing of an age: 'It's all gone'. In times gone by Tony was made to feel uncomfortable because he was too dark; now he's a minority again because he's too white, and with a young daughter he too is now fleeing to the white-flight safe haven of Essex. Because as Tony explains, nobody, absolutely *nobody*, wants to bring up a little girl in an area dominated by Muslim men.

The BBC's soap opera 'Eastenders', which is set in London's East End is often criticized for its non-white quota. In reality, as a reflection of the East End, whites are hugely over-represented, making up around 70-80% of the cast. If the soap was to accurately portray London's East End it would be radically different. There would be subtitles throughout most of the show, non-whites would make up 88% of the actors, and the storylines would centre on the interactions between Somalians, Nigerians,

Jamaicans, Pakistanis, etc. The Queen Victoria pub would have closed down years ago and turned into Mosque or government-funded African outreach centre. Nobody would watch the show because nobody could possibly identify with such a ‘community’; they would switch off, just like the real life East Enders ran off.

During the course of the documentary various people ask how this could happen. The Bangladeshi interviewed scorns the whites for simply ‘throwing in the towel’ and leaving without a fight. Tony tells an anecdote: a young white woman he knew was physically and verbally attacked by a Somalian girl. She was called a ‘white slag’. Tony asked the white girl why she didn’t fight back, why put up with it? She replied that she couldn’t: she was white, and if she tried to do anything she’d be accused of racism and her life would be destroyed; safer and easier to just be insulted—and the non-whites know it. Others in the documentary have other, similar, stories to tell. So in a sense they’ve answered their question. Whites could never fight back. The game was rigged against them from the start. Anything they did would be called racist, and indeed, when they tried to mount a defence by voting for the BNP, that is exactly what happened.

There’s a recurring theme in British politics. Whites will happily vote for Labour or Conservative, and they’ll carry on voting for them as their areas begin to change racially, but then, at last, when it’s obvious that it is an attempt to socially engineer them out of existence, they desperately ‘lurch to the right’—but it’s always too little too late, it’s the last scream before the fall of the axe. This trend was seen in areas of Yorkshire and London during the 2000’s with the BNP. As The Guardian reported at the time:

> The far right British National party is to field a candidate in the race to become executive mayor of the east London borough of Newham.
>
> The news comes on the same day that the home secretary, David Blunkett, attacked the BNP's 'vile racism' and called on politicians of all parties to fight against the far right's influence in next month's local elections.
>
> Newham has traditionally been Labour-dominated and if the BNP is to win it has to defeat Sir Robin Wales, the council's current leader and clear favourite for the mayoral job.
>
> The party's platform includes plans to cut back all local spending on projects that promote multiculturalism, halting any expenditure on asylum seekers and giving 'local British people' priority on housing waiting lists.

By 2005 so many of the white British in London boroughs were panicking that the BNP looked to set to make serious electoral gains. So much so that the entire political and metropolitan establishment, with the BBC playing a central role, united in a concerted effort to destroy the BNP.

From the Guardian's 'Parties unite to try to drive BNP off London council':

> Little has distinguished Warren Northover from any other backroom activist during his five years in the Labour Party. He has attended meetings, stuck down envelopes, handed out leaflets and canvassed for two MPs. But today the silver-haired taxi driver becomes the key figure in a cross-party effort to resist the drive into London of the racist British National Party and to stop it gaining a foothold in the south-east.
>
> In today's byelection in the Goresbrook ward of Barking and Dagenham, Mr Northover, 70, will try to wrest back the BNP's only council seat in the capital.
>
> It was relinquished when Daniel Kelley, who won the ward last September, stood down citing ill health. But the extremists see the retention of Goresbrook as key to a wider plan to capture a block of seats at next year's council elections. They have the springboard of having secured 16.9% per cent of the vote in Barking at the general election and the knowledge that 10 council seats could fall with just a 5% swing.

> But other parties are determined to stop them. Both the liberal Democrats and the Greens have withdrawn their candidates to give Mr Northover a better chance, and the Tories have fought a vigorous campaign. The seat will also be contested by UKIP, which could drain votes away from the far right.
>
> In recognition of the importance being accorded to the contest, the Home Office minister Hazel Blears visited the ward on Monday. The campaign has been assisted by a coalition of anti-racist activists, church groups and trades unions.

Many dispute the motivations of the BNP, claiming that Nick Griffin was a stooge and the whole party a setup, but the point here is that the British establishment was absolutely determined to destroy the ethnic and cultural composition of Cockney, white working class London, and that short of some IRA-style terror campaign there was nothing the whites could do about it. And so they fled. To stay and do nothing meant to live in what amounted to Pakistan, Somalia, or Bangladesh. To protest left you open to attack by the entire governing and media class, as well as violent attacks at the hands of their Unite Against Fascism (UAF) thug gangs. Escape was the only option.

An entire culture and ethnic group, the heart of historical London, now scattered across white-flight zones dotted around South England.

And it still isn't enough. The reaction of the liberal left to the documentary was tediously predictable. The Mirror reported:

> The hour-long programme, aired last night, focused on the disappearing traditional Cockney culture in the London borough of Newham.
>
> Some who tuned in were so offended by the opinions expressed that they compared it to white supremacy propaganda.
>
> 'Hitler documentary in the afternoon, #KKK documentary just finished and now #LastwhitesOfTheEastEnd? F**king British TV at its racist best,' fumed one viewer on Twitter.
>
> Another then posted: 'Just caught up with #LastwhitesOfTheEastEnd on iplayer. A documentary on life in Newham, where I was born & bred. What a load of racist tosh.'

The white British were called racist when they objected to the first immigrants, they were called racist again when they said they were worried about becoming outnumbered and then, finally, they were called racist one last time when they simply left the area.

The rodents of the left are not magnanimous in victory. Their hatred is boundless.

It's quite possible that one of the reasons the liberal left loathed this documentary wasn't just their ideals being exposed as a sham at best and genocidal at worst. It was because many of the vacating whites were answering questions which preempted left liberal thinking. Debbie's daughter, Amy, explained straight out that she 'preferred her own (white) kind' and then added 'nobody minds when the Asians do the same'. The standard response to white flight by the liberals has been to cite 'fluctuating house prices', that it's just people being upwardly mobile—and they're saying this in response to the documentary, despite the white British looking directly into the camera and saying 'I'm leaving because it feels like a foreign land'.

The Last Whites of the East End left me feeling surprisingly optimistic. One of the most terrifying words a nationalist can come across is 'integration' and what this documentary made clear was that integration isn't happening on the scale our enemies

expected. Our people are segregating themselves. It was the story of a battle lost, but not by any means the end of the war.

The BBC Grooming Drama ‘Three Girls’: Catharsis for the Liberal Left

May 2017

When I first discovered the BBC would be airing a three-part drama based on the Rochdale grooming scandal, I prepared myself: what politically correct absurdities was the BBC about to inflict on us now? Would the rapists be white? Mixed? One

thought that crossed my mind would be that the ‘groomers’ would be Polish and their victims young black girls.

I flipped open the laptop to take down notes and readied myself for another wave of psychological hornets stinging and gnashing at my mind.

As it turns out, I was completely wrong.

Three Girls drops the audience right into the heart of white working class life as it is. The girls were not angelic but cheeky, coarse, and foul-mouthed, wandering the urban drudgery in ill-fitting tracksuits, casually spouting lines such as ‘you off with those dirty Pakis again tonight?’

The ‘Pakis’ themselves were portrayed as two-faced sleazy scumbags, and they only became worse once the grooming and exploitation began.

The BBC had thrown out political correctness, and a sizeable chunk of their own guidelines, and were facing this issue head-on. It was astonishing to watch.

As the drama progressed I found myself repeatedly expecting the PC trap to spring. Such thoughts then changed to ‘they won’t go there…oh, they just did!’ One aspect of the grooming issue which I expected the BBC to have particular difficulty with was the Marxian morality of the middle class whites in local government who found themselves ideologically paralysed in the face of a white victim/non-white perp paradox, yet this too was slammed. After the heroic ‘lone voice of sanity’ Sara Rowbotham (brilliantly played by Maxine Peake) confronted the ‘PC’ brigade’ and had to graphically explain that a 13-year-old girl being anally raped by six men in one night was ‘not a fucking lifestyle choice!’, many a Social Justice buttercup may well have had a slight tingling sensation of realising just how far gone they are.

Another standout moment occurred during the trial when a Times journalist who’d been reporting on the grooming issue was

confronted by a typical left-liberal twat and accused of playing into the hands of the ‘far right’:

Lefty Twat: ‘You do know you’re playing into the hands of the BNP and far right? White victim, dark skinned oppressors? You just can’t resist it, can you?’

Times Journo: ‘I understand it’s uncomfortable *for you!’.*

On social media a common criticism of Three Girls came from the alt-lite, civic nationalist, counter-Jihad camps, because Islam was never mentioned at all. But this is just a sign of their own cowardice: what was frequently mentioned was race and ethnicity, but they’re afraid to mention that—their anger needs to be mandated by them rolling out their fave collection of violent passages from the Koran yet again. These ‘Pakis’ are not devout Muslims raping for Allah, they’re a coke-snorting, vodka-swilling hostile racial group degrading and destroying the females of ‘The Other’.

One concern I had that the BBC might be deploying their usual trickery was that the Rochdale grooming case would be dealt with but portrayed as an isolated case and not part of a wider pattern, and once again I was mistaken. As the Greater Manchester Police were called in to deal with Rochdale, the top brass alluded to Rotherham, Burnley, and Oxford; ‘It’s going on everywhere!’ they whispered behind closed doors. And the three-part drama ended with this blasting out onto the TV screens of the general population:

Why Did They Do It?

For three consecutive nights the BBC showed a PC-free drama portraying the brutal realities of multiculturalism, grooming, neglect of the white working class, the idiocy of the liberal left, and the general rot brought about by cultural Marxism, and they used their most treasured TV slot (21.00 – 22.00) to do it. Why?

It's almost three years since the Alexis Jay report broke the Rotherham grooming scandal, and not just the issue of numbers (1,400) or the Muslims, but of the utter indifference of the councillors, police, and child protection services. Before the Jay Report, only the 'far right' were talking about grooming gangs; after the Jay report the issue became somewhat mainstreamed, but even then the excuses and counter-accusations flowed from the liberal left like a torrent.

Jonathan Bowden once quipped that the left deal with their atrocities by 'stepping over them and moving on'. And this certainly seemed to be their reaction to the grooming scandals being exposed across England. After the Jay report, many expected angry mobs of pitch fork wielding vigilantes to begin

burning out Pakistanis and Muslims, but nothing happened. The left stepped over it and waded on, seemingly unstoppable.

But the reason there was no mythical ‘backlash’ against the Muslim community was illustrated very well in Three Girls. To put it simply, there is no longer a white ‘community’ left. The working class white men can’t round up the lads from the pub and go ‘Paki bashing’ because there’s no longer even a pub. Life now centres around buying some drink from the supermarket and watching the telly with little knowledge of, or interaction with, a wider community.

Isolated and atomised, forgotten and dumped by their own politicians, they sit in their council houses trying to make sense of it all. But what they do have, besides reality television, is the internet and social media.

The anger and resentment about Islamic grooming had not been forgotten or forgiven, it had gone underground. As the leftist beast strode on over the buckled and pain-stricken bodies of 13-year-old girls from Yorkshire, millions of people were sharing memes and Tommy Robinson YouTube videos, collating the data, putting together the pieces of the puzzle, *'it was happening everywhere!',* the 'lefties' were facilitating it, and certain catchphrases and terms were being whispered across the land:

1400 in Rotherham

Paki paedos protected by PC

Lefties covered it up!

Too politically correct, they let them get away with it.

Labour is the party of child rape

Didn't do anything because the girls were white.

300 white girls raped in Oxford

Guardianistas

It's happening everywhere!

The police knew!

BBC……

The liberal left in Britain thought they had stepped over the grooming epidemic but they hadn't, they'd been infected by it, shackled to it. Their disgusting little secret came out with the Jay Report, but rather than it being the head-shot we all hoped for, it turned out to be a poison dart. Every time they prattled on about 'inclusion' and 'tolerance' they alienated yet more of their base. Every accusation of 'racism' and every grandstanding speech on 'vibrancy' simply served to spread the infection further.

The liberal left in England became a sick joke, preaching their own virtue from their pedestals in the mass media with a ten ton granite block inscribed with ‘Rotherham 1400 white girls’ dangling around their neck. Every Labour activist, every liberal snowflake, and every media luvvie has been hounded by the grooming issue countless times. The situation was untenable.

And so the time had come for a cleansing, for a ‘ok, look…’ for the liberal establishment to purify themselves before the nation. That’s what this BBC 1 drama was all about. For three nights last week the most watched media outlet in the land handed itself over to a prolonged act of liberal-left catharsis, to cleanse themselves of their sins against us.

It’s a good start, I suppose, but we don’t want to spend the next ten years listening to the liberal left say sorry as they continue agitating for more immigrant rapists, we just want our country back thanks, and until we get it this war doesn’t end.

Star Trek Diversity: We Are the Klingons Now!

September 2017

The opening credits to Star Trek Discovery are a veritable barrage of Goldmans, Meyers, Kurtzmans, and Wisemans that come at you like photon torpedoes slamming into a warp drive. I'd heard the rumours that this was the most blatantly anti-white show ever made, but nevertheless, I boldly went where few white nationalists had gone before, deep, deep into the Jewish-controlled Alpha Quadrant of mass entertainment.

So just how bad is it? Well, luckily for me popular YouTubers Black Pigeon Speaks and Dave Cullen have already done the leg work and hunted down various statements from the cast, writers, and producers that prove that, yes, Star Trek Discovery's subtext is rabidly anti-Donald Trump and white nationalism, and that's handy because I can now jump into the good stuff without having to spend 500 words establishing it as a fact.

Discovery is set 10 years before the original Star Trek series. The main protagonist is a black woman whose character is called 'Michael Burnham' because in the future no names will be gender specific; the actress's actual name is 'Sonequa Martin-Green'. Burnham is first officer on the Federation ship 'Shenzhou' captained by a middle-aged oriental woman (Michelle Yeoh) and assisted by a gay amphibian creature as science officer—he's as close as we're going to get a white male for some time.

The future…

On a mission at the very edge of Federation space, Burnham investigates an ancient Klingon religious beacon, then promptly murders the Klingon priest guarding it, in Klingon space! This, quite understandably, triggers the Klingons, who now find that the Federation's progressive liberalism and multi-alienism is encroaching upon their territory and threatening their identity. They just want to be left alone in their part of the galaxy but Star Trek Diversity has other plans for them.

When a Klingon warship arrives to investigate the desecration of the religious beacon and the murder of their High Priest by Burnham, Burnham advises Michelle Yeoh to immediately open fire, just to be safe. This is of course a rejection of the classic liberal values at the heart of the Star Trek universe and Michelle Yeoh tries to explain it (repeatedly) to Burnham. However, Burnham argues that there's simply no dealing with fascist scum such as the Klingons, they have to be 'no-platformed' and shot before they can even speak.

As the two women squabble and bicker we're 32 minutes in and the first white man arrives (an admiral) via hologram. However, he's promptly lectured to by Black Lives Burnham on his ignorance in confusing race and culture. After 30 seconds of airtime this remnant of the ignorant white power structure is sent packing. Burnham then overpowers Yeoh via a Vulcan grip and takes command of the ship, lying to the gay frog guy and demanding that the Shenzhou fire upon the Klingon ship.

Just in case you didn't get the message, Klingons will turn white so that you do…

So what we have here is essentially the debate taking place within liberal-left circles after Trump and the resurgence of a white racial identity. Black Lives Burnham represents the social justice nut component and Yeoh the classic liberal side. Yeoh is a sort of Sargon of Star Trek trying to mediate between the two warring factions—and naturally, the aggression is all coming from the SJW's. I guess an SJW could be triggered by how they're presented here, but then again they haven't been cast as Klingons! And the creators certainly seem to be saying that the

Federation’s ideals are incapable of coping with the Alt-Klingon Empire.

Interestingly, the Klingons themselves are in a state of weakness. They aren’t the glorious empire of old but a scattering of tribes under local warlords. Burnham’s fear is that if suitably angered they could unite and pose a serious threat to the federation. The problem is that Burnham and the Federation are responsible for the Klingon backlash in the first place.

Unlike the Federation, the Klingons speak frequently of ‘honour’ and ‘tradition’ and ‘ancestors’. The people and creatures which make up the Federation are unable to speak in such terms because they’re essentially just a power-hungry blob of atomized individuals; their aim is to absorb the entire galaxy into their amorphous progressive mass. Dave Cullen had it spot on in his video: the Federation have become The Borg. cultural Marxism and social justice are simply the intermediary stages.

The Klingons understand this, too. Their leaders lament that the encroaching liberal Federation will mean the end of their race,

their peoplehood, and identity. One of the script writers admitted that the often used line ‘We Must Remain Klingon’ was code for Trump’s ‘Make America Great Again’ phrase.

Actual dialogue from ‘STD’.

After the inevitable set-piece battle, the Klingons begin beaming their dead out from the void of space and into their ships for full burial. The Federation show no concern at all for their dead, but they do conjure up a plan to hide a neutron bomb inside of dead Klingons so their ship can be blown up from inside, a plan which they then carry out without hesitating for a nanosecond.

The two-part pilot winds down with ‘Dindu Nuffin’ Burnham standing trial for:

Instigating a war.
Mutiny
Murder
Gross misconduct
Being held responsible for the 8,000 dead Federation officers in the conflict she caused.

The only message a reasonable person can take away from this catastrophe is: *Never let a black woman do anything more important than clean toilets.*

But in the end what Star Trek Discovery represents is mind-numbing arrogance, hubris on a cosmic scale. The people behind this trash have cast themselves as psychotics, megalomaniacs, murderers, and above all, retards.

Star Trek Discovery is a commentary by the Jewish entertainment industry, and liberal elites in general, on the rise of a right-wing

populism. But the reason for that rise in populism is the mentality on display in the show they created; we're dealing with people so out of touch they've demonized themselves in their own propaganda!

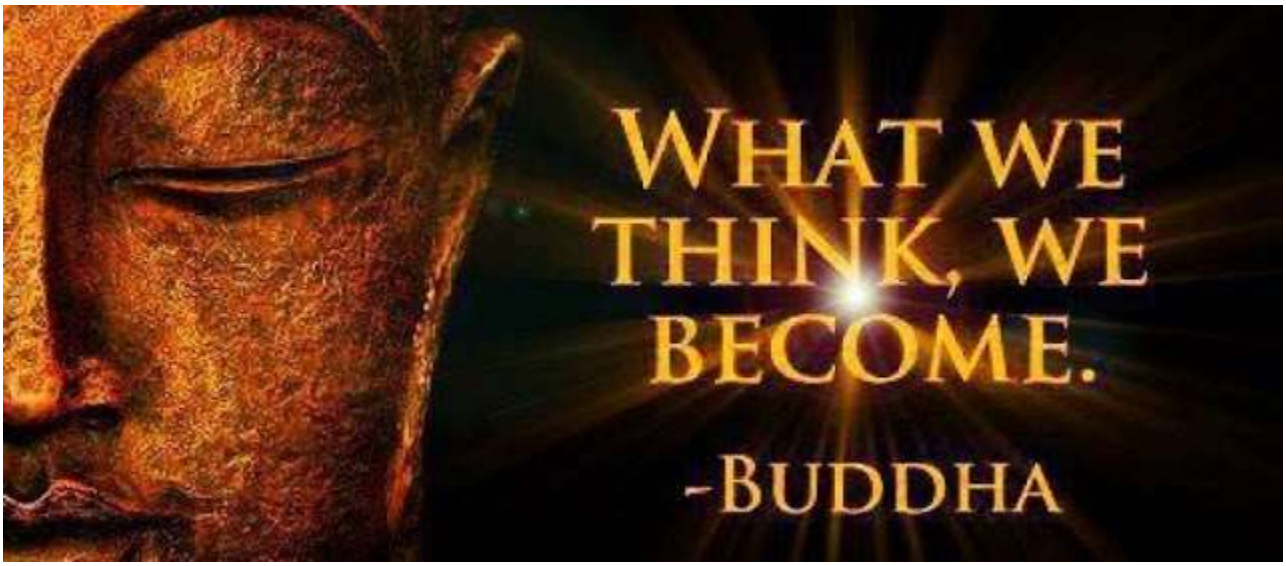
Star Trek Diversity features three factions, Black Lives Burnham's 'bash the fash', Michelle Yeoh's 'let's hear their ideas' classic liberal, and the Klingon's 'just leave us alone or die!' And the writers and producers have decided that the bash the fash Anti-fa position is the most morally sound, despite acknowledging that they're also to blame for the violence.

They're explaining to us through the Klingon story arc:

'We know why you're angry, we know we started this, but we don't care, we're going to keep coming for you anyway, and if classic liberals have to get the phaser too, then so be it!'

The Buddha and the Borg

October 2017

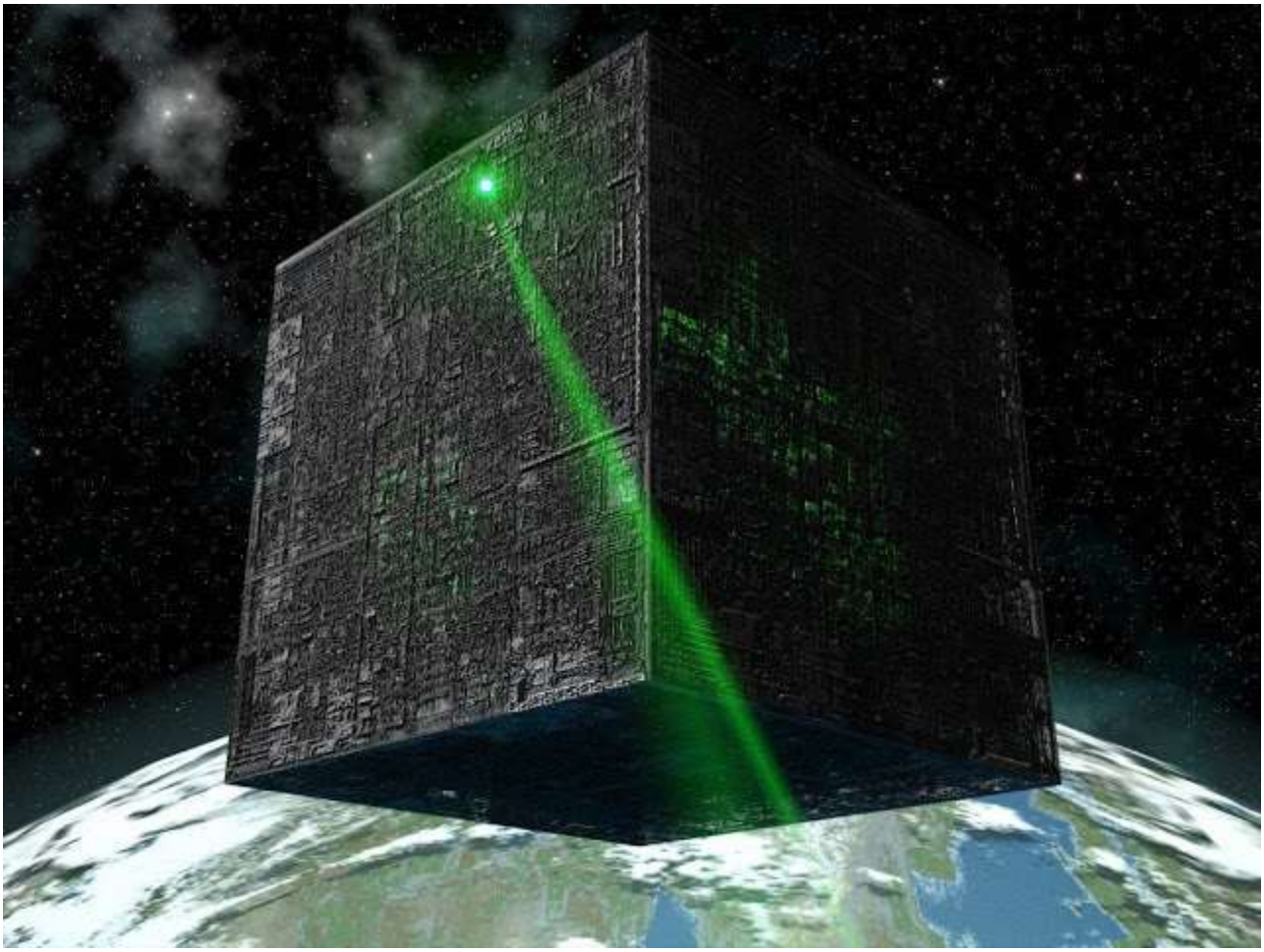


I've recently been paying attention to some YouTube drama centred around a liberal YouTuber called 'Mouthy Buddha'. The story began back in early summer when Mouthy Buddha decided to begin investigating the alt-right in a series of well-made, highly polished videos. As the series progressed Mouthy Buddha, who I believe is Latino (don't quote me on that), became increasingly sympathetic to the 'talking points' of the alt-right, which culminated in an objective analysis of 'The Jewish Question' and even a follow up video called 'Was Hitler a Bad Person?'.

Needless to say, the free thinking skeptic/classic-liberal crowd on YouTube began squawking hysterically and cluck-clucking at discovering that yet another from within their ranks had turned to the Dark Side. Sadly, it now appears that Mouthy Buddha is undergoing some kind of personal breakdown; he's deleted a few videos and in a livestream entitled 'Walking away from the red pill' Mouthy Buddha suggests he'll be taking an extended break from YouTube and political commentary.

This is of course simply the travails of a minor e-celeb on YouTube. But what interests me is that Mouthy Buddha genuinely was objective in his exploration of white nationalism, Jewish power, and the history of deep animosity between Jews and European nationalists. It's an old and bloody history and it left Mouthy Buddha's liberalism, and therefore his identity, in tatters. Mouthy Buddha's red-pilling revealed the flaws in his liberal ideals quite brutally. For example, Mouthy Buddha believes the demographic destruction of white people in their own lands is morally wrong, but what whites would have to do in order to save themselves would be unacceptable. You can almost hear the

classic liberal synapses in his brain snapping, and I don't say this to mock or gloat.



Contemplating all of this made me think of an old episode of Star Trek: The Next Generation. I've never been a Trekkie but this episode always stuck with me. The plot features an appearance from the God-like entity known simply as 'Q'. Q warns Captain Picard that the Federation are travelling too far, too fast, across

the galaxy and they aren't prepared for what lies in wait for them in the outer reaches. Picard, with the usual haughty arrogance of the 'enlightened' liberal replies, 'We're resolute, we're unwavering, with reason, logic and respect, we're quite prepared for anything which awaits us, thank you very much!'

Q then clicks his fingers and transports the Enterprise across the galaxy to an uncharted region. Within minutes Picard and his crew have engaged 'The Borg'. You can't 'reason' with The Borg, you can't sit The Borg down and have a debate, offer them a platform and hear their opinions while they in turn listen to your own. The Borg are the antithesis to the classic liberal ideal. The show's writers created them for that purpose: the high sounding universal principles break down, fall apart. What remains is a far more bestial and cruel reality: you kill and destroy, or you will be killed and destroyed.

Picard acknowledges as much when he begs Q to get his ship the hell away from The Borg. Q quips: 'It's wondrous out here, but it's not for the timid!'

Both Mouthy Buddha and Captain Picard learned a valuable lesson: Liberalism is a lie, it’s the rainbow umbrella ‘humanity’ sits under as they thrust rusty shanks into each other’s ribs. The crime is in noticing and exposing the facade.

Where does one turn when truth is taboo? Speak it regardless, with everything that entails, and attain an inner peace and virtue, or become just like the blowjobs-for-stardom feminists of Hollywood and rot from within?

Welcome to the Colosseum: Britain's Got Talent

May 2018

Already long ago, from when we sold our vote to no man, the People have abdicated our duties; for the People who once upon a time handed out military command, high civil office, legions — everything, now restrains itself and anxiously hopes for just two things: bread and circuses.

—Juvenal, Satire 10.77–81

All of us are lying in the gutter, but some of us are dreaming of a three-legged dog on a skateboard.

At the court of King Simon Cowell (yeah, I know) one thing and one thing only is demanded of the consumer units dragged up on stage, it is that they entertain. In a society in which all major decisions are made by think tank, PR spin doctors, and central bankers in face-time calls to the Deep State, the powerless goyim need to be entertained, they need those circuses, and that is what Britain's Got Talent (BGT) provides.

It's entertainment as blood-sport. The masses get to leer and cheer at their brethren who've had the audacity to try and crawl out of the banality of the night-shift and supermarket checkout and into the limelight. The God-King Simon has the power to break somebody's spirit forever or catapult them into the stars with nothing but an over-sized buzzer and a carefully manicured eyebrow.

Britain's Got Talent has no time for left-wing egalitarian nonsense. It is brutal: entertain or die, entertain or have four buzzers pull the

plug on the music and lights and leave you standing alone on a stage in the dark with ten million people giggling at you. Not all acts are equal, some are more entertaining than others, and only the most entertaining stand a chance of surviving Simon and his panel of talking hairdos.

Neither is Britain's Got Talent as politically correct as one might think. The first episode of the new series featured a dance troupe of young girls from Manchester. Calling themselves 'RISE' they're essentially a tribute act for the other young girls blown to pieces by a Muslim nail bomb last year, the most prominent girl lost the ability to walk and now sits in a wheelchair.

The nicest selection of white girls you'll see all year are terror victims

It's interesting that these girls were allowed a place on the largest platform in the country to highlight their suffering at the hands of a Muslim terrorist, still more so when we notice that they're gloriously white British. So what is going on here?

It's almost impossible to overdo the bread and circuses analogy when exploring BGT, because providing a circus for the masses literally is the purpose of the show. BGT is essentially the

Colosseum. However, it is not the place or venue for the cultural battles and political tumult taking place out in the provinces. It is not the home of the SJW fruitcake. It is the mainstream. Its purpose is not to be a vanguard or push boundaries but to normalize and offer a cathartic release.

The issue of Islam in Britain festers in the public mind, and as with the BBC drama ‘Three Girls’, the mass media has to find ways of dealing with it without deconstructing their narrative. And so the dance troupe from Manchester are allowed a platform to perform; however, Islam or extremism will never be mentioned or alluded to, it’s more that these girls suffered a shark attack or earthquake or some other natural disaster.

In a sense the thorny issue of Islam and the increasingly agitated masses is sanitized and made something banal. It, like everything else, can be dragged from the cultural badlands and paraded in the Colosseum for the entertainment of the masses. In that way it can be absorbed and internalized by the masses. It becomes part of our national life.

Atrocity Exhibition

A young black man from Hackney could appear on BGT and rap against knife crime in London, and he'd be loved for it. Simon Cowell once fluffed the pronoun of a tranny, but he simply corrected himself without much fuss. Once again, issues usually deemed 'problematic' are normalized and presented to the populace without the hysterics and preachy bullying of a dyed-in-the-wool leftist.

Would it be possible for the Manchester dance troupe girls to do a performance focused on Muslim rape gangs; could the Colosseum regurgitate that thorny issue for the public? No. The issue of inter-ethnic rape and sex crimes against children is too raw for the mass media machine to handle. *That* can not be sanitized or presented to the masses as simply being part of the British experience, because the ramifications would unravel the entire ethos of the society which the media machine has created and holds together.

The most insidious aspect of BGT is difficult to pin down. It's hard to hate a show which wants you to hate it and revels in its own imbecility. There's nothing to land a punch on; it's like fighting a cloud of gas. In the second episode a smash hit was a soprano-singing 16-year-old girl from Malta called Amy.

She and her voice, the music, the whole package, were quite lovely. Most people watching will very rarely, if ever, be exposed to such music. So why then should far-right traditionalist fascist type such as me be complaining about it?

My problem is that Amy is sandwiched between a Mongolian making clicking noises with his tongue and dogs on skateboards, and a man hopping on a wooden leg and a man with cerebral palsy doing a stand-up routine mocking his robot voice. My problem is that European art and beauty has been whittled down to just another easily digestible lump of ‘entertainment’ to be consumed before the intergender drag routine arrives.

I noted above that the judging system is authoritarian and fascistic. However, the starting premise of BGT is that absolutely everything is merely entertainment. Is Bach entertainment? is Shakespeare the equivalent of an addictive video game?

Of course Amy is more sublime than a parrot dancing on a string. The problem is that she has to compete with such drivel in the first place. In a hierarchical culture with a healthy spiritual life and sense of itself Amy would be lauded in the halls of the powerful and the parrot would be entertaining drunks in a tavern. But in post-modernity everything is ground down into entertainment

value; there is no high or low, no true beauty or ugliness, just the whims of the plebs and their Judaic God-King media moguls.

Game of Thrones: Are We the White Walkers?

April 2016

As Game of Thrones rumbles its way back onto our screens, I thought it worth taking the opportunity to look at one of its many interesting story arcs and plot-lines. Game of Thrones is the only television program I bother to watch. I've heard that the Jewish director has added layers of gay sex which aren't in the books, but I've also been told the series has been toned down quite a bit. Not having read the books I can't say.

Most of the intrigue, murder, wars, gratuitous sex, backstabbing, and general brutality which takes place in the Game of Thrones world takes place in ‘Westeros’, a vast continent comparable with medieval Europe. The political and cultural life of Westeros is centred around several rival aristocratic families, each allying with and then betraying one another. Westeros is a violent and tumultuous place to live, but is relatively stable in that the ‘system’ will always have the same groups struggling for power, and ultimate power resides in control of the ‘Iron Throne’.

It wasn’t always that way, however. Thousands of years ago the ancestors of rival families deemed it necessary, imperative, to build a vast wall right across the northern-most part of the continent. Something existed up there which terrified and appalled them, so much so that they deemed it an emergency to contain it; destroying the threat was beyond them so they walled it off. The various dynasties then spent centuries or more squabbling and plotting against each other. The horror which was still contained in the north, known as the ‘White Walkers’ passed into legend and became myth, something to scare the kids with. A tradition was established wherein tramps and deviants, losers and outcasts

would go to the wall and live out their lives as ‘watchers on the wall’.

‘Oh Christ, have you tried calling them racist?’

In our own cultural and political life the watchers on the wall are the cuckervatives of the controlled right of the political spectrum and overt white racial awareness is the threat which was walled off from the spoiled and infantile centre.

Consider this gem of an article discovered by our friends at Occidental Dissent. It's by Matthew Continetti, Bill Kristol's son-in-law, writing in Commentary Magazine. Excerpt:

> They call themselves the 'alt-right,' a grab-bag category that includes nativists, eugenicists, bigots, anti-Semites, misogynists, reactionaries, aristocrats, monarchists, isolationists—basically anyone who hates today's America and the modern world and the men and women, of any race or religion, who flourish in it.
>
> For a while the alt-right was confined to the comment sections on websites, then it moved to Twitter, then it created websites of its own, and now, most disturbingly, its ideas, such as they are, are being published and defended and celebrated on sites associated with the conservative movement and Republican politics.

The cuckservative right, watching the wall which has kept white racial awareness contained for decades are now in that situation, beg and beseech the centre, 'you have no idea what is coming, if we fall, we all fall!' And this falls on deaf ears because the liberals and lefties are eating lettuce and discussing inter-sectional transgenderism. 'Who cares about a bunch of neo-nazis at the arse end of the internet', they screech.

One of the reasons Game of Thrones is so entertaining is the clever manner in which plots and mysteries are slowly revealed over the course of years. The white Walkers were whispered about by characters, then we got a glimpse; then the watchers on the wall, forgotten by the world, cried out and begged for more men to be sent to the northern wilderness. The bickering imbeciles back in the capitol didn't understand, didn't comprehend or even believe what was happening.

The white walkers appear to be ancient warriors, kings from another era. They are undead. Their true, awesome power, was recently finally revealed. The White Walkers raise the dead, they destroy an army, and then raise that army and make it fight for them. Similarly, the plastic cucked right send out philo-Semites, counter jihadists, civic nationalists, and classical liberals—and we 'red-pill' them and send them back to fight for our cause.

Nationalists might wince at comparing our people to zombies. But let's be honest, most of them *already are zombies*. What we aim to do, and are doing, is to bring them back to life.

The supreme arrogance of the Jewish architects of the present system was to presume that they could build a civilization upon a lie. Like the aristocratic dynasties of Game of Thrones, they forgot that it was based upon a lie; they thought it was ‘just normal’ and that white people simply didn’t have racial or ethnic interests. When such a lie is exposed and fought against it loses, and the civilization (if we can even call it that) which it created will collapse.

Did George RR Martin, the creator of Game of Thrones, think about this when he set about creating his world? It’s difficult to say. However, Martin is an avowed liberal and the White Walkers are not the only threat facing the centre. Far away, in ‘Esteros’, is another army, an army of ‘suppressed’ blacks and mulattoes commanded by a liberal white girl.

But that’s another article…

'White Walkers to the north of me, feminists and Muslims to the south, here I am, stuck in the middle with Jews'

Part IV

Internet Documentaries

Hopkins' Homeland

June 2019

I didn’t expect much from Katie Hopkins’ new documentary ‘Homelands’ and that’s lucky for me because I didn’t get much. Katie’s new film is the latest in a slew of documentaries being produced via the internet by e-slebs, most famously Lauren Southern, who has now retired in a whirlwind of controversy.

The premise of these professionally made and slick productions is always to capitalize on European angst over changing demographics and alienation in the multicultural age. Through Katie, Lauren, and Stefan we will finally be able to get to grips with what the elites aren’t telling us: you ‘won’t find this on the MSM’ is their mantra. Lauren Southern even faked the banning of her documentary ‘Borderless’ to add an extra aura of controversy and edgy vibes to the general circus surrounding the film.

Hopkins’ new documentary ‘Homelands’ is supposedly a meditation on the needs of all people to feel a sense of belonging; in reality, though, it’s the needs of one people to justify the ‘Homeland’ they have in the Middle East.

During the course of a 43-minute production Hopkins spends literally 10 minutes in an Islamified town in a Yorkshire called Savile Town. Hopkins then listens to the stories of the beleaguered, lonely, and vulnerable white British still left in the area.

Given Hopkins' high profile and considerable reach, we could have been blessed with Hopkins challenging the local councilors and politicians, perhaps a trip to Westminster to ask them to justify this ghastly act of social engineering. Instead Hopkins skips over to Paris to see another group people lamenting the rise of Islam in Europe, the Jews.

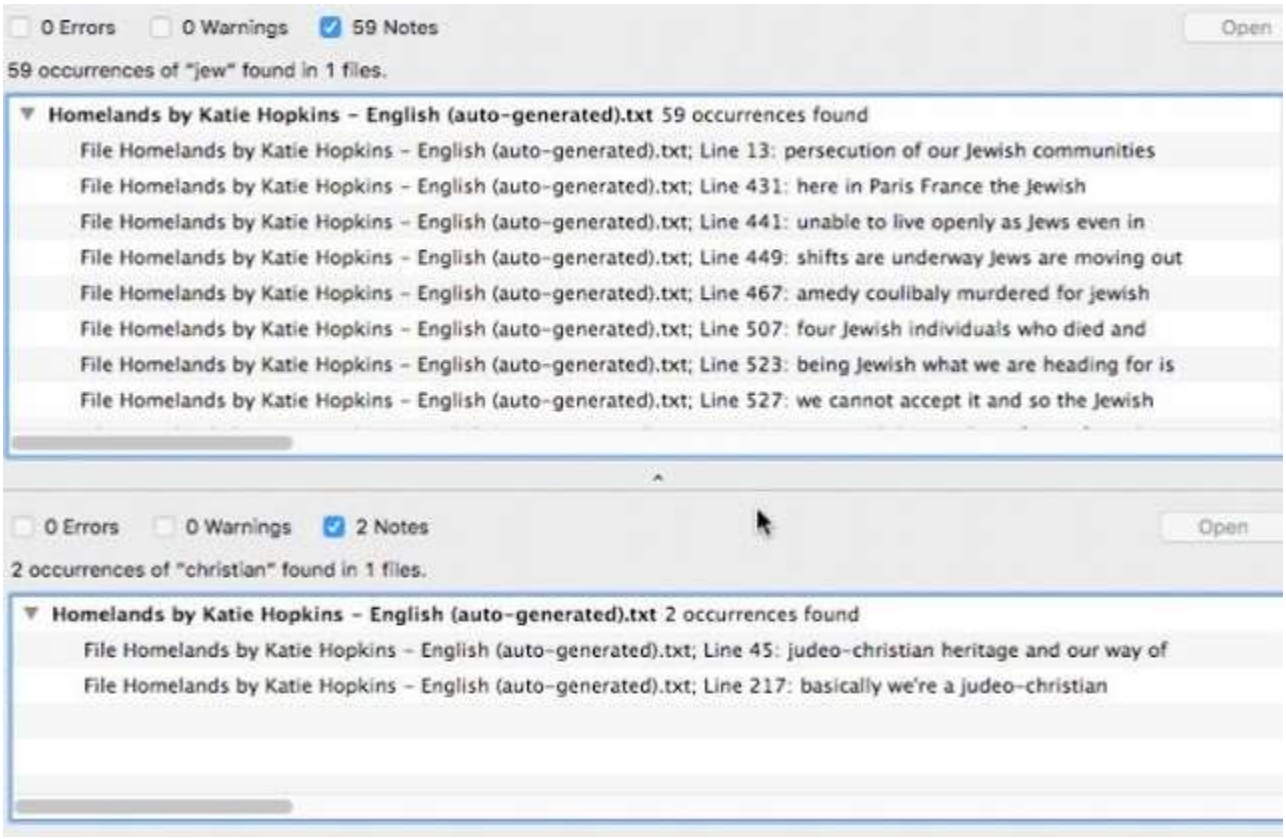
France isn't safe for Jews anymore, you see. In fact things are so bad Katie doesn't waste the opportunity to unload footage of Nazis persecuting Jews, because…here we go again. Hopkins even stands in front of the Champs Elysee with a clipboard and a graph explaining just how uncomfortable France's Jewish population have become.

Katie and her 'Goyim Knowing' chart

Not being exactly a stranger to Counter Jihad sleight of hand and misinformation, I assumed at this point that Katie had doffed the cap and could now at least head back to Britain to focus on the plight of what she calls 'her people'. Alas, no, we're whisked off to Israel to see first-hand how important it is that all people, especially Jews, have a place to call home.

A transcript of the film reveals that the words 'Jew' or 'Jewish' are used 59 times in Hopkins video while the word 'Christian' is used

just twice, and in each case within the context of ‘Judeo-Christian’.


0 Errors
0 Warnings
59 Notes
Open
59 occurrences of "jew" found in 1 files.
Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt 59 occurrences found
File Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt; Line 13: persecution of our Jewish communities
File Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt; Line 431: here in Paris France the Jewish
File Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt; Line 441: unable to live openly as Jews even in
File Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt; Line 449: shifts are underway Jews are moving out
File Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt; Line 467: amedy coulibaly murdered for jewish
File Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt; Line 507: four Jewish individuals who died and
File Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt; Line 523: being Jewish what we are heading for is
File Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt; Line 527: we cannot accept it and so the Jewish
0 Errors
0 Warnings
2 Notes
Open
2 occurrences of "christian" found in 1 files.
Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt 2 occurrences found
File Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt; Line 45: judeo-christian heritage and our way of
File Homelands by Katie Hopkins - English (auto-generated).txt; Line 217: basically we're a judeo-christian

What is the purpose of all this?

If Hopkins wanted to make a puff-piece on Jews not feeling safe and moving by their thousands to Israel, then why not do so? Why bother showing the plight of white Brits in Yorkshire at all? The purpose, of course, is to garner pro-Jewish sympathies in the

minds of the British demographic most prone to supporting populist and nationalist alternatives.

This is why Hopkins, or her producers, front-loaded the documentary with the footage from Yorkshire: that was their ‘hook’. What followed was straight-forward Zionist propaganda that would have bored many to tears, but the narrative was spun: your struggle against the Muslims is our struggle.

The difference being, naturally, that working class whites don’t have powerful lobbies and NGO’s working around the clock to warp Israel’s demographics while at the same time throttling Israeli Jews with hate speech laws.

Hopkins concludes her documentary by musing that the native British do not have an Israel, we have nowhere to flee to. Though a prominent Jew in Israel offers Hopkins a home there for the wonderful work she’s doing.

As Katie is offered a new home in Israel we back in Blighty are offered a choice: take our own side in the fight, or at least the fight

of Europeans everywhere, casting out all invaders and subversive elements, or support Israel on into the future as we drift off into the long night of Sharia. Ultimately Katie's video insists on the latter, and anyway, Israel has nice weather for her.

I thought about responding to this ghastly, manipulative trash on YouTube, but I can't do that because the ADL are wiping any channels which they dislike, and they like Katie, not men like me.

But Katie won't explain that, either…

Part V

Advertisements

Anti-White Advertising: Sky Movies

April 2015

I have to admit I was pleasantly surprised by the new Sky Movies commercial. If you pause it at 30 seconds in, and manually move the progress bar with the mouse, there appears to be an actual white man with two white boys. It lasts for 0.3 seconds and then we return to the diversity.

Unlike that blink-and-you'll-miss-it scene of a normal white man, the camera hangs on another white man and his down syndrome daughter for an extended period of time. I couldn't help but ponder, if this is all the white man is capable of producing by way of a next generation, then who on earth will keep the NHS ticking over? Fortunately, I didn't have to wait long for an answer

because the next scene was of a white woman with a powerfully built black buck.

Phew, thank heavens for that, perhaps this couple will be capable of taking care of the sad white loser who can’t keep a woman and whose seed is faulty. Just to hammer the message all the way home, we are then graced with yet more lavish displays of ‘vibrant’ and energetic kids, almost all of whom are Asian, half-caste or black.

We are then introduced to two more white men. Aha, I thought, a couple of white lads sitting down to watch the footy. Alas, no, they’re queer. And seem to be having trouble with the remote control. We then flash back again, using an uber-modern rapid editing technique which is like a strobe pounding your brainstem, to more multiracial kids. These queers aren’t even going to

manage a handicapped kid, so thank heavens for all of those alpha blacks, and all the white women who are being brainwashed by bilge such as this into obliterating 50,000 years of evolution.

I guess as a white man I'd actually be considered Sky's core audience; despite it all, my demographic *still* represents the most lucrative share of any market. Yet Sky's message seems to be, 'you white guys go fuck yourselves while the blacks take your women'. And they can do it because white men will put up with it. Isn't it about time we told Sky and other anti-white organizations to go fuck *themselves?*

The logical next step from portraying white men as seedless weaklings or queers is to phase them out completely, and that is

precisely what Sainsbury’s did in their Easter TV commercial. Behold the future: white men are extinct and white women serve as baby-making machines to produce mulattoes for Global Inc.

Easy Jet Breaks the Cycle of Life

October 2015

I recently happened to catch an Easy Jet commercial. The budget airline is celebrating 20 years of no-frills travel and dubiously exploiting aviation legal loopholes to provide the masses with cheap flights and holidays. The advert deploys a clever metaphorical trick by using a Ferris wheel to depict the wheels of time turning.

A handsome young white man and woman jump aboard, awkward, hesitant, they fall in love, the years pass. We witness

their hairstyles and clothes change as they evolve from teenage dorks into their 20's. The woman shows a bump, she's pregnant, and soon our happy couple are joined by a lovely little white daughter. Mum and dad go through life's changes, stressed, responsible, doting, dad appears with a neck injury, they've celebrated their first holiday. Our lovely little girl likewise grows, and the wheel of life goes round and round, as the years pass by. Sitting in between mum and dad our cherub progresses from baby to infant to pouting teenager.

It is the circle of life.

For countless generations this cycle of love and birth and death has repeated itself, the European genome is passed on down through the eons by white men and women, from the times which forged us, scratching out a living on tundra and ice fields, to masters of technology and civilization. Onward through time and entropy, the cycle repeats. Eventually the time has come for our little girl in the Easy Jet advert to leave the comfort of the Ferris wheel seat between mum and dad and plant her family. The wheel turns yet again and this time our little angel is gone, and an older mum and dad sit alone once again. But wait, another turn of

the Ferris wheel, she’s back, and sitting alone. Now comes the time for her to find her soul mate and life partner.

And what could be better than a racially alien African buck preparing to obliterate everything the previous thousand generations of Europeans had striven for by producing freakish abominations such as this?

It’s the offhanded manner these adverts endorse our dissolution which hurts the most.

Britain's Top Stores Are Dreaming of an Anti-White Christmas

November 2016

Here in Britain it's become something of a tradition for higher-end department stores and supermarkets to sink a sizable proportion of their advertising budget into producing rather glossy, well-

produced Christmas-tailored ads. They aren't designed to simply flog cheap booze and turkey. They're a cultural event. The aim is to associate the brand with Christmas by delicately plucking the yuletide strings of the British consumer.

The 'Big Three'—John Lewis, Sainsbury's and Marks and Spencer—have recently released their Christmas ads into the British cultural space, each trying to outdo the others in encapsulating that magic glow of Christmas feeling. The actual content of their ads, however, reveals that these companies are not just competing for the market share in goose fat and sherry. They're also in competition with each other to see who can produce the most blatant cultural Marxist propaganda of the season. It isn't enough to shift the most pork pies; these days a company also has to sit atop the Christmas tree as the most gender neutral, non-white patriarchal, politically correct little angel on the telly.

The Dindu Who Stole Christmas!

This year's offering from John Lewis has already been trolled and memed into yet another pro-Trump anti-Clinton howler and it's not hard to see why. The ad features a black family living the English middle-class life. Indeed, they're presented as the epitome of the modern English middle-class family. Long-suffering black dad has decided that the most apt present for his frizzy-haired daughter would be a trampoline…in the snow (?). Having had a nightmare erecting a trampoline in snow and ice, in midwinter, dad then goes inside and the family dog keeps watch over the most idiotic Christmas present ever.

Amazingly, the local wildlife then begin to crawl and scamper onto the trampoline and begin having a jolly good time, much to the annoyance of the dog inside. As Christmas morning arrives the little African girl runs across the ice (which would have been a completely alien concept to her grandparents) and…oh no! The dog is bouncing around on her trampoline! In the Trump doctored version Hillary was the little girl and Trump the dog. And I have to admit, I can sympathize with Hillary and the black girl, because when they see the family dog or Donald Trump bouncing around

on their present I see a bunch of Africans shoehorned into quintessentially northern European tradition.

Festive Feminism

First impressions of Marks and Spencer's entry aren't bad at all. Santa Claus is still a white man and Mrs Claus is a white woman; we can be grateful for that. Furthermore, they obviously have a happy and loving relationship. Great! There's something of an alarm bell when Mrs Claus reminds Santa do go to Australia: is Santa Claus a retard? The ad then progresses and we are introduced to a rather handsome white family, and the young son has written to Mrs Claus…

And it's here that it dawns on you that you've been had. cultural Marxism is a beast with many tentacles. The race-replacement agenda and indoctrination can take a back seat sometimes, but only in order for you to receive a slimy slap from another limb. In this case, feminism. The message being sent out is that Santa Claus is a well-meaning moron and Mrs Claus has to save him from his own incompetence.

No more granny-perm and baking brilliance for this Mrs Santa Claus, she travels via snow jet-ski and even pilots a helicopter (!) while being dressed in a power-bitch suit. This is our Christmas message being filtered through Gloria Steinem and second-wave feminism. Santa Claus, the epitome of the benevolent white patriarch, is bumbling about on his ancient sledge while Mrs Claus gets the work done for him using her helicopter and liberated go-girl ethos.

It could be worse, though…

Carl The Cuck's Big Christmas Adventure.

Finally, we come to Sainsbury's Christmas ad which is, in my opinion, easily the worst of the three. 'The Greatest Gift' features 'Dave' the English everyman who, like all Englishmen, is married to an African woman and has two half-caste kids. Dave lives with his 'family' and what appears to be his African wife's mother. Dave himself seems to have no family background at all. Needless to say, Dave is rushed off his feet trying to keep his

brood of alien parasites fed and watered. He works in a warehouse full of toys and laments that he can't spend enough time with his colourful brood and so invents toys to do his work for him.

The character of 'Dave' I find to be deeply insulting. Firstly, he's a scrawny wimp of a man, and the producers have called him 'Dave' because it's a bland and inoffensive name to hang on a bland and inoffensive man, the Englishman, as they want him to be. Dave sits with his black 'family' and looks utterly out of place because he looks nothing like anyone else in the room. His creators seem to have recognized this and created another beige/coffee-coloured kid with Dave's wavy blond hair, just so we know that he is the dad here and the real baby daddy isn't going to come home and open up a can of whoop-ass on Dave.

The theme of a stressed-out dad struggling to get through work, shopping, chores, and general nonsense in order to get back to hearth and home for Christmas is a running theme these days. And understandably so, but it's based upon the premise that family and hearth is worth all of the effort he puts into making

Christmas special. All Dave can look forward to when he gets home are the farts of an old African woman and gazing into the eyes of his kids and seeing his own genetic legacy obliterated.

People have complained for years that ‘Christmas is too commercial now’, but it’s far worse than that: commerce is socially engineering the populace into the consumers which best suit them. But how many people of the millions who watch these ads will get that? Of the three ‘big store Christmas ads’ and all the money they took to produce, only one has a white family, and only Santa Clause remains as an identifiable, healthy, white man…but for how long…

Part VI

Radio

Essex Girls: A Minority Group the BBC Can Hate

March 2017

The BBC is quite possibly the most politically correct organization in the world, and BBC Radio 1 is the most politically correct of all the BBC's stations and channels. Indeed, to simply state that Radio 1 is 'politically correct' would be an enormous understatement; it would be more accurate to describe Radio 1 as the Event Horizon of the cultural Marxist program in Britain—or, as they unerringly refer to our nation, 'You-Kay'.

It was with some dismay, then, that I listened today to Radio 1 DJ's singling out one demographic for half an hour, and then proceeding to pillory them, insult them, and joke about that demographic. I'm referring of course, to 'Essex girls'. The Essex girl is something of a meme in the You-Kay. They even have their own Wiki page:

> Essex girl, as a pejorative stereotype in the United Kingdom, applies to a female viewed as promiscuous and unintelligent, characteristics jocularly attributed to women from Essex. It is applied widely throughout the country and has gained popularity over time, dating from the 1980s and 1990s.

The creatures which present Radio 1 content are nothing if not ‘diverse’, flitting from homosexual on the morning slot to black woman, then homosexual again, token white hetero followed by Asian, then another homosexual being followed by a black man. Homosexual Scott Mills presented the Comic Relief charity special with a guest homosexual and token white hetero whipping-boy Chris Stark.

And for 30 minutes they giggled and guffawed as they told jokes such as:

> An Essex girl walks into the local dry cleaners, she places a garment on the counter. ‘I’ll be back tomorrow afternoon to pick up my dress’ she says.’ Come again?’ says the clerk, cupping his ear. ‘No’, she replies. ‘This time it’s mayonnaise’.
>
> What does an Essex girl use for protection during sex? A bus shelter.
>
> What does an Essex girl say after sex? ‘Thanks, lads.’
>
> Q. How do you make an Essex girl’s eyes sparkle? A. Shine a torch into her ear.

So edgy, so brave.

From the perspective of the social justice, cultural Marxist narrative which usually forms their world view, they've committed numerous faux pas:

1. They've singled out a group, as a group, and not taken into account their individuality or 'life experiences'.

2. They've 'slut-shamed' women and girls from Essex, thus taking a line counter to the modern feminist version of female freedom wherein a woman may behave like an absolute whore without social condemnation and or ridicule.

3. They're feeding off and into a derogatory stereotype.

I have no idea whether white women from Essex are as promiscuous or stupid as we're told. I very much doubt it. But if they were, I could critique them for it while remaining true to my values. A liberal cannot do so: they're throwing their core

principles away for a cheap shot at an enemy, an enemy who probably does not understand they even are an enemy of the media class!

What's interesting is that this is what passes for political *incorrectness* among BBC liberals. It just so happens that Essex is synonymous with Brexit, UKIP, and working-class whites who actually work and do not live up to the begging-bowl Oliver Twist style working-class white stereotype which occupies leftist imaginations—that's when they pay any thought at all to working class whites.

Essex Man is likely to be a self-employed plumber or plasterer, Essex Girl a dental assistant or hairdresser. The point is they did not go through the university mind-heist and do not need to beg. They're moderately free, both mentally and financially. From the perspective of the intersectional gender studies graduates and 'charity workers' of the modern liberal left, they're an out-group who need to be brought down, a threat which has to be neutralized.

There’s nothing whatsoever politically incorrect about two queers telling each other jokes about certain white female demographics, because if that demographic returned fire they’d be up for a hate crime charge. As Marxists would see it, they’re attacking from a position of genuine power.

Given that Comic Relief was in aid of charity, which simply means sending more money to Africa, an Essex girl might send a cheeky Tweet to Clara Amfo, a black female DJ at Radio 1. They could say, *‘Hey Clara, good luck with Comic Relief, maybe your family back in Africa will get a new well or some dysentery pills LOL!’* But that would be a hate crime and incitement to racial hatred.

However, this:

‘Why do girls from Essex wear knickers? To keep their ankles warm! HAHAHAHAHA’

Is 100% state approved and stamped, forcibly subsidized edginess, and you’re a far right snowflake if you disagree.

Part VII

Books

Thus Spake the Untermensch!

October 2016

This week the Daily Mirror carried an article with this headline:

Britain stops taking stranded children from Calais Jungle temporarily - just as camp is demolished

Under the banner accompanying the headline was this photo:

Whenever healthy white men look upon such a bunch of men set to invade the civilization we've built, something is 'triggered', and it's not just the racial cuckoldry which is taking shape, it's also the sense, and let us be honest about it, that these refugees are simply loathsome trash; it isn't just their race, it's simply the way they are, too.

Consider the story of these men. They've dumped the women and children of their own kind and fled their land. They march into the lands of people who don't want them and then throw themselves upon the mercy of white women driven mad by feminism and Marxism. They ingratiate themselves still further with white women and the worst of white men by pretending that they're simply children who need to be taken care of and nurtured. Hell, even the boats they used to carry them across the sea ran on engines designed by white men and were fueled on diesel the white man learned to refine and produce. Upon arrival they'll embark upon a life of rape, crime, benefit fraud, and general indolence and destructive behaviour.

They're the living embodiment of the 'untermensch', both racially and according to Nietzsche's use of the term. This is not to suggest that all non-white people are untermensch. The Oriental races and higher-caste Indians are respected more than these African and Muslim creatures, but because they have earned it.

According to Nietzsche, the modern world is engulfed by an ethical war in which the high, strong, beautiful, noble, and pure,

as represented by the ancient Roman and Greek civilizations, were under attack by the slave rebellion of the low, the base, the beggar, the ugly, and the weak. In *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886), Nietzsche wrote:

> …the Jews achieved that miracle of inversion of values thanks to which life on earth has for a couple millennia acquired a new and dangerous fascination—their prophets fused 'rich', 'godless', 'evil', 'violent', 'sensual' into one and were the first to coin the word 'world' as a term of infamy. It is this inversion of values (with which is involved the employment of the word for 'poor' as a synonym for 'holy' and 'friend') that the significance of the Jewish people resides: with them there begins the slave revolt in morals.

That's quite an astonishing statement when we consider the Jewish promotion of transexualism, the negro, the homosexual, porn, abortion, and myriad '-ologies' which confuse and confound our people in post-modernity.

A grown man who exists entirely on the 'goodwill' of other men, who grovels while pretending to be a child before our half-mad

women folk, and the fact these women do not look upon such a creature with absolute disgust and hatred, is slave morality incarnate.

The idiot leftist points out the supposed ‘crimes’ of European man: we traveled the world enslaving and pillaging, we subdued and conquered, we erected great monuments to our multitude of victories. But by what moral code is being great and powerful a source of shame? And more importantly, why should we give a damn about that moral code?

The slave resents the master, the weak resents the strong, the 70 IQ African whose people can’t even build a railway resent the people who invented the internet. The nature of their resentment manifests itself by imposing themselves upon us and then seeking to drag us down to their level. The Paki grooming gang is doing this when they degrade white girls, the Jew is doing this through porn. It’s human, all too human, but what manner of ‘human’?

The orc enjoys seeing elves bloodied and naked in the dirt.

They call it ‘equality’, but what is it which is being equalized? If the human norm is a Somalian knife rape gang or a Bangladeshi dole bum who never dreamed or invented or strove to any kind of greatness beyond that of a beast, then so must all of humanity become in order that we are equal. What is the human norm?

The true poison of slave morality is that we no longer know who or what we are in a deeper sense, beyond the merely biological. Yet the evidence is all around. For example, just contrast a Beethoven piece, a product of the European Romantic period, with the recent hit ‘Ain’t My Fault’, by Zara Larrson, with this daughter of Sweden gyrating and rapping like a Negress prostitute on meth.

> What is noble? What does the word ‘noble’ still mean to us today? What betrays, what allows one to recognize the noble human being, under this heavy, overcast sky of the beginning rule of the plebs that makes everything opaque and leaden?
> —Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*

The Jewish media takes in a blond Swedish girl then throws her back at her people transformed into an aggressive, howling African with sass and ass. She has joined the slave rebellion which is literally killing her, spiritually and biologically.

Zara Larsson in 'Ain't My Fault'

Slave-morality is insidious but not invincible. What would Zara Larsson think if she were told, *'Good God, Girl, you look and sound like a jungle bunny, put some clothes on and learn the piano!'* What happens when the entire ethos is thrown out? When the Master awakes, returns, and decides to clear house?

When, as happened recently in Germany, a Somalian immigrant with 'mental health issues' threatens to kill himself and the local

Germans shout ‘yes, do it you worthless parasite!’, and most importantly of all that they know they are morally right for asking him to do so…

The Age of the European Eloi

March 2016

To adorn themselves with flowers, to dance, to sing in the sunlight; so much was left of the artistic spirit, and no more. Even that would fade in the end into a contented inactivity. We are kept

keen on the grindstone of pain and necessity, and, it seemed to me, that here was that hateful grindstone broken at last!
— H.G. Wells, The Time Machine (1895)

Modern Europe is a place where a young white couple can head off for a weekend away and, while standing at the airport or train station, the young man can increasingly expect to look into his girlfriend's eyes as an Islamic nail bomb rips her face off. If they manage to arrive at their romantic location there's an even greater chance that he will be smacked around as Iraqis, Turks, Algerians, Moroccans, and Somalians gang rape his girl.

The media probably won't even bother reporting the rape; they will report the bombings but it hardly matters: the dominant response by the European public will be one of apathy. There will be no attempt to drag the political class or liberal media out on the streets and hang them. Instead there will be digital ribbons on digital flags, hashtags on Twitter, and sometime soon Samsung or Apple will begin offering a whole range of apps tailored toward mourning the victims of a terror attack.

The first time I came across the comparison of modern European liberals with HG Wells' 'Eloi' was in Mark Steyn's book *After*

America. And though I've grown to despise Steyn's neoconservative, philo-Semitic, Constitution-obsessed Americana, his analogy stands up very well. Wells' protagonist, 'The Time Traveler', depicts humanity in a distant future which evolution has caused to split, one half becoming the docile, effeminate Eloi, plenty and comfort having molded them into a servile race of cattle lacking any will to survive whatsoever.

The Morlocks are the flip side of the Eloi, they having evolved into hulking, brutish, retarded subhumans which feed on the Eloi. Comfort and plenty may well have played a role in turning Europeans into Eloi, but so too did a lifetime of having Jews control all of the cultural choke points in Western society and dictating what the morality of Western society should be.

'…But explain HOW diversity is a strength!'

The most shocking characteristic of the Eloi is that they are completely indifferent to the suffering of their own kind. In Wells' novel a young woman falls into a fast flowing river and not one of the men attempts to save her; it's just something which happens. When a Morlock batters an Eloi over the head and runs off with it, the idea that they should put up a fight, defend themselves, is a non-starter; it's just the natural order of things. The allotted role of the Eloi is to sit with flowers in their hair, eat berries, have sex, and die violently.

In actual fact our situation is *worse* than that in *The Time Machine*. In Well's novel the Morlocks at least provide food for their Eloi cattle; in modern Europe our third-world Morlocks provide us with nothing at all. We have to provide for them as they kill us!

Since November last year, 161 Europeans have been murdered in terrorist attacks, 668 injured. In one night alone in one German city 1200 German women were sexually assaulted, and this happened in at least fifteen German cities on that same night. If we extrapolate that across Europe it is reasonable to estimate that no fewer than 100,000 European women have been sexually molested, groped, or raped by third-world Morlocks.

IT'S JUST CULTURAL DIFFERENCES! WE JUST NEED TO COME UP WITH A BETTER EXPLANATION TO THEM ABOUT THE MEANING OF THESE NEW YEAR PARTIES!
IT'S MY FAULT FOR NOT FOLLOWING THE CODE OF CONDUCT! I PROVOKED THESE ATTACKS WITH MY DRESSING AND FRIENDLY MANNER... I FAILED TO KEEP AN ARM'S LENGTH... I WAS OUT UNACCOMPANIED! I ONLY HAVE MYSELF TO BLAME!
PLEASE DON'T ASK ME TO PROFILE MY ASSAILANTS,

The issue of Islamic terrorism and how it is widely perceived is telling. According to the narrative Muslims are not an invading force which is slaughtering us: the Islamic terrorist is something amorphous and nondescript, it is a geopolitical issue which the Eloi don’t really understand; and anyway, if they dig too deep

there'll probably be a Jewish academic or writer telling them it's the Eloi's own fault. So when the bombs go off there's no actual enemy to point at apart from 'terrorists', and so being blown up becomes a force of nature: like a girl falling into a river and drowning, the victims of Islamic terror are simply 'unlucky'. The Eloi take it for granted that this week the Eiffel Tower will be lit up in the colours of the Belgian flag, next week perhaps the German flag, or Swedish. It just depends on whose turn it is.

Angela Merkel reacted to the Brussels bombings by saying:

> 'Our strength lies in our unity, and our free societies will prove to be stronger than terrorism.'

And the head honcho of the UN, Ban Ki Moon said he was:

> 'confident that Belgium's and Europe's commitment to human rights, democracy and peaceful coexistence will continue to be the true and lasting response to the hatred and violence of which they became a victim today.'

And so the most pressing priority is to perpetuate the values system which is proving to be genocidal to Europeans, but it

doesn’t really matter, what matters is that a few buzzwords such as ‘unity’ and ‘coexistence’ are dripped into the Eloi mind once again, and once again they can copy and paste them onto Twitter and Facebook and the rest of the Eloi can marvel at their open-mindedness and dedication to love and harmony.

The word ‘Morlock’ is derived from the Phoenician god associated with child sacrifice in the Bible, ‘Moloch’. The word ‘Eloi’ is also found in the Bible. In the Gospel of Mark, Jesus yells out from the cross, ‘Eloi Eloi lema sabachthani?’: ‘My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?’

Mass third-world immigration is the Moloch of the European political class: they worship it, they obsess over it, and they feed their own people to it.

Will it ever dawn on the Eloi what their liberalism really is? Will they ever get that jolt of lightning as the horror of reality hits them, will they ask:

‘My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?’

Kafka’s Revenge

January 2016

Whenever one comes across the name of Jewish novelist Franz Kafka, the mind conjures images of isolation, paranoia, the surreal, oppression, and a hostile state bureaucracy impossible to negotiate. Indeed, the term ‘Kafkaesque’ is defined as:

> used to describe a situation that is confusing and frightening, especially one involving complicated official rules and systems that do not seem to make any sense, e.g., ‘My attempt to get a new passport turned into a Kafkaesque nightmare.’

Wandering around central Europe in the early 20th century, an ungainly, sickly, and noticeable Jew such as Kafka would indeed have felt very much the outsider. His writing was a reflection of this, and other Jews noticed it too:

> In the opinion of literary critic Harold Bloom, although Kafka was uneasy with his Jewish heritage, he was the quintessential Jewish writer. Lothar Kahn is likewise unequivocal: ‘The presence of Jewishness in Kafka’s oeuvre is no longer subject to doubt’. Pavel Eisner, one of Kafka’s first translators, interprets Der Process (The Trial) as the embodiment of the ‘triple dimension of Jewish existence in Prague … his protagonist Josef K. is (symbolically) arrested by a German (Rabensteiner), a Czech (Kullich) and a Jew (Kaminer). He stands for the ‘guiltless guilt’ that imbues the Jew in the modern world, although there is no evidence that he himself is a Jew’.

In *The Castle* (1926), Kafka described an individual, the aptly named ‘K’, desperately trying to gain entry into The Castle, which was closed to him. The Castle represented European society, and K represented, well, the K’s. Indeed, the vast bulk of Jewish intellectualism over the course of the 20th century and up to the present is dealing with their paranoia and seeking for ways to lower the defence systems of European society.

The psychological defences that Europeans have, which are perfectly normal and displayed by every group, have been pathologized and associated with evil, ignorance and ‘hate’. The critique is always that no exclusive identity can be allowed to Europeans, i.e., white people. The trend runs throughout our society; this is fundamentally what cultural Marxism is all about—indeed, the Left is itself not much more than a Jewish battering ram being used to smash down the walls of ‘the Castle’.

In Kafka’s *The Trial* (1925) Joseph K attempts to get to grips with an oppressive and contradictory leviathan of a civil service which is charging him with a crime, but they will not reveal what that

crime is, or when or where it happened; it's K's drive to uncover the truth which keeps incriminating him further. Again, it's easy to see this actually being the case of a 'Euro-centric' Prague of the early 20th century in regard to an ugly outsider such as Kafka. However, let us travel to Britain in the 21st century and consider the following exchange, in which an Englishman called Bill Short is requesting information from the government regarding the placement of 'Syrian refugees' in Northeast England, and the government's response to Mr Short:

Dear Home Office,

Could you please indicate if any plans exist to place Syrian refugees in Northumberland.

If no plans exist, what plans are there and at what date to developsuch a plan?

When will a distribution plan be formed for refugees across English counties or county councils?

Yours faithfully,

Bill Short

W. Short,

Thank you for contacting the Home Office with your request.

This has been assigned to a caseworker (case ref 37284). We will aim to send you a full response by 25/11/2015 which is twenty working days from the date we received your request.

If you have any questions then please do not hesitate to contact us.

Thank you,

P. Zebedee

FOI Requests

Home Office

After giving Bill the runaround for a while the government then come clean as to why it is they will not allow Mr Short to know how many migrants will be arriving on his door step:

The Home Office has obligations under the Data Protection Act 1998 and in law generally to protect personal data. We have concluded that the information you have requested is exempt from disclosure under section 40.

Refugees that we are bringing to the United Kingdom are very vulnerable people. Our prime concern is their safety and protection as they arrive in this country. We believe that the best way to protect their privacy and ensure their recovery and integration is to limit the amount of information about them that we make publicly available.

We do not disclose the details of where refugees will be resettled upon arrival in the UK under the Government resettlement scheme.

Of course, the reason Mr Short is so concerned about these migrants arriving where he lives is because he knows for a fact they are not in the least ‘vulnerable’ but are, in reality, a rape army of fighting-age Muslims with a tendency towards terrorism. On arrival in Mr Short’s home town they will constitute the least vulnerable demographic group in that area. However, Mr Short knows not to push the issue too hard or he might end up on a crimethink database. Mr Short *is* allowed to know what the costs of this will be: the local newspaper informs us that ‘Northumberland could be latest area in the North East to welcome refugees council reveals’ and that ‘the total cost of housing an adult refugee on benefits would be £23,420, £10,720 for other adults, and £16,220 for 5-18s. The costs are per year but the cost to Northumberland County Council would be £8,520 per person with additional costs picked up by central government.’

And so, Mr Short is an Englishman who's about to have an African and Arab horde dumped on his home, and he isn't allowed to know when or how many or where they will go because the government thinks they are vulnerable. But he is allowed to know that he will be paying for them when they arrive and he is allowed to know how much money will be forced out of him to pay for it. To top it all off Mr Short picks up his local left-leaning rag and discovers he's also 'welcoming' the rape army he isn't allowed to know about but will be paying for. This is what we might call 'Kafkaesque'. Bill Short is on the outside of the Castle, he's in the

role of Kafka trying to get a look into the closed shop of governmental power and the civil service.

So what happens when the non-white horde arrive and inevitably start to rape and pillage? YouTuber Havyton explored this brilliantly recently using the example of a Swedish father whose daughter is raped. This hypothetical father could just as easily be a German or Englishman or Frenchmen or Norwegian: this same trend is now spreading across the continent, as is the trend, first seen in relation to Pakistanis and English girls, of governmental cover-up and denial.

The European dad is a good guy, despite the suppressed wages and feminism and overt efforts to break down the family and laud homosexualism and hedonism; this guy has managed to find a woman he loves and they have a little girl of 15. His daughter comes home in tatters, she's been raped by a gang of third-world savages.

It's the end of the world; even people who shy away from 'controversial issues' have heard rumours but now it has literally

come home. Angered, enraged, and heartbroken our dad wanders into the local police station to register what is normally seen as one of the gravest violations in a civilized society.

What stares back across the police desk isn't a fellow white man struggling to hide his rage at what is being reported, but a 'dead eyed' zombie, a shell with all the meat scratched out, a coward. He's heard all of this before, it's become tedious and he's had understanding diversity seminars and questionnaires; rather vague orders came down from on high but he got the message, white girls being raped by the 'vulnerable' Third World were a matter of inter-communal trust issues and this was a 'sensitive area' which could be exploited by hate groups, best to just, you know, get the statement and shuffle dad off the premises.

Nothing will be done.

And so he goes home. He was unable to stop the Muslim rapists entering his country, he couldn't stop them raping his little girl, and he can't seek justice from the police and government, he is defeated, his family is broken, and will never be the same again. He pours a drink and thinks on it. He understands one thing, there's a power structure and a bureaucracy, a government—a 'Castle', and that Castle has locked its doors to him and is now populated by people who hate him.

He is now on the outside, he is aware of his own isolation, paranoia, oppression, and a hostile state bureaucracy impossible to negotiate; he sits alone, wondering how to get back in and make it serve him once again…

Viktor Orbán and the Dune Strategy

March 2016

The Hungarian Prime Minister, Victor Orban, recently announced the issue of Hungary accepting ‘refugees’ would be finally settled by putting it to the Hungarian people via a referendum. The question will be:

‘Do you want the European Union to prescribe the mandatory settlement of non-Hungarian citizens in Hungary even without the consent of Parliament?’

Orban has explained his reasons:

> ‘Hungary is under enormous pressure,’ he said, ‘[over] whether or not the EU will succeed in pushing a new EU asylum and migrant system down the throats of the central European countries, including ours. Such a system would authorise [the EU] to distribute migrants among the other EU countries, including those which have not taken in migrants, do not want to, are opposed to this and do not want any part in it.’
>
> ‘The government is responding to public sentiment now, we think that introducing resettlement quotas for migrants without the backing of the people equals an abuse of power,’ he said, adding that quotas would redraw the ethnic, cultural and religious map of Hungary and Europe.

It’s rather surprising (or perhaps not?) that the Hungarian referendum has received relatively scant media coverage

because the implications for the nationalist vs globalist (for the sake of brevity I'll refer to the various tentacles of the EU, traitor politicians, organized Jewry, finance, bureaucrats and the left, collectively as 'globalism') war are quite profound. For the first time a European people will actually be able to decide whether they want their country to become multi-ethnic or not, and even globalist media outlet The Economist admits the answer will be *'Not!'*

The globalist machine rolls across the white world, replacing populations, deconstructing ancient identities, tearing down traditions, and enslaving nations with debt, while dismantling the very idea of those nations. It seems unstoppable, its destruction is unrelenting. And yet here we have one small country in Eastern Europe which is, literally, going to stand up and say *'No!'*

The question is, how will the globalist new world order react?

A Hungarian watches Globalism Inc Arrive…

In Frank Herbert's classic sci-fi epic *Dune* (1965) the leader of the religious and nationalist rebellion against an intergalactic empire, Paul Atreides, aims to smash the production of 'spice' which can

only be found on Dune and is the most lucrative resource in the universe. The emperor then has two choices: he can simply do nothing and allow the natives to retake control of their world and the spice, though this would drastically weaken the empire and set a precedent with more worlds looking to break free. His other option, the one he ultimately chooses, is to invade Dune with everything he has at his disposal. The risk with this strategy is that he isn't guaranteed victory, and the natives are more numerous than he knows and will be united in the event of an invasion. Furthermore, invading Dune throws out any semblance of moral authority which the empire still has; it would reveal the empire as a corrupt and venal force of evil and conquest.

This is the kind of quagmire Victor Orban may well be creating for the globalists.

Like the empire in Dune, the globalists are confronted with a problem in the event of a Hungarian *'No'*. They can do nothing, and simply allow one European people to remain who and what they are in their land, but that sets a dangerous precedent: if Hungarians can simply vote to remain an ethnically homogeneous

country and be free of the horrors of diversity, then why can't Norwegians? Or Belgians? Or Dutch? Or Irish? Or Germans? Why weren't any other European people asked? Indeed, what is the ethical and moral foundation of the multi-ethnic state, does it not require the consent of the population about to be 'enriched'?

Watching events unfold in Hungary, leaders in countries such as Poland, Slovakia, Estonia, Latvia, Croatia and perhaps even Austria could simply absolve themselves of the problem by tossing it to the public to vote down.

There's also the issue of Hungary remaining an identifiable European nation. As Islamification continues and ethnic tensions increase, eyes throughout Europe will gaze jealously at the relative peace and calm which has been allowed the Hungarian people.

((Peter Sutherland)), anti-white globalist.

It’s highly unlikely that there will be a military invasion of Hungary by the globalist empire; after all, mass immigration and population replacement by proxy *is the invasion.* The globalist camp *does*

have the means by which to punish the Hungarian people, whether by relentlessly slurring them in the controlled media (already happening to a degree), sanctions both political and economic, and general harassment and ostracism, specifically via the EU.

But this too is a rather dangerous and, potentially, very messy strategy. Orban's move to allow the people to decide was shrewd because he can absolve himself of the 'right wing extremist' tag by simply stating that the people decided, and so globalism would then be in the position of opposing the democratic will of a people. And if they took the option of punishing Hungarians they would have to do so collectively, that is to say, they would be singling out a people for a punishment beating for no other reason than that people chose to retain their identity.

The wheels and machinery of the internationalist new world order project are kept oiled and greased with political correctness, liberal platitudes, and 'brotherhood of man' ideals. Can those ideals survive the elites taking a huge diversity dump on a European country of nine million, when everybody everywhere

knows the Hungarian people specifically rejected it? Are those ideals now to be enforced by financially ruining a small nation and making it the North Korea of Europe?

The problem for the globalists is that they don't have a carrot *and* stick: they offer only death and destruction to a racially aware European people. Their offer, essentially, is:

1. You can be part our club, you get favourable interest rates and a modicum of respect within the club, you get iPhones and pizza and beer, but you will die a slow lingering death through cultural Marxism and mass immigration.

2. Reject us and we will ruin you, we will ruin you through economics and EU bureaucracy, the media will portray you as a weird throwback, and you will be ostracized. But you will remain a distinct people.

This isn't a carrot and stick approach. It isn't even a stick and stick approach, it's more like the choice between having your skull

smashed in by a baseball bat or your head hacked off with an Islamic scimitar.

In either case, the agenda of the elites is exposed, and truth and reality to this filth is like garlic to a vampire.

The Beast Must Be Tamed!

Escaping into Fantasy and Science Fiction? Not for Long

February 2015

I was recently struck by a new front opening in the culture war. This time it's the turn of sci-fi and fantasy writers to be lashed into politically correct conformity and, as always, their reputations will be ruined if they fail to comply. Resistance is Futile.

The kerfuffle is centred on the sci-fi and fantasy Oscars known as The Hugo Awards and attempts by social justice attack drones to oust the non-conformists and support their liberal replacements.

A quick glance at the most recent winners of the Hugo prize reveals they are getting their way. In 2014 the Best Novel prize went to *Ancillary Justice*, written by Ann Leckie. The novel depicts

a space empire in which identity can transcend physical bodies and be moved into separate bodies, or ‘physical constructs’. All individuals within that collective are referred to as ‘she’ or ‘her’.

The best short story was written by a Chinaman called John Chu. It’s called ‘The Water That Falls On You From Nowhere’, and depicts a world where telling lies results in a shower or rainstorm opening above your head, depending on how serious the lie is. Needless to say, this is problematic for a gay Chinese man fighting homophobia and repressing his sexuality. I wonder how it ends…

Science-fiction, which features Isaac Asimov and Star Trek as prominent members within its canon, has never really been without a strong streak of liberal, egalitarian thought. The

depiction of the future being a mix of space communism and multi-species harmony has long attracted liberal, Jewish interest.

Fantasy is a different matter. The Nordic archetypes and clear racial antagonism, hierarchical societies based on tradition, and a longing for a mythical Europe of warriors and fair maidens, has long chaffed at our left-leaning Thought Police's dreadlocks.

When *The Lord of The Rings* appeared on American university campuses in the 60's, hippies were taken with its trippy, fantastical setting. However, as the demonization of white identity and dominance gathered pace, it was dropped like a urine-stained wand. A story of white people fighting great hordes of dark-skinned savages who were controlled by a jewelry-obsessed master was too much. *The Lord of The Rings* was dumped as 'white supremacist' hate literature.

It isn’t difficult to understand the appeal of fictional worlds and universes to the atomized and dislocated white male. His living space overrun by hostile aliens, his women turned into feminist consumer robots, and everything his ancestors created and held dear dissected and deconstructed, cheapened and slandered. Instead of watching the latest Muslim terror plot unfold or the beginnings of yet another Black riot chimp-out extravaganza, he can simply roll over and plug into the *Game Of Thrones* box set or the *Skyrim Legendary Edition* and be transported to a world where life makes sense, where the hero wins the heart of fair maiden, and the warrior restores justice. Where, despite it all, good prevails in the end.

Now, however, the spawn of Marx are removing even this mild form of escapism. You have to wonder why, in Star Trek, the boredom and tedium of life in space are somewhat offset by the Holodeck: the members of the crew disappear into a holographic

world where their needs and wants can be sated, just like the marginalized white guy of today.

If disallowed from any escape at all, if even his fantasy life of battleships and wizards, dragons, and androids are taken away, or made useless through obvious and idiotic liberal preaching, then perhaps the contemporary white man will look more closely to the real world and see, and understand, that there is a war here, too. And that he has a role to play.

Damascus and the Damned

April 2018

As our bombs fall once again on the Middle East without any democratic mandate whatsoever, in direct opposition to Trump's entire election campaign and the wishes of his base, a narrative forms around Trump's behavior. Essentially it's 'They got to him'. The eternal deceivers and international liars have somehow

managed to ensnare Trump; how, why, when, it hardly even matters.

Of course, there's always been a contingent on the right who held that Trump was a controlled-opposition faker all along, and they do indeed have justification for believing that to be the case.

However, let us assume that Donald Trump entered politics with the noblest of intentions. What then does it say about our civilization that a man, a powerful and bellicose man at that, can be so utterly corrupted so swiftly? Running parallel to the 'Trump the corrupted' meme is the narrative of Trump the master strategist, the '4D Chess' player. But that's merely a trendy way of excusing Trump utilizing underhanded tactics to scheme and deceive; in essence it's not to drain the swamp, but to swim in it.

A year ago when the first strike on Syria was ordered the missiles didn't hit much, Trump had got the schemers off his back for a while, bought some time, out-played them at their own game, and so on. You will notice, though, that within this paradigm truth and virtue are totally absent. Instead of a heroic man standing by his

principles we have another schemer, trying to out-scheme the greatest schemers in all of history. And it is here that the rot sets in, like damp in a tree; it settles, the lies settle and relativism settles, the rationalizations settle and become normalized.

The great man, the heroic man, would say *'I shall not for it is wrong!'* The weak man in post-modernity says *'I shall do so reluctantly because it might benefit me later'*. This is to refuse throwing the money lenders from the temple because you can barter with them instead.

Corruption begins with 'maybe just a little, it can't hurt'. Just an airfield, just a few bombs in a field, that's the smart move. Similarly, the meme of Trump being blackmailed or threatened is damning because, after all, he has the largest platform on earth and at any moment he could reveal to the world who is threatening him, why, and how. And yet even to write this, one is left with a 'Whoa crazy talk!' feeling: such virtuousness, honesty and truth is alien to us now, instead we scheme and by so doing entrap ourselves in the metaphysical reality of the people who

dwell eternally within schemes and lies, and who always have done so.

This is not the natural moral life of Europeans, we are not at home in a world of lies and plots. We like absolutes.

George RR Martin, the writer of the *Game of Thrones* saga, has explained that he is essentially the ‘anti-Tolkien’ and that, unlike in Tolkien, there would be no moral absolutes in his fictional world. In Tolkien’s *Lord of the Rings* objective good and evil not only exist but are engaged in a mutual fight to the death. In Martin’s postmodern creation such moral absolutes have been cast aside. Instead what we have is a world without any moral foundation at all; it’s a multi-polar ‘game’ of self-interest.

But the European soul can not manifest in these relativist games. We want virtue and truth. All these plots and intrigues serve to do is shield the forces of evil, for a noble spirit to even bother engaging in these activities is to bow to their machinations.

When we talk of the 4D Chess ‘just a little’—just a little bomb, just a little lie that can be rectified later—the morality which results in missiles being launched into cities with children sleeping in their beds has been rationalized.

Tolkien was ahead of Martin in this respect. Saruman was wise and virtuous, but he fell: he rationalized himself into dealing with

the forces of darkness, he became ‘Saruman the Multi-coloured’ meaning that his former position of moral absolutism and incorruptibility had been compromised, his moral compass was contingent upon other multiple variables, it became relative. It wasn’t that he was unintelligent, but lacking moral fibre and belief. He was weak.

Europeans willed, memed and shouted Donald Trump into office and that spirit manifesting itself is wonderful, but it looks like he’s a Saruman, and we need a Gandalf…

Part VIII

Public Monuments

Memorials to Brutalism

January 2018

With Holocaust season mercifully behind us for another year I've found myself contemplating various comments and diatribes I came across online regarding the aesthetics of the increasingly numerous Holocaust memorials springing up across Western cities.

One Twitter user lamented:

> Every modern Jewish monument betrays a terrifying and inhuman soullessness. Always stark concrete and steel, some assault the senses by aggressively flouting any notion of symmetry of balance. Others simply erect giant, inhospitable planes to crush the human spirit.

Now that's harsh, but is there any truth to it?

I've often blogged about the moral uses and abuses of the Holocaust narrative, but in this case let us leave history aside and look at this from a purely aesthetic perspective and see where it leads. Firstly though, I'd like to take a closer look at non-Holocaust related memorials so we can see how other people are marking historical tragedies.

Below is the main monument at Kiev's Holodomor memorial site. The site itself is a rather modest affair sitting atop a rather scenic park.

The emaciated girl signifies millions of Ukrainian children deliberately starved to death by the Bolshevik regime. The statue itself is the size of a young girl and visitors often place stalks of wheat and corn through her arms to mark the crops seized by the Bolsheviks. The statue and poise of the girl seems to be telling the story of an innocence betrayed and the vulnerability of children when ruled over by psychotics and or hostile ethnic groups.

Below is the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Park. The older building in the background is one of very few buildings left standing after the atomic bomb was dropped on the city killing 140,000 Japanese people. The arch statue in the foreground is one of three ‘Peace Bells’ in the park.

Hiroshima park does not appear to be a dour place, but nor is it a street party either. It is a place for reflection, harmony and contemplation. The beautifully tended shrubs and trees speak to

the human soul more than to the political mind. Inscribed upon the bell are the words of Socrates, ‘know thyself’.

If the statue of the small girl at the Holodomor memorial speaks to children betrayed and innocence lost, and if the Hiroshima Park conveys serenity and self-knowledge, what then does the new Holocaust memorial centre in Ottawa convey?

Giant slabs of undulating concrete form a warped Star of David, the points of which seem to jab out like daggers.

NATIONAL HOLOCAUST MONUMENT
MONUMENT NATIONAL DE L'HOLOCAUSTE

This is the Holocaust memorial museum of Paris. Once again we see monolithic slabs of industrial concrete, this time with the added touch of rusting steel staining the surface.

Here the visitor will inevitably be drawn into the corner of the drab concrete courtyard, to be met with medieval lance type objects which jut out at you.

London is a relatively late arrival to the Holocaust memorial scene but one is finally on the way. Below is the winning design by an African and an Israeli.

And here we have the runner up:

Before completing the Ottawa Holocaust memorial, Jewish architect Daniel Libeskind designed the eye-wateringly ghastly Holocaust Museum in Berlin. It’s the building on the left, in case you wondered…

Again and again we see the style repeating itself: massive blocks or slabs of concrete, jutting steel, often rusting, and asymmetric, confusing designs.

As such, it is no surprise to see Berlin being hit hardest by this template:

What we begin to see emerging here is that this new brand of Holocaust memorial site popping up across the metropolises of the Western world follow a similar style and pattern. Firstly, they are hideously ugly, and always at odds with the architecture of their surroundings. Secondly, there is not one shred of human warmth in them; indeed, anything which could evoke comfort or empathy has been willfully purged from the design.

The style of the modern Holocaust memorial is, in my opinion as a layman, strikingly similar to the ‘Brutalist’ architecture of the Soviet Union and post 60’s Britain. Theodore Dalrymple, himself Jewish, described Brutalism as a:

> ‘spiritual, intellectual, and moral deformity.’ He called the buildings ‘cold-hearted’, ‘inhuman’, ‘hideous’, and ‘monstrous’. He stated that the reinforced concrete ‘does not age gracefully but instead crumbles, stains, and decays’, which makes alternative building styles superior.

Whether or not Dalrymple would describe the Holocaust memorials in those terms is up for debate; however, to describe them as ‘cold-hearted’ and ‘inhuman’, or a ‘moral deformity’, is not

entirely unreasonable. The fact is that Brutalism is synonymous with totalitarianism. The pitiless monoliths of concrete dwarf the individual; its purpose is to alienate and intimidate.

A logical response to such observations would be to point out that depicting totalitarianism is the entire objective of the monuments; they are reflections of Jewish pain, and the harshness of the monuments could be a reflection of the consequences of hatred. However, the problem with that is that Europeans are not exactly demanding for these constructions to be dumped in their midst, they are not crying out for the Jewish people to tell them of their agony. Rather, the enthusiasm for building these memorials is always coming from the Jews themselves.

And so, when we look upon these monstrosities it is quite possible that what we're seeing is not so much a reflection of 'our' attitudes to them, but 'their' attitudes to us, that these spirit crushing horrors of rusted steel and deformed symmetry, their lifelessness and hostility, are representative not of the past, but of the European future, or at least, European existence as they imagine it should be…

Lord Nelson and the Bailey

April 2018

Over the last few months the cultural Marxists have begun dripping the idea of tearing down British statues and monuments into the public discourse. It began when Afua Hirsch, who's every bit as British as her name and appearance would suggest, wrote an article at the Guardian calling for Nelson's column to be torn down.

I should confess here that I've reached the stage where my outrage tank is running on empty and I no longer have the energy to dismantle these ludicrous neo-Marxist talking points. In the end these people hate us and want to see us destroyed and our culture erased. Cut through the social justice ooze and that is what it comes down to. I'm not interested in whether people such as Afua Hirsch regard this or that great Briton as 'racist' because I regard the importation of the Third World into Europe as a crime against humanity. Any complaints they have while here are to be utterly ignored.

Toppling statues? Here's why Nelson's column should be next

Afua Hirsch

While the US argues about whether to tear down monuments to the supporters of slavery, Britain still celebrates the shameful era

Nevertheless, the tactics which have been used here are worth looking into, and as this issue develops I notice once again the tactic of the ‘motte and bailey’ being deployed. With the Nelson’s Column issue we can see it being used in earnest.

As can be seen on the diagram below, the motte and bailey refers to a medieval stronghold or castle. In the context of political discourse the more extreme ideas belong down in the bailey; these ideas are more difficult to defend from scrutiny and criticism because of their radical nature. The motte refers to a heavily fortified position which is difficult to attack. Within political discourse the more easy to defend ideas and concepts would belong in the motte.

The key to understanding this concept is the interplay between the two areas. Radical or ‘extreme’ ideas are deployed in the bailey, but when the going gets tough the individual losing ground can retreat to the secure zone of the motte, essentially giving away ground which is not vital to their agenda.

So with that in mind let us return to the issue of Afua Hirsch advocating that Nelson’s column be torn down because he’s a racist white man. I think it’s fair to say that demanding statues of the nation’s great heroes be torn down, leaving aside the fact that Hirsch is African/Jewish and not British, is a difficult position to

hold before the British public, and Hirsch was indeed heavily criticized for it.

Afua Hirsch
@afuahirsch
This Gif isn't provocative at all 😂. Don't get mad, join the debate twitter.com/historicenglan…
77 7:50 PM - Apr 15, 2018
128 people are talking about this

What should we do with controversial statues and memorials?
Join the public debate with @Freedland @afuahirsch @peterfrankopan @DavidOlusoga @tiffanyjenkins @intelligence2 on Monday 14 May 2018 in London: https://t.co/KR9AGGNpzl#Immortalised pic.twitter.com/Z9NLSXEOBs
— Historic England (@HistoricEngland) April 15, 2018

In actual fact the ‘gif’ referred to in the Tweet is an almost exact replica of the picture used in Hirsch’s Guardian article:

Hirsch was not so coy when it was used in her article, but she's ran back to the motte: now it is less about tearing down the heritage of her British hosts, it's about simply having a 'debate', opening a dialogue and enfranchising 'marginalized voices'.

The state of Britain can be summed up entirely by the 'Historic England' Tweet: here we have an organization posing as the protector of English history while hosting a debate featuring Jews, Africans, and champagne socialists discussing which of our

statues and monuments should be demolished to make the invading populace feel more comfortable.

I'm certainly not the first person to be bewildered by the left's dishonest use of language. Consider Historic England's use of the word 'controversial'. Since when was Lord Nelson's statue 'controversial'? It never was; it was never an issue in the public mind until somebody called Hirsch wrote an article in the Guardian saying it was. When these people use the word 'controversial' what they actually means is: Something the left want to destroy.

Hirsch calls on the appalled native population to calm down and engage in the debate, yet the debate itself consists of the Jewish boss of the Guardian, black activists, and gentile liberal progressives; *we* are not allowed a seat on the panel. What they blithely pass off as legitimate intellectual activity entails the native British watching all these cretins agree with one another in their hatred of us. For them it amounts to the establishment of a beach-head within the discourse from which they can pour manure on our people, our identity, and history.

From within their newly fortified position, the social justice left, who in reality are nothing less than anti-white ethnic activists, will be taking notes and sporadically engaging in forays from their motte down into the bailey.

Perhaps tearing down Nelson's Column is a bit extreme…for now. But there are always those statues of soldiers which remind non-whites of colonialism, there are all those kings and queens too, relics from a 'dark past'. Not to mention all the 'Christian symbolism' which offends Muslims. And let us not forget monuments to mothers and wives who were unwittingly being oppressed by the patriarchy. Oh yes, plenty to get their teeth into until the more prominent monuments can feel the wrecking ball of tolerance and inclusion.

Part IX

Sport

Diversity Fail: Racial Segregation within the England Team

June 2015

There are few places within the cultural sphere which have been bashed as hard and relentlessly with the politically correct diversity hammer as football. A sport which has as its core demographic able-bodied white men, mainly of working class background, and therefore not likely to go through the university mind-heist, makes the high priests of Globalism Inc very nervous.

After all, these are the people the elites are busy abolishing, and if their project went wrong these would be the people who strung

the elite up or shot them. The anti-racism campaign within English football is so hysterical it is fair to say that the football itself is not much more than a sport attached to an anti-racism campaign.

A footballer can see a job which pays £100,000 a week (!) disappear for merely mouthing something on the pitch which could be construed as ‘racist’ by the lip readers the FA employs to keep watch. The white men who play for the England squad have been psychologically bombarded and cowed to such a degree that they will likely be among the least racially aware people on earth. And yet, as *The Daily Mail* reports, not all is well on Planet Multi-Racialism. In pictures taken while the players were off guard, we see that even here, within the ranks of our raceless idols, nature will find a way.

© Kevin Quigley

© Kevin Quigley

The point here is not that these young white men (or the blacks) are race realists or racially aware—they would be mortified by the suggestion—but at a subconscious level their brains are making them seek the company of their own kind, and not ‘The Other’. This is heartening to see, after undergoing a lifetime of every form of politically correct mind-bending the elites can muster, with all of their vast resources deployed and all of their threats sharpened. They simply cannot override nature’s way of keeping these men fundamentally ethno-centric. Nature truly is our greatest ally.

Black Power Tennis: Sharapova vs Williams

July 2015

Once upon a time ‘ladies’ tennis was a dainty affair, because the women who played against each other were European, and therefore physically similar; the path to victory was to skillfully wrong-foot an opponent or draw them close to the net and then reply with a lob over their heads.

That all changed with the arrival of the Williams sisters. Surprisingly, the peculiar-looking lesbian presenting the BBC

coverage of the Sharapova vs Williams match said as much, repeatedly using such terms as ‘raw power tennis’ and ‘Williams’ awesome strength’. I didn’t tune in for the tennis, I tuned in for Maria Sharapova, a woman for whom the ‘14 Words’ could have been written.

I knew she would lose, because European women are not built like African women and cannot possibly compete in a test of strength and power. The statistics are stark: Maria is ranked number 4 in the world, yet out of 20 matches against Williams she has lost 18. Of the top 5 fastest serves ever in women’s tennis,

the Williams sisters, the only black players ever to have been in the sport at a high level, occupy 2 slots. As I watched this great behemoth blast balls at Maria at 125 mph I was less concerned with Maria winning than I was with seeing her leave the court in one piece.

An 'equal' match?

The Williams sisters have dominated women's Tennis for 13 years and during that time European women have had to come up with tactics to counter the raw power of the African physiology. One tactic, that of Maria, is to try and 'bulk up' and compete physically with the Williamses. The other is to use superior speed

and agility to gradually chip away at the African powerhouse. It's a women's tennis version of 'rope-a-dope'.

Maria and Serena Williams are, in all likelihood, about 50,000 years removed from each other in terms of common ancestry and racial development. Maria's ancestors have had to scratch out an existence in the snowy wastes of Northern Europe for eons. The difficulties and challenges would have been:

- How do we keep the children warm when it's -50 degrees?

- How can we preserve meat and fish during both warm and cold seasons?

- How can we make best use of 6 hours of daylight a day; what shall we do when it is so often dark?

- If we plant the seeds as soon as it thaws we will have to wait, but in time we will have an abundant food source.

- The wolf's fur keeps it warm, it will also keep me warm, but how do I get it?

Meanwhile, Serena’s ancestors out in Africa faced other difficulties.

- If I rip the jaw bone off that dying zebra I will have a full belly and a weapon.

- If I rape many women I can produce so many babies not all of them will die of disease.

The problem of course is that modernity has to try and bash square shapes into triangular holes. The requirements for playing women’s tennis are ‘human, female’, and we simply can’t discuss whether there might be serious differences within that. Like the

lesbian presenter, we are forced to accept the lie that Williams simply trains harder or is a ‘great athlete’. In the realm of academic achievement where the tables are drastically turned against blacks, our cultural commanders have had to perform all manner of illogical somersaults and juggling acts to keep the lie alive. However, the reality of inequality in nature has had the last laugh. Maria Sharapova’s net worth is $175 Million, and the bulk of that has come from modelling and advertising—at least until we are also forced to believe that Serena is just as beautiful as Maria.

Big Brother's Rugby World Cup Propaganda

September 2015

The Rugby World Cup introduction video takes us back to where it all began, Warwickshire 1823, the camera swoops past the astounding architecture of Warwickshire and we are greeted with an explosion of a bucolic England as a choral rendition of 'I vow to thee, my country' plucks at the patriotic heartstrings of every Englishman. Of course, by Englishmen we are, presumably, expected to include the Africans who have been strategically

placed in the video as English aristocrats, in 1823, ten years before slavery was abolished (!).

Unlike football, which has historically been the sport of choice (and convenience) of the working class, rugby emanates from the historical middle- to upper-class tier of British society. From a cultural Marxist perspective it makes sense to have poor blacks and whites mixing it up, regardless of historical accuracy, because both are oppressed by the upper tier of society; ethnic and racial differences are merely a ‘false consciousness’ which must be overcome and/or destroyed.

However, a sport such as rugby is the sport of those elites and the question then becomes one of how to ‘modernize’ it, or how to sell it to the working-class masses as something not ‘elitist’. The producers hired to solve this problem have certainly taken the ball and run with it, so to speak. Their solution is to turn the traditional hierarchy on its head. Prince Harry, the epitome of the modern aristocrat and ‘white establishment’, appears as a gardener, while blacks appear as belonging to the 1823 ruling classes of Britain.

Famed For Its Multi-ethnic Diversity in 1823?

Cultural Marxism is often misunderstood as having, or wishing to create, something new. It isn't. It is a wrecking ball with no further purpose than to destroy. This is why its internal logic is so often paradoxical and, generally, an incoherent mess. One example of

this is the way the modern left claim to stand simultaneously for Islam and gay rights. It doesn't make sense. It isn't supposed to. What matters is that both gays and Muslims are groups lining up to attack the traditional society Europeans have created.

Placing blacks as aristocrats, or coming soon, characters in Beowulf, opens up yet another paradox in new leftist thought. If blacks are a historically oppressed and abused group at the hands of racist Europeans then by the left's own logic it is absurd to cast them as being a historically integral part of European civilization, as aristocrats and Viking warriors etc. If we are now supposed to believe that blacks made up the classes of the British ruling elites are they, then, culpable and guilty for slavery too? What do today's blacks think of this?

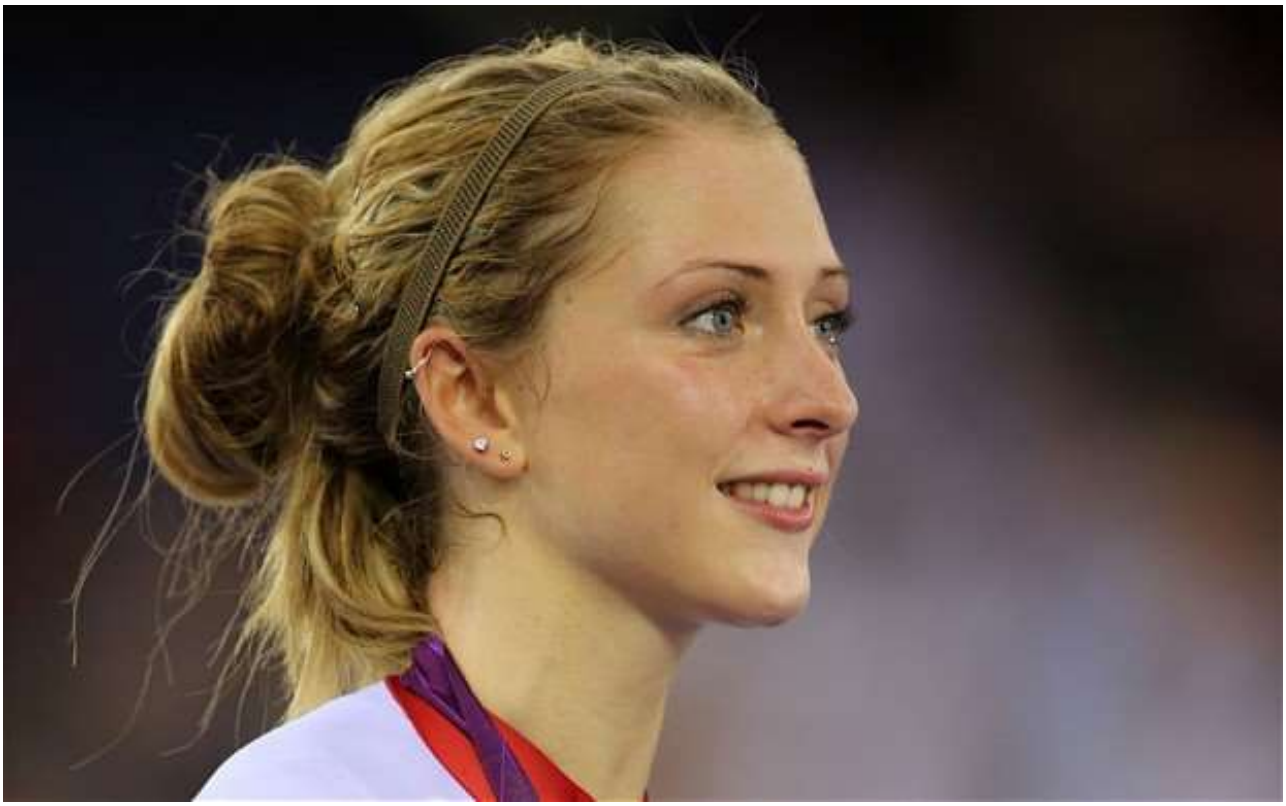
Viking Warrior?

Obviously, you aren't supposed to nitpick like this, precisely because cultural Marxist propaganda cannot stand up to even mild scrutiny. The purpose is to steadily drip the lie into the European psyche that European identity is multiracial and always has been. And if this means having to cast today's victim groups in the role of yesterday's oppressor, contradicting every core leftist value, then so be it.

'Who controls the past controls the future; who controls the present controls the past.'
– Ingsoc

An Ode to Laura Trott

August 2016



Like many men across Britain I've become a huge fan of our new Olympic cycling champion, Laura Trott. The Olympics itself isn't really worth watching: variations of the African genome competes against itself at running fast and weird-shaped orientals lift weights. And this year we also had a refugee special, though judging from their alleged drowning rate not many would be

swimming in competitions. The Olympics is Global Entertainment for the Global Man, complete with a vacuous power ballad from Katy Perry to spur on the one-legged cripples in the Para-Olympics, in what must constitute the ultimate example of Nietzsche's 'under-man' ruling the earth.

Usain Bolt can run faster over short distances than anybody else on earth, a man from another African ethnic group can run faster over longer distances than anybody else on earth, but both would rapidly freeze to death if they went to live with an Eskimo. It's genetics. But Global Man isn't allowed to discuss genetic differences so we celebrate 'humanity' instead.

The problem is, when we gaze upon humanity, we see nothing but a blur, a kaleidoscope of sweating blacks, freakishly small yellow women, refugees, the handicapped, and Katy Perry howling.

Then Laura Trott stepped forth out of the fetid funk of universal humanity, giggling, elfin-like, and quintessentially English. The weary eyes of this Englishman finally rested upon the familiar, on

kin and ‘Volk’, and that’s as much down to genetics as an African freezing to death in the snow.

The Olympics offers us a microcosm into one of the worst ills which has befallen Europeans in post modernity: we simply don’t know who we really are anymore. Modernity saturates us with a ‘white noise’ which prevents us from thinking and seeing clearly: the multinational belches out crude begging advertisements, the ‘culture’ is whatever its Jewish bosses decide to racially humiliate us with, politics is the arena of mundane zombies arguing over trivialities…and it’s all so deafeningly loud and intrusive.

But every so often the kaleidoscope freezes and the mind can focus clearly on one in a billion atomized units of wealth creation, and you think, *‘I know that smile, those mannerisms, those features, I had a group once, they are the characteristics of my group, we were a people, once, we were the English, and our place in the world was called England’.*

There’s always been a ‘Trott’ in England:

> This surname is derived from the name of an ancestor. ‘The son of Troit’ or Trote or Troyt. One of the forms of Trude, found in such compounds as Ger-trude, Hil-trude; formerly a name of itself. Hence ‘Dame Trott’ in the nursery rhyme.

The Trotts eventually Anglicized their name and in the year 1206 it made its first appearance in English records when Robert Trott became a landowner in Berkshire. So Laura Trott’s family have

probably been living in England for at least 1000 years. Islam was still in its infancy, the first potato was still centuries away from being brought back from America, and Edward Longshanks had not yet expelled the Jews. The seasons came and went, years rolled into decades then into centuries, technological advances and cultural changes were few and far between, the very perception of time must have been radically different to ours today.

The cheerful, pretty, and obviously energetic 24-year-old Laura Trott, today, is the end result; it's where her family line was leading to for eons. Throughout the centuries the women of the Trott family would have sometimes shown Laura's characteristics, perhaps having a slightly longer nose than is the English norm, or the large soft eyes, the slightly pointed chin, the fits of giggles, etc.

And so when Laura looks ahead to her marriage with fellow English cycling champ Jason Kenny, and posts on Twitter:

Laura Trott @LauraTrott31 · 19h
Arghhhh!!!!!! I love him to bits @JasonKenny107 !! Our kids have to get some of these genes right?!
11K
33K

The heart sinks.

We're at the end of our history. Laura's genes, along with all of our English genes, are being submerged into the Globality; they will never reappear. Laura's children will become an ethnic minority in England by the time they hit 30. At this point the white noise static will have reached the levels of a cacophonous scream and they will forever be strangers to themselves and their people, they will be persecuted and loathed as a reminder that the land once belonged to another people, the English people.

If only we had the ability to reach our people and explain just how precious they are, if we could just manage to turn off the incessant static noise of modernity and find ourselves again, and return to living as a people, on our land, where the only faces we gazed upon left the warm glow which can only come out of kinship and familiarity.

Cucks United

September 2017

I recently wrote a long piece on the Newcastle grooming scandal, and you can find that in this e-book. It primarily focused on the white working class of Newcastle. I therefore felt I should also explore in the article the fixation so many working class white men have with football and the sham identity and tribalism it offers. In the end I decided against including it, as I thought it too much of a

tangent and wanted to stay on topic. I thought it better to come back to the subject at a later date with a standalone post.

On this subject I strongly recommend the video by Way of the World called ‘Join, or Die’. Further to the points in that video, I’d add that since the Manchester bombing *[of May 2017, in which a Muslim bomber killed 22 innocent people, as well as himself, and injured 139 more, after a pop concert at the Manchester Arena. — Ed.]*, all major football grounds across England will be erecting concrete bollards and security fencing outside the stadiums which will be monitored by armed police and even soldiers.

At the football there are 10,000 healthy white men chanting and parading through England’s cities, ***their cities,*** but for what? What purpose does this bravado serve? They march proudly to shower an African with their meager wages while worshiping him as a demigod. Foreign men have settled in ***their cities*** and are sexually exploiting their womenfolk by the hundreds. Upon arriving at their precious stadium, which will be owned by a Jewish or Arab oligarch, they have to be watched over like lambs lest the foreign men who’ve settled in ***their cities*** blow them up, and when they

finally get inside they'll be bombarded with anti-racism propaganda and cameras watching for racist remarks directed toward the African millionaire they've come to fawn over.

Do any of these men question this? Does Dave not turn to Brian and ask:

'Hang on a minute, Bri, if this is our town and we own it, we're the boys here. Then why are we the ones under armed guard for our own protection?'

As Way Of The World points out, it's the circus part of 'bread and circuses for the masses' and every circus needs its clowns…

Part X

Video Games

R-Type Final and the War against Degeneracy

December 2016

‘Scientists have often been baffled by the existence of spontaneous order in the universe. The laws of thermodynamics seem to dictate the opposite, that nature should inexorably degenerate toward a state of greater disorder, greater entropy.

Yet all around us we see magnificent structures—galaxies, cells, ecosystems, human beings—that have all somehow managed to assemble themselves.'

—Steven Strogatz, Sync: The Emerging Science of Spontaneous Order

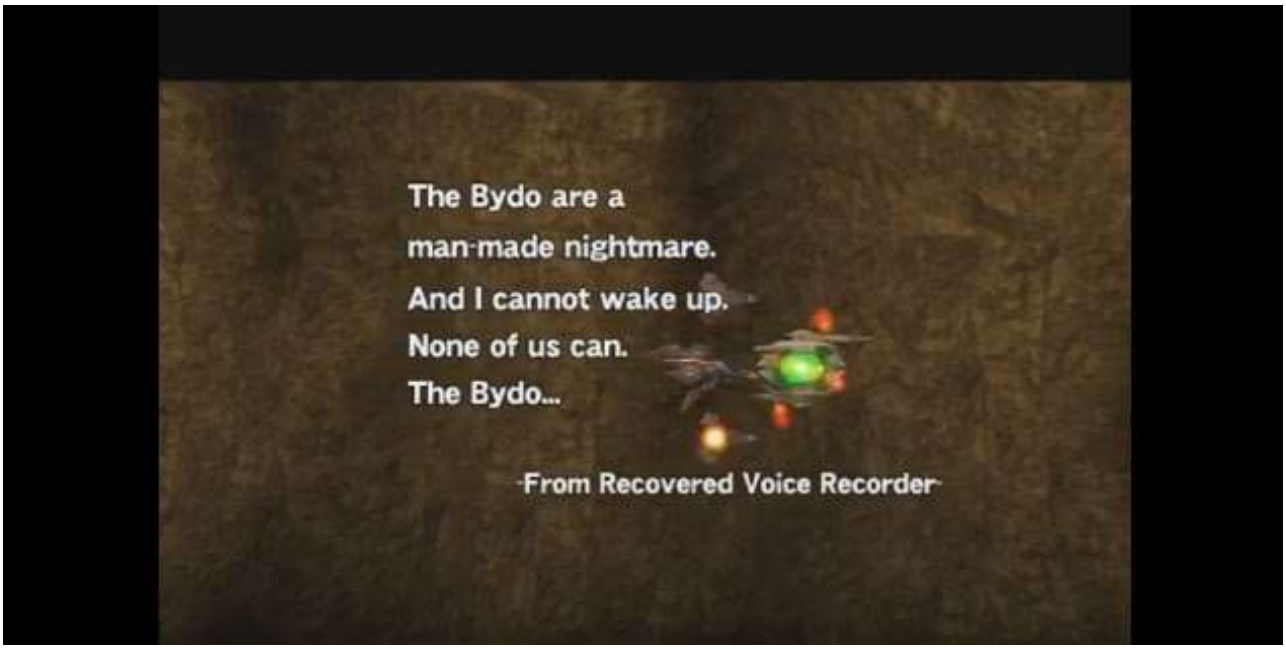
I was recently clearing out some old junk when I happened to come across an old Playstation 2 and a couple of games. In a more innocent time I, like many other men, frittered away countless hours playing video games, but one of the games I rediscovered recently rekindled some old memories and when I caved in to temptation and hooked it up I could see why.

It goes without saying that this blog is not usually prone to exploring the world of games, especially games from 12 years ago which belong to a dead genre, but on replaying a game called R-type Final it occurred to me that what I was seeing was essentially the struggle which nationalists find themselves in today, but on a deeper, 'meta' level.

R-Type Final is, as the name suggests, the last entry in the R-type franchise by Japanese creator Kazuma Kujo. The game-play is incredibly simplistic. The player controls a small spaceship, the screen moves from left to right, and the task of the player is to shoot, blow-up, and destroy waves of enemies which flood the screen. The more skillful the player becomes the more stages are unlocked. R-Type Final belongs to the old-school ‘shoot ‘em up’ genre.

Where R-Type Final becomes more interesting from an alt-right perspective is when we take a closer look at the background story and the nature of the enemy within the game.

The Bydo



The frenetic action of R-Type Final takes place 600 years from now. The player traverses planets, hyper-space, enemy laboratories, asteroids, and even other dimensions in the war against ‘the Bydo’.

Unlike most games or movies of this type, the Bydo are not simply a race of aliens trying to conquer earth, they/it are a refutation of the natural order in its entirety. They are an assault on the very idea of nature and what we would think of as ‘natural’. The task of the player in this curious game is to wage upon ‘anti-nature’.

The Bydo themselves range from simplistic robots to battleships, and from bio-mechanical monstrosities to huge pulsating blobs of nondescript matter. As the player progresses through the game, more stages become available and more secrets unlocked. The Bydo, it turns out, are man-made. Hundreds of years ago humans were conducting a form of genetic engineering and the experiment went awry, terrifying the humans who then propelled the bio-mass into space…and now it has returned.

The Bydo are a more extreme incarnation of the Borg from Star Trek. The Borg, however, only assimilate humanoids; the Bydo assimilate everything.

Like liberalism/globalism, both spread viral-like across space and even time (!) breaking down all structures and identities, leaving nothing but a self-replicating mass in their wake. The end game of liberalism/globalism is the creation of an amorphous blob of race-less consumers: in this ‘Brave New World’ everybody will be ‘sexually liberated’, which means the standard family structure will be smashed, and when the birth rate collapses there’s always more units to import or, perhaps in the future, genetically engineer

into existence, so that the consumerism can continue and the usurious debt to high finance paid for eternity.

Orwell was wrong, the future of the human race is not a boot stamping on a face forever, it's a transsexual mulatto making monthly installments to watch porn on an iPhone.

We often use and see the term 'degenerate' being used as a slur by Christians, conservatives, and nationalists to describe liberals and leftists. Note that the word 'gene' sits in the middle of 'degenerate'. So ultimately, to be degenerate is to be damaging to one's own genes.

degenerate

adjective
/dɪ'dʒɛn(ə)rət/

1. having lost the physical, mental, or moral qualities considered normal and desirable; showing evidence of decline.
   "a degenerate form of a higher civilization"
   synonyms: debased, degraded, corrupt, corrupted, vitiated, bastard, impure
   "a degenerate form of High Renaissance classicism"

2. *technical*
   lacking some usual or expected property or quality, in particular:
   synonyms: corrupt, decadent, dissolute, dissipated, debauched, rakish, reprobate, profligate, depraved, perverted, despicable, base, vice-ridden, wicked, sinful, ungodly; More

noun
/dɪ'dʒɛn(ə)rət/

1. an immoral or corrupt person.
   "get out of my house, you degenerate!"
   synonyms: reprobate, debauchee, rake, profligate, libertine, roué, loose-liver; More

verb
/dɪ'dʒɛnəreɪt/

1. decline or deteriorate physically, mentally, or morally.
   "the quality of life had degenerated"
   synonyms: deteriorate, decline, sink, slip, slide, worsen, get/grow worse, take a turn for the worse, lapse, fail, fall off, slump, go downhill, regress, retrogress; More

A quick Google search reveals what the antonym (opposite) of degenerate is:

As a force which roams the universe absorbing genetic coding and then bastardizing it and reproducing it as bio-mechanical ‘beings’, the Bydo are degeneracy incarnate. In one standout stage, the player is stalked by a giant snake which looks strikingly similar to male genitalia. The ‘snake’ eventually disappears inside of a giant heart via an entrance which looks like female genitalia. The Bydo are actually mocking the natural heterosexual means of reproduction.

What follows from that is the final stage. The player literally enters a plasma soup. In the foreground are thousands of small virus-type creatures, antibodies, and in the background a naked man and woman embrace and begin to have sex.

What we are witnessing in the above screencap is the final confrontation between the natural and the degenerate. The symbolism of the copulating couple is a reminder of what this is all for, the transference of genes through time and entropy. This is what nationalism comes down to in the end. The word ‘nation’ is derived from the Latin ‘natio’, which literally means birth, and is directly related to ‘natal’ and ‘nature’ and ‘native’.

There simply cannot be a higher moral code than the safe guarding of one's own genes and 'birth-right'. Any values system which holds an abstract principle above it is by definition 'degenerate'.

And yet we live in an age where boys are encouraged to identify as girls, and people wander around not having the faintest idea what their ethnic and racial heritage is. Anti-identity is the new identity.

Ethno-nationalists are relative latecomers to this ancient war. Christians see it in spiritual terms, light versus dark, good versus evil, logos versus anti-logos.

The key players on the other side, the (((agents of chaos))), have seen their power increase exponentially. The more like the Bydo humanity become, the tighter their grip on the cultural and political choke points become.

The question is…can we ever really win?

The final boss of R-Type Final is not a gigantic beast or space station, or a hooked-nose banker; it's a large putrid blob, and before the player puts it down for good it frantically spawns all manner of replicants, monsters, and freaks. But it has no higher purpose other than to simply 'be'. It's all for nothing, chaos for chaos's sake; it's a nullity, a void.

What *we* have is nature, and as far allies as go, they don't come much better than that.

The Quest for European Identity

June 2018

I’ve long been a secret fan of the spectacular soundtrack to the famous video game known as ‘Skyrim’. I no longer have the time to fritter away endless hours on video games, but I often find myself returning to the music of Skyrim when writing or reading. Based on my listening habits, YouTube suggested that I might be interested in listening to a new full album of orchestral arrangement’s by Jeremy Soule, the composer of Skyrim’s soundtrack.

Soule's style is heavily influenced by Wagner, Sibelius, Mozart, and Debussy. As can be seen by the titles to his 'The Northerner Diaries', Soule, an American from Idaho, has a longing for the frozen north of Scandinavia and it shows in every melody he writes. Grandiose vocal arrangements contrast with delicate piano pieces; it's ethereal, epic, and an ode to high adventure and the heroic spirit.

And yet, for all that, Jeremy Soule writes music for video games. He has just 10,000 Followers on Twitter and had to use a 'Kick-Starter' campaign to help fund his Northerner Diaries project.

When I sent a friend The Northerner Diaries it was with the caveat of: 'Yeah, it's video game music but it's pretty good'.

And yet my snobbishness was totally unwarranted because there's hardly anything at all within the mainstream of western culture today which speaks to Europeans as Soule's music does. That is not to suggest that Soule is the second incarnation of Wagner or Brahms, but rather that in order to find something

which could be seen as spiritually European we now have to venture out into subcultures within subcultures.

Having clicked on one YouTube video-game related soundtrack I then found myself bombarded with more suggestions. One video entitled ‘RPG Playlist - Peaceful/Travel Music’ had 1,396,953 views and the tracks themselves were listed:

00:00 Elmshore - Pillars of Eternity
02:32 Frostfall - The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim
06:00 From Past to Present - The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim
11:06 Kyne's Peace - The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim
14:57 Gilded Vale - Pillars of Eternity
18:13 The City Gates - The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim
22:00 Spikeroog - The Witcher III: Wild Hunt
25:06 The Streets of Whiterun - The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim
29:13 Kuldahar Theme - Icewind Dale
30:32 Defiance Bay - Pillars of Eternity
33:42 Distant Horizons - The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim
37:37 Dawn - The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim
41:36 Elwynn Forest - World of Warcraft
44:42 Dun Morogh - World of Warcraft
52:13 Secunda - The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim
54:18 Blacklake District - Neverwinter Nights
55:51 Romance I - Baldur's Gate 2

Small wonder that so many young white men sink literally thousands of hours into submerging themselves in these fantasy worlds. Indeed, the more conspiratorial among us might suggest

that these avenues were deliberately left open to them. Though then again, the ‘Gamergate’ controversy was an attempt by leftist forces to subvert video games, which seems to have been beaten back to some degree.

Nevertheless, the postmodern culture of the West is one in which themes and ideas speaking directly to European people exist as pockets of rain-forest surrounded on all sides by fields of grazing McDonald’s cattle burgers.

Of course, it’s easy to take pot-shots at the grown man who spends hours ‘role playing’ as a Nordic warrior while the world around him burns and he’s steadily eradicated. However, of interest here is not so much the games, which are simply the medium, but the fantasy package as a whole which they platform.

The music and artwork, and the typically European trait of creating open worlds to be explored, is emerging wherever it can because it has been purged from the rest of the cultural arena. To strive to disappear within these fantastical lands is an implicit rejection of what modernity has to offer.

The irony is further compounded by the fact that the technology which hosts these epic sagas is state of the art, the very best modernity can conjure, and yet the European uses it for depicting vast sprawling landscapes and warriors, princesses which actually deserve to be saved, and of course, sadistic sorcerers

plotting from within hidden tombs and fortresses while swarms of orcs and goblins defile the land.

Something within us yearns for romance and heroism, adventure and wonder, a metaphysical reality where the codes and morals are set, and reflect the European spirit.

The fantasy genre differs dramatically to the far more Jewish arena of comic books when it comes to the nature of evil. In comic books and the endless, dull Hollywood productions based on them, evil is usually nothing more than a physically powerful foe which must be defeated. In fantasy, whether Robert E Howard's Conan, or Tolkien or the Elder Scrolls or the World of Warcraft sagas, evil is something intangible propagated by something unseen or difficult to understand.

JK Rowling may well be an irritating SJW whose mind is addled with feel-good lefty slogans, but Harry Potter spent his entire youth fighting against a myth, a ghost: Voldemort only actually appeared for the final battle but spent years driving Potter mad. In stark contrast Marvel's 'Avenger' series of movies simply repeat themselves ad nauseam. Each new addition is simply a regurgitation of the previous installment but the villain will have a bigger laser/axe/hammer/spaceship etc.

The fantasy archetype of the European hero knows what he must do when he is faced with evil and has the physical power to win; the problem is overcoming self-doubt and moral confusion.

In the end it’s that moral confusion and self-doubt which has resulted in depictions of European myth and heroism being relegated to subcultures within subcultures, purged from mainstream discourse.

It’s almost as if a tricksy sorcerer was at work, but we can’t be sure……